ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

"Why don't you relax while (Zzip!) Tennessee Williams (Strretch!) spins a tale, skin-flick pioneer Russ Meyer (Peeel!) shoots his actress wife, Edy Williams, in the altogether, PLAYBOY plays (Snnap!) backgammon—and I slip into something (Wheee!) comfortable?"

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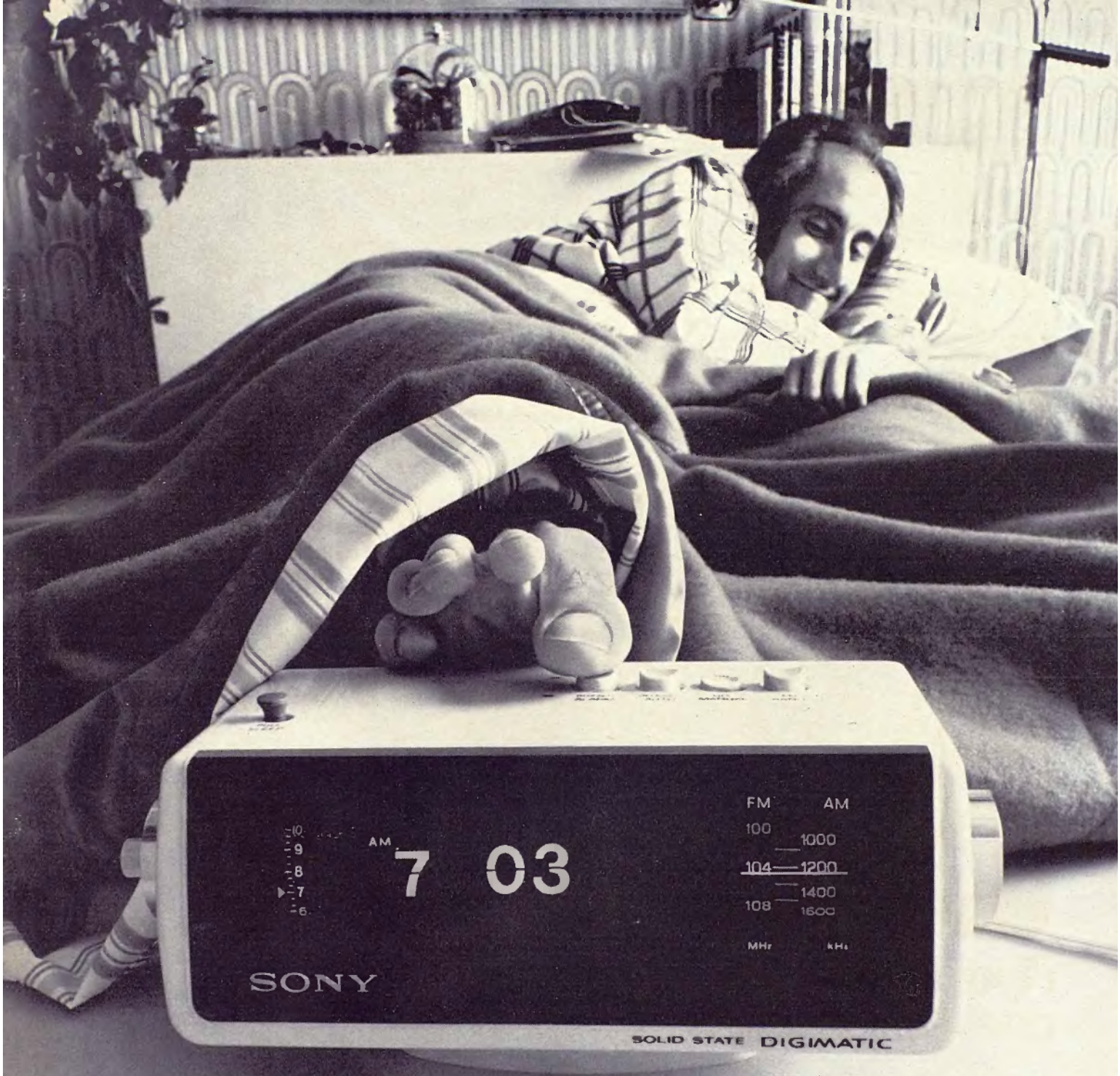

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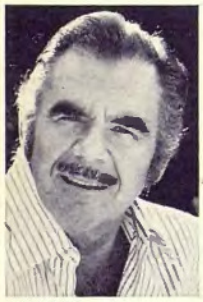
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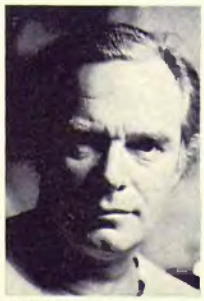
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POTTERTON


POST, BERKOWITZ, ARSENAULT, GOLSON

PLAYBILL

MIDWIFING AUTHORS through the sometimes anguishing labor of writing is what we do for a living. It can be frustrating, satisfying and occasionally even deeply rewarding work. But seldom do we have a chance to play a role—if only as a catalyst—in turning a writer's life around, helping him make a fresh start. It may be too early to say, but we think that's just what happened when we assigned Bob Jennings to write *Home? Which Way Is That?* But let him tell it:

"A large part of me has never been very far from my home town, Eufaula, Alabama, which I left when I was 15; but it has taken some 25 years of toiling far from home in all manner of unfriendly vineyards, and daring all sorts of gods and demons, to locate my taproot, to put myself in perspective, to come closer to achieving myself as a writer and perhaps as a man. The jobs I took at *Time* and *The Saturday Evening Post* landed me in Hollywood, an impossible fantasy that gave me an intense feeling of cultural dislocation. I tried to write about the truth of it, but my editors were far more interested in the dimensions of Elizabeth Taylor's tracheotomy scar. And the more accepted I became, the more my writing became slick, baroque, a kind of *kitsch*, which appeals to the popular taste but which in German means, fittingly enough, to pick up trash in the streets. But eventually one must go home; the problem—usually one's self—has to be examined. My visit to Eufaula—which I was reluctant to undertake—turned out to be so traumatic that I was quite unable to take a single note or write a word about it for nearly two months afterward, when much of it came back in a rush. The total effect of the trip is not clear yet, but going home helped me simplify things, and accept the lostness and the pastness of the past. Now I feel my writing has just begun. But then, deep in my bones, I have always preferred the beginnings of things."

On the ending of things, Tennessee Williams has much to say in *The Inventory at Fontana Bella* (illustrated by Seymour Rosofsky), the tale of a mad, aging princess taking stock of her mansion and at the same time of her life as it draws to a close. James Lincoln Collier lived with the specter of his writer-filled family for years before producing his first novel, which, when published by a nickel-and-dime outfit, was met with a ground swell of apathy. There he let it lie until an inmate submitted it under false pretenses to a prison writing contest—and won. The whole grotesque experience is described in *The Man Who Wrote My Novel*. One novel that's remained in good hands is George V. Higgins' *The Digger's Game*, the conclusion of which appears in this issue. Nadine Gordimer's short story *The Conservationist* gives us a look at the grisly indifference of a South African farmer who discovers a corpse on his property.

An ancient game is making a comeback. *Backgammon* (most of it photographed by Don Azuma, who also shot *Cocktail Cookery* and the two fashion features in this issue) is explained in detail by Senior Editor Michael Laurence and expert Jon Bradshaw. If you know the game, this should sharpen your playing. If you've never played, it should get you started. And Tim Holland's playing tips could even help you make a buck or two; Tim, the only person ever to win the world championship three times consecutively, is generally accepted as the world's best player. A different sort of gamesmanship is found in Saul Braun's *Let's Make a Deal*, about a real-estate operator who makes money out of thin air and fast footwork.

One man who's been doing a lot of footwork himself is Staff Writer Reg Potterton. His latest travels resulted in *Going Back to the Nation*, a dimensional—and very personal—piece on Australia. Stephen H. Yafa relates his experiences with behavioral psychologists and the sometimes *Clockwork Orange*–style techniques they use to "socialize" homosexuals, alcoholics, criminals and problem children in *Zap! You're Normal*. Also this month: Russ Meyer's compelling photographs of his starwife, Edy Williams, and the forceful paintings of Richard Lindner, critically examined by Hilton Kramer. And anyone who's interested in boxing and/or rhythm-and-blues music should go for our candid interview with world heavyweight champion Joe Frazier. Finally, to lighten things up, we decided to publish a photo parody—immortalizing little-known champs and supercelebrities—created by a team of demented staffers: Bob Post, G. Barry Golson, Bill Arsenault and Jan Berkowitz. They call it—and themselves—*Legends in Their Own Time*. Better decide that for yourself.

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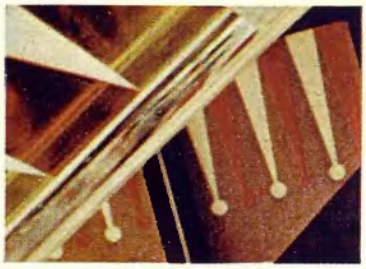

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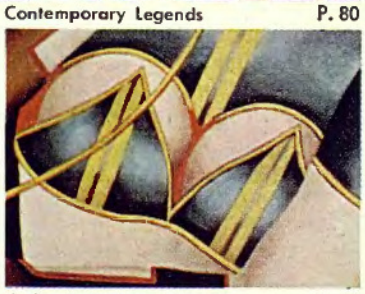

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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FOUND IN SPACE

Ray Bradbury's essay, *From Stonehenge to Tranquillity Base* (PLAYBOY, December), was the most eloquent piece of writing I've ever read. In my brief 21 years, I have heard too much claptrap from nitwits and boors who want to keep mankind in the Dark Ages. In the midst of all this, Bradbury's is a soothing voice of reason. There will always be those who would stay man from his destiny. It's true that we've misused technology, but to abandon its aerospace application now—when the potential contribution to progress is greatest—is to regress to a level comparable to that of the priests who refused to look through Galileo's telescope.

Frank MacLeod
New Waterford, Nova Scotia

Bradbury's essay makes it clear that we need a diversion of funds from military research to space research.

Donald D. Hammel
Palos Heights, Illinois

As an economist, I could not agree more wholeheartedly with Bradbury's conclusions. Those who claim that the space program is wasteful would do well to study elementary economics. Massive investments of capital are often made with the thought that profit is decades away. The construction of hydroelectric projects and highways is an obvious example. The remarkable thing about the space program is that dividends are already returning and the potential for profit—for all of us—is truly staggering. To scuttle the space program on economic grounds is not only dangerous reasoning but false economy.

Bob McWilliams
San Diego, California

From Stonehenge to Tranquillity Base is surely one of Bradbury's finest efforts. To use a metaphor somewhat like Bradbury's, earth is currently at the village level of development. What village-bound minds fail to realize is that village problems—such as nationalism, racism and pollution—aren't solvable at the village level. To become a civilization, we need to progress to the city stage, and that will happen only by commercially developing the planets and space. The universe is unimaginably rich. And as far as we know right now, the whole place belongs to us.

A. E. van Vogt
Hollywood, California

Science-fiction writer Van Vogt's latest book is "The Quest for the Future."

I have a son not yet three years old who will ask me one day why we stopped our search at the last frontier. All I'll be able to tell him is that there were too many small minds for so giant a dream, and that people somehow forgot how they felt on that day in July when man set foot on the moon. I'll tell him how I witnessed that landing with tears in my eyes and thought that I was seeing the rebirth of man's nobility. I pray he will have enough imagination to share my feelings, for I fear he will not be given the opportunity to experience them. I understand why he will know me and my contemporaries as the generation that held eternity in its hands—and threw it away.

George D. Pascarella
Westbury, New York

HIGH-POWERED

Congratulations to you and to Ralph Nader for his contribution to *Power!*, your December symposium on that subject. Now that Nixon has been reenthroned, I believe we will continue to witness the erosion of the once-free enterprise system that Nader has worked his whole life to maintain.

J. R. Keister
Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Let me be the first to suggest a Nader-Anderson ticket for the 1976 Presidential election. I nominate Nader for President because he's honest, concerned and not a politician; and Jack Anderson for Vice-President to keep an eye on him, because you can never be too sure.

John Bridgman
Edina, Minnesota

OLD MAN RIVER

I really enjoyed Richard Rhodes's article on the most historic river in the world, *The Mississippi* (PLAYBOY, December). The Mississippi may have been powerful enough to stymie the

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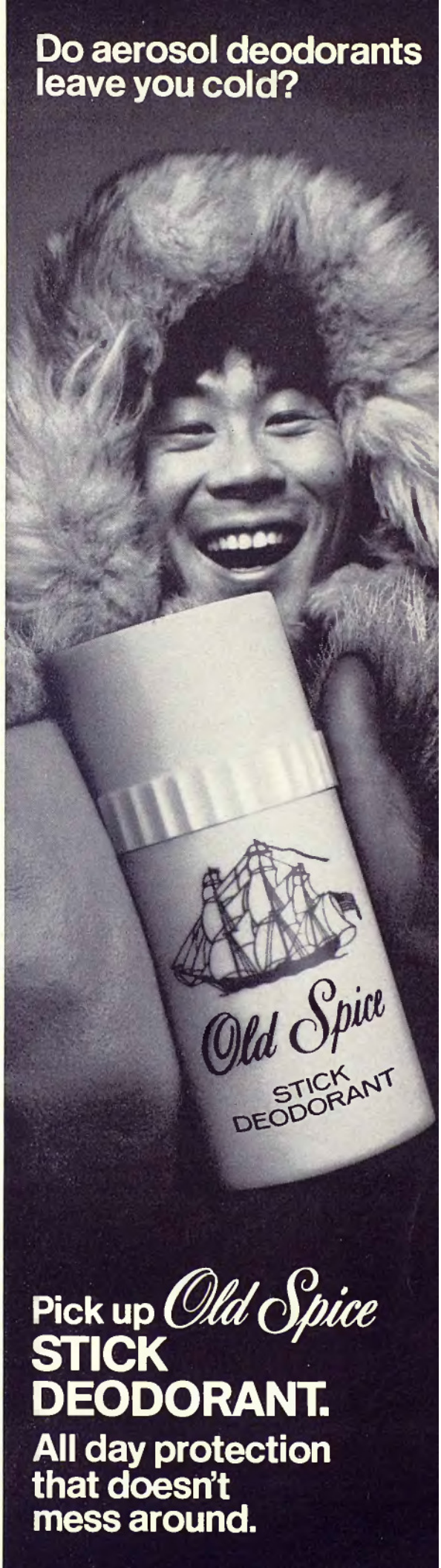

Army Corps of Engineers, but unfortunately, other rivers weren't. I agree that we need inexpensive sources of electric power, but Rhodes is one of the few men who sense the environmental cost.

Edward J. Cooney
Corpus Christi, Texas

I've lived on the Mississippi for 27 years. I've skinny-dipped in her waters, caught catfish in her shallows, dared her current in a small fishing boat and watched the sunset from her bluffs. For me, the Mississippi evokes a lost spirit that I've never completely understood—until Rhodes put it into words. I'm very grateful to him.

Danny Richardson
Natchez, Mississippi

Rhodes's statement that Niagara Falls is "shut off" at night is incorrect. The water in the Niagara River has never been "shut off," and I cannot envision how it ever could be. Approximately 1,400,000 gallons per second is the normal flow. Some of this water can be used to provide power for the hydroelectric plants in Canada and the United States. The amount that can be so used is governed by an international commission that was established by treaty in 1950. During daylight hours, no more than 50 percent of the total flow—700,000 gallons—may be diverted for hydroelectric purposes. During hours of darkness, the flow can be reduced by 50 percent again—and those are the limits set by law.

Walter G. Downey
Niagara Falls Area Chamber of Commerce
Niagara Falls, New York

POETIC INSIGHTS

I commend you on your December interview with poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Through him, I sampled a taste of Russia that made me hunger for more.

Dennis Rose
Azusa, California

Thank you for an enlightening interview with one of the most humane, sincere, poetic prophets caught up in today's mixed-up world. Yevtushenko seems to be more Christian in his ideals than most of the cross-wearing hypocrites we find in our own society today.

Dan Foster
Toronto, Ontario

Your elegant interview was a real pleasure. I read it with great interest, as I always read the interviews in your magazine.

Andrei Voznesensky
Moscow, U. S. S. R.

Voznesensky's stature as a poet rivals that of his friend Yevtushenko.

Yevtushenko says that the Chinese have forgotten how the Russians helped them during the Chinese Revolution. What he fails to realize is that the Japanese were also "helping" China when they invaded Manchuria in the Thirties. The British made the same claim, as did the French, the Germans and the Americans.

K. C. Chang
Rochester, New York

Yevtushenko asks, "Why are some people so concerned about freedom in Russia?" as if men such as Alexander Solzhenitsyn don't exist. All I could think of in response was this quote from *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch*: "When you're cold, don't expect sympathy from someone who's warm."

Robert M. Morris
Indianapolis, Indiana

In a day when physical and mental torture of intellectuals is a documented practice in the U. S. S. R., it is hard to hold anything but the most intense contempt for Yevtushenko. Despite his talent, he is a coward, especially in light of the incandescent bravery of some of his countrymen.

Samuel Clark
Des Moines, Iowa

NOTES ON THE UNDERGROUND

Your inclusion of Solzhenitsyn's eloquent Nobel Prize acceptance speech in *Playboy After Hours* (December) seemed puzzling at first. But reading it convinced me that it was most suitably placed. You have once again demonstrated editorial courage of the highest order. The speech was, indeed, a work of art and sanity.

David Beal
Austin, Texas

I am of Russian Jewish ancestry. Despite the past pogroms and the present politics of the Soviet government, I bear a deep love for the Russian land and people. Napoleon once said that there were only two powers in the world: sword and mind, and that in the long run, the mind always conquered the sword. When I think of the sorrowful fate that has befallen so many Soviet artists, I am comforted by the conviction that 2000 years from now, only a few people will remember the petty tyrants of our day. In contrast, the names of Mayakovski, Prokofiev, Eisenstein and Solzhenitsyn will live on in the minds of the masses forever.

Mazie-Françoise Meylan
Santa Monica, California

CATCH A WAVE

Scot Morris' December article, *A Heart-Stopping, Eye-Bulging, Wave-Making Idea*, was one of the few truly objective pieces on biofeedback I have ever read. We who produce biofeedback instruments for professional use are concerned that the public will rush to buy home equipment—most of which is of dubious value—expecting miraculous cures. In so doing, they will damn the science and perhaps prompt overly zealous Government intervention. The result would throw the baby out with the bath water.

Lee H. Garlington, President
Bio-Feedback Technology, Inc.
Garden Grove, California

One of the major contributions of the Swami Rama study to which writer Morris refers was the finding that the swami could learn while appearing to be in deep sleep. This may point out that with new training we might all be capable of a greater range of perception. Also, the swami's demonstration of heart-rate control emphasized that man could be responsible for his own health; this suggests future medical applications. Although biofeedback is one experimental method in the arsenal of healing techniques, most patients need many other forms of therapy. Much more basic research needs to be done, but it seems true that with biofeedback and the skillful guidance of a therapist, we may all one day learn that diseases are but secondary symptoms of the stress in all our lives—stresses we may one day learn how to control.

Dr. Erik Peper
Berkeley, California

SPOOKED

I'm an avid lover of the macabre, and I believe Kingsley Amis' quasi memoir, *Who or What Was It?* (PLAYBOY, December), was one of the most imaginative stories of this genre I've ever encountered.

John M. Apice
West New York, New Jersey

***FAMILY* JEWELS**

Head of the Family (PLAYBOY, December), Anthony Scaduto's portrait of a Mafia don, is a truly great work. And I thought *The Godfather* was informative.

Dave Warner
North Bend, Oregon

Scaduto is puzzled over the whereabouts of Don Carmine's treasure. It might be under the bushes that this disillusioning godfather tends so lovingly.

J. B. Brown
Hollywood, California

Scaduto's article is an entertaining—if not earth-shaking—examination of a mob leader's life. I think it's imperative that as many people as possible come forward and tell what they know about the Mafia and its members. Only such

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accurate and detailed information can dispel the false notions that there is no Mafia, that its members are limited to those of Italian descent and that what they do doesn't affect every one of us every day.

Joseph L. Nellis
Washington, D. C.

Long an expert on the activities of organized crime, Nellis, former associate chief counsel to the Kefauver Committee, has written "The Private Life of Our Public Enemies," to be published this month.

GREENBURG SCORES

Dan Greenburg's uproariously funny account of his sexual misadventures in *My First Orgy* (PLAYBOY, December) was one of the best sex chronicles I've read in a long time. Though the writer often pokes fun at others, he is really most merciless on himself. His brand of self-deprecating humor had me howling for more.

Charles Donovan
New Orleans, Louisiana

The artwork for *My First Orgy* accurately illustrates my definition of orgy: scrambled legs.

Lakenan Barnes
Mexico, Missouri

Your illustration is mistitled. What it depicts is not an orgy but loneliness.

Peter Conrad
Palo Alto, California

JUNK MAIL

I don't normally read your magazine, but Craig Vetter's sympathetic profile of a junkie girl (*Truckin' with Gretchen*, PLAYBOY, December) brought back memories of my experience as a night waitress in Chicago and of other Gretchens and Chemists I have known. I thought the writing was great.

(Name withheld by request)
Willowdale, Ontario

Truckin' with Gretchen has to be one of the most beautifully sensitive stories I have ever read. Gretchen—and others like her—will be in my prayers tonight. I do hope you keep bringing us writing of such superior quality on subjects such as these; we all need to be jolted into the real world sometimes; articles like Vetter's do the job nicely.

Sallie Meek
Yreka, California

YULE ON ICE

In Front of God and Everybody (PLAYBOY, December), the story of a Christmas spent in prison, was wonderful. Writer Donn Pearce accurately captured the games inmates play with prison officials, and how far some guys will go to prove they're "being good." The tragedy is that even if an inmate wins this little game, he loses. He may fool the parole board, but he can't fool himself. He might get out sooner, but he is not rehabilitated. The nation's prisons are full of people who win this game. I see them every day. I was one of them, three different times.

Michael Lo Halley
Federal Reformatory
El Reno, Oklahoma

FLIP SIDE

I used to think Burt Reynolds was pretty cool, but somehow the photo you ran of him in *Sex Stars of 1972* (PLAYBOY, December) really turned me off. Next time, instead of showing his hairy ass, you might try rolling him over.

Patty Ness
Rapid City, South Dakota

GREATEST GAME ON FOUR LEGS

I'm glad to see something written about America's forgotten pastime (and my favorite)—pinball. I've been a pinball addict for at least ten years, and your many-sided December coverage was the best I've ever seen. I especially enjoyed the pictorial accompaniment and I agree with both Marshall Frady and Michael Laurence that pinball is a great release for tensions and frustrations. While I consider myself a fairly lucky player, I've not yet been fortunate enough to be balling a chick while watching her play. The marvels of technology still hold infinite promise.

Karl D. Brady
Saginaw, Michigan

Three free games to PLAYBOY for its feature on pinball, and for recognizing pinball for what it really is: a sport, not a childish diversion. I've been playing the game for a decade, but have only recently got seriously into it. No one can describe the thrill of playing that one machine that's always been such a bitch to beat—and beating it. Or of watching a ball bounce around the playfield for *centuries* and realizing that your flipper reflexes have never been better. You have done pinball freaks—and the rest of the world—a great favor. You've captured the essence of the sport: the romantic history, the fanaticism—and the good clean fun. Ka-pow, ka-chunk, ding ding ding!

Charles Talmage
Kaiser, Missouri

Your articles pleased this avid pinball fan. I especially liked Frady's memoir, evoking the emotional appeal of pinball. Pinball is a real part of the lives of many Americans, and I'm happy to see PLAYBOY recognize this.

Robert Dawson
New York, New York

Laurence's excellent article on pinball included a historical inaccuracy that should be corrected for the sake of future researchers in Americana: Ballyhoo was never manufactured by D. Gottlieb & Company. As the active partner in Midwest Novelty Company, jobbers of novelty merchandise, the late Raymond Moloney (who hired me as his advertising manager in 1932) was impressed by the popularity of Gottlieb's Baffle Ball and was determined to enter into competition. He purchased (on a royalty basis) the rights to a pinball game submitted to him by two designers named Van Tuyl and Bloom. In the autumn of 1931, he commenced manufacture of the game in the building occupied by Midwest, naming the game after *Ballyhoo*, a magazine that was the PLAYBOY of its era. Every Ballyhoo was manufactured by Bally Manufacturing Company, organized as the manufacturing division of Midwest, the corporate name obviously being derived from the name of the primeval Bally game.

Herbert B. Jones
Bally Manufacturing Corporation
Chicago, Illinois

Reader Jones is right, and PLAYBOY *is happy to correct the record. Jones might have added that Moloney earlier sold machines made by Gottlieb. According to spokesmen at Gottlieb, whose memories also go back that far, Moloney's decision to manufacture pinball machines on his own was at least partly dictated by Gottlieb's inability to supply him with enough machines to meet customer demand.*

As president of the International Pinball Association, I wish to thank you for your tribute to the unique and exciting world of pinball. The December articles by Frady and Laurence provide complete and colorful coverage of the world's fastest-moving indoor game. They undoubtedly will contribute to increased popularity of the game: more balls rolling, more lights flashing, more bells ringing and more pinball machines in the living rooms and playrooms of America.

Pinball wizards throughout the world are invited to join our association. Our group issues membership cards and publishes *Replay*, the only magazine devoted exclusively to the game of pinball. For more professional players, we conduct pinball tournaments and maintain official world pinball records for every machine now in production. Membership fee is $2.50; our address is Box 8633, Washington, D. C. 20011. Power to Pinballers!

Wayne A. Rhodes, President
International Pinball Association
Washington, D. C.

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Sour. Alas, poor whiskey, you knew it well.

Eggnog. It'll jingle your bells at holiday time.

Planter's Punch. Tropical drinkers say this one's a great heat beater.

Tom & Jerry. Arctic drinkers say this hot one's a great cold beater.

Hot Toddy. Classic way to warm body and soul.

Hot Buttered Bacardi. Another tasty temperature raiser.

Stinger. A way to get stung and like it.

The last ounce or so. A chance to let your imagination fly and give Bacardi your personal mixability test. Stymied? Write for our free recipe book. It's even got enough drinks in it to get you to the bottom of your next bottle.

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220723 FOXY LADY — CHER (KAPP)

223834 CAROLE KING — RHYMES & REASONS (ODE)

224006-224007 (COUNTS AS TWO) ERIC CLAPTON — Clapton At His Best (POLYDOR)

225326* POCO — A Good Feelin' To Know (EPIC)

222919 ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK — IN TIME (PARROT)

223826 SANTANA — CARAVANSERAI (COLUMBIA)

224030* AL GREEN — I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU (HI)

223222* CAT STEVENS — CATCH BULL AT FOUR (A&M)

222018 THE 5th DIMENSION — Greatest Hits On Earth (BELL)

223438* TEN YEARS AFTER — ROCK & ROLL MUSIC OF THE WORLD (COLUMBIA)

222117* EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER — TRILOGY (COTILLION)

221689 T. REX — THE SLIDER (REPRISE)

221424 CHICAGO V — Saturday in the Park / State of the Union (COLUMBIA)

223164* TOM T. HALL — GREATEST HITS (MERCURY)

225284* FOUR TOPS — KEEPER OF THE CASTLE (ABC)

221630 DONNY OSMOND — TOO YOUNG (MGM)

218297* BILL WITHERS — STILL BILL (SUSSEX)

221457* SONNY JAMES — WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE ROSES (COLUMBIA)

224147* JOE COCKER — Pardon Me Sir (A&M)

224659* DON McLEAN — DREIDEL (UNITED ARTISTS)

223990-223991 (COUNTS AS TWO) HEAVY CREAM — WHITE ROOM / SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE (POLYDOR)

223651* THE OSMONDS — CRAZY HORSES (MGM)

224758* LYNN ANDERSON'S — GREATEST HITS (COLUMBIA)

222653 JOHNNY MATHIS — SONG SUNG BLUE (COLUMBIA)

224584* BOOTS RANDOLPH — PLAYS THE GREAT HITS OF TODAY (MONUMENT)

222372* GILBERT O'SULLIVAN — HIMSELF (MAM)

222356 RAY CONNIFF AND THE SINGERS — Alone Again (Naturally) (COLUMBIA)

222422* GEORGE JONES AND TAMMY WYNETTE — We Love To Sing About Jesus (EPIC)

222125 ROD STEWART — Never A Dull Moment (Mercury)

222679* INSIDE THE MIND — OF BILL COSBY (UNI)

220962 NEIL DIAMOND — MOODS (UNI)

221036* HANK WILLIAMS, JR. — ELEVEN ROSES (MGM)

221176 ELTON JOHN — HONKY CHATEAU (UNI)

218446-218447 (COUNTS AS TWO) JANIS JOPLIN — IN CONCERT (COLUMBIA)

221184* DONNA FARGO — THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WHOLE U.S.A. (DOT)

221952 LYNN ANDERSON — Listen To A Country Song (COLUMBIA)

214403 NEIL YOUNG — HARVEST (REPRISE)

225300* MARTY ROBBINS — I've Got A Woman's Love (COLUMBIA)

225862 THE MOODY BLUES — SEVENTH SOJOURN / Isn't Life Strange (THRESHOLD)

225359* / 225350 (COUNTS AS TWO) "TOMMY" — The All-Star Symphonic Version (ODE)

219477 SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S — GREATEST HITS (COLUMBIA)

223420 BARBRA STREISAND — Live Concert At The Forum (COLUMBIA)

217851* JERRY LEE LEWIS — The "Killer" Rocks On (Mercury)

222703 Tammy Wynette — My Man (EPIC)

222745 IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY — LIVE at CARNEGIE HALL (COLUMBIA)

219782 THE BEST OF JUDY COLLINS — Colors of the Day (ELEKTRA)

224766* YES — CLOSE TO THE EDGE (ATLANTIC)

225318* KRIS KRISTOFFERSON — JESUS WAS A CAPRICORN (MONUMENT)

222406* MAC DAVIS — BABY DON'T GET HOOKED ON ME (COLUMBIA)

223230* GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. — ALL THE KING'S HORSES (KUDU)

222380* CHEECH AND CHONG — Big Bambu (ODE)

222190* O'JAYS — BACK STABBERS (PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL)

185843 HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS — GREATEST HITS (A&M)

212761 ARTHUR FIEDLER — and the Boston Pops / BACHARACH-HAL DAVID SONGBOOK (POLYDOR)

221432 PERCY FAITH — Day By Day (COLUMBIA)

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220095 BOBBY GOLDSBORO — UA — Greatest Hits

219485 TOM JONES — PARROT — CLOSE UP

224816* CHARLIE McCOY — MONUMENT — Me and Bobby McGee

224469* MELANIE — NEIGHBORHOOD — Stoneground Words

222646 ANDY WILLIAMS — COLUMBIA — ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY)

225102* JOHNNY NASH — EPIC — I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW

209726 CHICAGO — COLUMBIA — AT CARNEGIE HALL, Vols. 3 & 4

223560* JAMES GANG — ABC — PASSIN THROUGH

222000 THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY — BELL — AT HOME WITH THEIR GREATEST HITS

202796 RICHARD STRAUSS — COLUMBIA — Also Sprach Zarathustre — Bernstein, New York Philharmonic

223172* THE STATLER BROS. — Mercury — COUNTRY MUSIC THEN AND NOW

220335* CHUCK BERRY — CHESS — THE LONDON SESSIONS

218289 SAMMY DAVIS, JR. — MGM — NOW

218701 ALICE COOPER — WARNER BROS. — SCHOOL'S OUT

222265* HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES — PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL — I MISS YOU

213538 PAUL SIMON — COLUMBIA — Me and Julio Down by The Schoolyard

214650 Blood, Sweat & Tears — COLUMBIA — GREATEST HITS

223115* SUPER FLY Sound Track — CURTOM — MUSIC BY CURTIS MAYFIELD

225227* 225228 RICHIE HAVENS — STORMY FOREST — ON STAGE — COUNTS AS TWO

226332-226333* NEIL DIAMOND — MCA — HOT AUGUST NIGHT — COUNTS AS TWO

223644 MOODY BLUES — DERAM — Days of Future Passed

218479 CARPENTERS — A&M — A SONG FOR YOU

220988 CARLOS SANTANA & BUDDY MILES — COLUMBIA — LIVE

207324 ORIGINAL CAST — BELL — GODSPELL

225094* WEST, BRUCE & LAING — COLUMBIA — WHY DONTCHA

220061 DON McLEAN — UA — American Pie

221390 GEORGE JONES AND TAMMY WYNETTE — EPIC — Me And The First Lady

220368 JOY — COLUMBIA — Great Composers' Hits for the '70's

192583* ROBERTA FLACK — ATLANTIC — FIRST TAKE

220400 RAY PRICE — COLUMBIA — The Lonesomest Lonesome

201780 3 DOG NIGHT — ABC/DUNHILL — Golden Bisquits

216663-216664 OSMONDS — COUNTS AS TWO — MGM — "LIVE"

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210112 MANTOVANI — LONDON — To Lovers Everywhere — September Song + 9 More

225334* BREAD — ELEKTRA — THE GUITAR MAN

203539 CAROLE KING — ODE — Tapestry

216341 THREE DOG NIGHT — ABC/DUNHILL — Seven Separate Fools

216093 SONNY & CHER — KAPP — ALL I EVER NEED IS YOU

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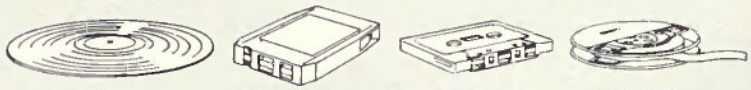

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"The waters of the Great Barrier Reef were as calm as a pond that day. And not a sign of its mightiest monster—the mammoth Manta Ray. Ordinarily he's a shy beast. But if aroused, he can churn into a ton of deep-sea death.

"'Don't take any more chances than you have to, Eva,' warned Ben as I plunged overboard. Several minutes later (it seemed like an hour), he was swimming beside me with his 35mm camera when suddenly . . .

". . . a black form surged toward us. I could see the Manta's mouth—big enough to swallow a man whole. And as I hitched on to his back, I remember hoping I hadn't arrived in time for the midday meal.

"Later at the Heron Island Hotel, we celebrated our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners and the pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

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Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Score one for mother nature: Los Angeles County plans to uproot $50,000 worth of plastic trees and plants that have been set out along roadsides in San Pablo. As a county spokesman put it: "Artificial plants are not durable enough." They will be replaced with the real thing.

•

Beauty contests must be less pristine than they used to be, or at any rate than their promoters try to convince us they are. Witness these reports from the Terre Haute, Indiana, *Tribune*, that "MISS INDIANA NEARS CLIMAX" and from the Hillsboro, Oregon, *Argus*, that the currently reigning Miss Oregon World "will relinquish her title following swimsuit and ball competition."

•

Now we know why it's called the City of Brotherly Love: When a free university in Philadelphia opened registration for a course entitled Group Sex, 51 men—and one woman—signed up.

•

Credit where credit's due: An otherwise ordinary birth announcement in New Zealand's *Central Otago News* concluded with "Thanks to Dr. Cameron and stiff."

•

Better check the mirror before venturing out in Chicago, because, according to a city Ugliness Ordinance, "No person who is diseased, maimed, mutilated or in any way deformed so as to be an unsightly or disgusting object, or an improper person to be allowed in or on the public ways or other public places in this city, shall therein or thereon expose himself to public view, under a penalty of not less than one dollar nor more than $50 for each offense."

•

Charles Cohen, a 64-year-old Floridian with a bad heart, woke up at three o'clock one morning to find a burglar in his bedroom. Cohen informed his wife that he thought he was having a heart attack, and the burglar promptly volunteered assistance. Following Mrs. Cohen's directions, he fetched pills and a glass of water. After waiting long enough to see that Cohen had recovered, the man fled with jewelry and cash.

•

A little-known amenity New Yorkers are privileged to call their own is the offal truck. *The Wall Street Journal* reports that this truck, which belongs to the sanitation department, specializes in hauling away big dead animals. "This is New York," a sanitation worker said, "so naturally, you're always going to have an aardvark or a unicorn calling it quits someplace." The highlight of 1972, a year in which the truck carted off the equivalent of a herd of horses, a pride of lions, three bears, three llamas, two calves, a cow, a polar bear, a donkey and a buffalo, was a request to pick up a dead yak. "It's not every year that we get a yak," the sanitation man reflected.

Driving an offal truck also has its mysterious moments. Not long ago, the sanitation service was summoned to remove the remains of an ape that had somehow expired in a Brooklyn lot. "So far," an official claimed, "nobody's missing it. And it's really difficult to keep an ape around the house without the neighbors talking."

•

For those who long for the comfort of a queen-size bed, this ad from a Michigan newspaper: "Save $319 on eight-foot round Simmons Beautyrest mattress and box spring. Complete with exquisite hand-tufted red-velvet round headboard and matching spread. This one will really make you feel like a Queer every time you relax on it."

•

Sign noted on a restaurant in Skokie, Illinois: SHOES A MUST, BRAS OPTIONAL.

•

Celebrating the virtues of its classified-advertising powers, *The Detroit Free Press* told this heart-warming story of a satisfied customer: "Mr. Terry Evans, of Sterling Heights, easily found a buyer for the motorcycle he had for sale. He offered the vehicle in an exclusive *Free Press* fast-action want ad and easily selected his buyer. His ad cost was $1110 and the motorcycle sold for $1000." Nice going, Terry.

•

On the real-estate page of the Baltimore *News American*, a bit of puffery described a branch bank whose "Total Teller" feature provides "convenient banking services on an around-the-cock basis."

•

A clean, unlighted place: The United Press International reports that a couple in Bologna, Italy, charged with committing an obscene act in public, was acquitted—on the decidedly Latin grounds that the auto in which they were cavorting was not, in fact, a public place. The strongest evidence for this, the court ruled, was that the arresting officer had to use his flashlight to determine just what the couple was doing.

•

In England, dentist Barnet Kopkin extracted a tooth from a 38-year-old woman who had complained of a severe toothache. After he had removed the tooth, a centipede crawled out of it.

•

What's in a name? The Columbus, Ohio, *Citizen-Journal*, describing prospective entrants in a local horse race, informed disbelieving turf fans that trainer Larry Beavers was planning to enter a horse named Cunts Nest.

•

Fifteen-year-old Kevin Fickel of Fort Madison, Iowa, has shriveled the world's record by eating 135 prunes in one sitting—without a pit stop.

•

In California, a state judicial group temporarily disqualified a Los Angeles judge because, among other things, he allegedly prodded a public defender with a dildo, grabbed a traffic-court commissioner by the testicles and repeatedly asked a woman clerk, "Did you

get any last night?" In rebuttal, the judge claimed the charges were "grossly distorted."

•

Fair warning: A sign outside Alexandria, Virginia's Downtown Baptist Church reads: CHURCH PARKING ONLY. VIOLATORS WILL BE BAPTIZED.

•

When overnighting at Joggins Bridge, Nova Scotia, lovers may want to check out Cleverlay Cabins.

•

They've got a long way to go, baby: Chicago Women in Publishing, incorporated as a nonprofit organization, recently received official notice of its new status from the Illinois secretary of state. His letter began, "Dear Gentlemen."

•

Classified ads are getting more outspoken every day. Witness this one, from the help-wanted columns of the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "Maintenance electrician with experience in manufacturing. Steel company. $5.11 per hour plus fringes. Shit work."

•

This textbook definition of sexual instability was inadvertently provided by the Toronto edition of *TV Guide*, in a movie blurb describing *The Chapman Report*: "An unconvincing look into the lives of four sexually unstable women. Jane Fonda, Shelley Winters, Claire Bloom and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr."

•

A sign at the outskirts of one of south Florida's finest bass-fishing camps informs visitors that they are now on the site of JOE'S ASS HOLE.

•

In the hamlet of Norton Bavant, England, villagers met for the first town meeting in 88 years. The meeting was soon adjourned, however, because no one had anything to say.

•

For the man on the make who has everything but good taste, the ultimate in home appliances has come to our attention: a bizarre line of "marital aids" from Maxon Products, of San Mateo, California. In addition to its varied and formidable array of French ticklers with such evocative names as The Christmas Tree and The Porcupine, Maxon offers a new twist in battery-operated vibrating dildos: a veiny nine-inch model that moves with "a serpentine, wriggling, squirmy motion"—the "Rodo-Rooder Rod." In keeping with its policy of providing something for everyone, Maxon also advertises a pair of life-sized faces made of "a soft, fleshlike material"—one, male, with a vibrating rubber tongue; the other, female, with an open mouth and a throat seven inches deep. But the most memorable item in Maxon's latest brochure is a coffee-table-type cigarette lighter—bargain priced at $4.95—fashioned in the shape of a lifelike, flesh-colored phallus; just flip the bulbous hinged head and light her fire.

BOOKS

Previews: Robbers and cops are the rage this season as publishers attempt to cash in on the interest stirred up by such good sellers as Peter Maas's *The Valachi Papers* and Gay Talese's *Honor Thy Father*. One Vincent Teresa, billed as "the first high-ranking Mafia man to break the code of silence," is the author, more or less, of ***My Life in the Mafia***, which Doubleday will publish next month. His accomplice is writer Thomas C. Renner. Teresa, a New England *mafioso*, decided to tell all while in jail in 1969 because his pals outside stole $4,000,000 from his family—or so he says. In case you're wondering, the fledgling author is now in hiding, protected by the Feds against assassins who—he says—have been offered a $500,000 contract on his life.

On the other side of the bars, Robert Daley, a journalist who served a term as New York City's deputy police commissioner, has gotten a six-figure contract from Delacorte for a book about his experiences on the force. Among the episodes to be covered is the Gallo hit. The city's recently retired chief of detectives, cigar-munching Albert Seedman, has signed up to spill everything in behalf of Arthur Fields Books. Frank Serpico, the ex-cop whose charges of corruption set off the Knapp Commission hearings in New York, is having his story—***Serpico***—written by Peter Maas. It will be published by Viking Press and the screen rights have already been sold for $400,000 (see this month's movie previews).

To move away—but not too far—from good guys and bad guys, we have ***The Saturday Night Special . . . And Other Guns with Which Americans Won the West, Protected Bootleg Franchises, Shot Husbands Purposely and by Mistake, Robbed Banks and Candy Stores in Droves—and Killed Presidents***, Robert Sherrill's account of America's enduring love affair with firearms. The use of guns by National Guardsmen is the subject of ***The Murders at Kent State***, Peter Davies' attack on the Federal Government for not investigating those killings. Gun-toting officials are also the subject of ***Investigating the FBI*** (edited by Pat Watters and Stephen Gillers), the outcome of a conference of FBI-watchers held at Princeton in 1971.

As new subjects become popular, others fade somewhat. The flood of books about blacks, for instance, has slackened; still, this season promises ***The Death and Life of Malcolm X***, by Peter Goldman; James Baldwin's unproduced 1968 screenplay based on *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, titled ***One Day When I Was Lost;*** Baldwin and feminist Nikki Giovanni conversing, in ***A Dialogue***, about things black and white; and ***Briar Patch***, Murray Kempton's long-awaited book about the trial of the New York Panther 21.

Finally, spring brings its crop of fiction from writers of reputation: Philip Roth's ***The Great American Novel; Breakfast of Champions***, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., who's fresh from signing a multibook contract that guarantees him $1,000,000; ***The Call Girls***, by Arthur Koestler; Dan Wakefield's ***Starting Over;*** Harry Mark Petrakis' ***In the Land of Morning;*** Mark Harris' ***Killing Everybody;*** an as-yet-untitled effort by James Jones; and ***Kesey's Garage Sale***, described as "literary clutter" of the Sixties from Ken and friends. Quite enough to help us dream away the approaching sunny days.

•

In his first work of fiction since being awarded the Nobel Prize in 1969, Samuel Beckett has set out to add a dark footnote to the story of man's immortality as told by the likes of Dante, Plato and Milton. ***The Lost Ones*** (Grove) is only 63 pages long, but its haunting tone of grief, loss and anguish gives it a resonance that makes it seem a much longer, fuller work. To emphasize the importance of this book for himself and for his ideas, Beckett has made a drastic change in his style. The voice we hear telling us the story is no longer that of one of his waifs, derelicts or old men but rather the flat voice of English prose, subtly modulated in the way that only Beckett can do it, but still plain expository prose with just a touch of the susurrant brogue that put its stamp on all his other books. Beckett is a religious writer searching for a religion, and this story shows us the bitter end of his search—dry bodies lost in a great cylinder fitted out with ladders and niches, bodies ceaselessly climbing the ladders, crouching in the niches, searching, searching, and then, at long last, resigned, defeated, squatting on the floor of the cylinder in the classic pose of inward contemplation, which, Beckett seems to feel, is even more hopeless and meaningless than the endless scrabbling up the ladders. This is the most despairing book he has written, without a single note of comedy, and the explicitness of the message suggests that it may well be his last. If even inward contemplation is meaningless, why should he go on anguishing and writing?

•

It's the rare newspaperman who has the eye for detail, the ear for language, the honesty, sense of humor and straightforward prose style to make his material


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come alive. But they do exist. There're Jimmy Cannon, Jimmy Breslin and a long line of hard-drinking Chicago reporters of whom Tom Fitzpatrick is the most recent. ***Fitz: All Together Now*** (David McKay) is a collection of Fitzpatrick's recent columns from the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Most of the material is surprisingly fresh, especially surprising because Fitz, as he is known to his readers, unlike most columnists, writes against a deadline five times a week and always finds his stories in the streets. The book includes the piece that won him the Pulitzer Prize for 1969: an account of the Weathermen riots in Chicago that Fitz wrote in 42 minutes to make the early editions. There are several long and moving dispatches from Northern Ireland that he later expanded into *And So It Goes* (PLAYBOY, January 1973). But the book isn't entirely political. Like all good newspapermen, Fitz writes about the commonplace people and events that make up big-city life. There are profiles of aging athletes, hard-luck entertainers, extravagant con men and smalltime hoods. He gets the visiting celebrities (Norman Mailer testifying at the Chicago Seven trial) and the obscure, broken city dwellers who make it through one day at a time. Although the collection has no single theme, is not arranged in chronological order and is uneven in the writing, there is one thing constant in the book: Fitzpatrick's demonstration of just how good newspaper reporting can be.

•

Someday a thoughtful person will use ***Adolescent Sexuality in Contemporary America*** (World), by Robert C. Sorensen, as the basis for a book on adolescent sexuality in contemporary America. Sorensen, who was trained as a sociologist and became an expert on marketing research, has investigated the sexual acts and attitudes of 13- to 19-year-old boys and girls. He used personal interviews and self-administered questionnaires; objectivity and confidentiality were built into the project with scrupulous care; and the results are reported with conscientious thoroughness. But Sorensen is so busy counting and recording opinions that he doesn't have time to reflect. In a characteristic example, he writes that "adolescents extend tolerance toward attitudes or behavior that they would definitely reject for themselves," and he quotes a 15-year-old girl as saying that "not even rape is immoral." Five lines later, he quotes her again: "It is not right for people to do anything unless there is mutual consent." The contradiction is neither noted nor explained, nor is the thought developed here—or anywhere else in the book—that what young people say is often an expression of ignorance, inexperience or lack of imagination. Sorensen writes: "Young people do not feel guilty or upset about their permissiveness with respect to sexual behavior." To illustrate the point, he quotes a 16-year-old who had had intercourse with his sister and who, when asked later how he felt, replied: "Like I didn't know what was going to happen so I worried some about a year or two. You know, I just had it on my conscience." The fact that the boy is saying the opposite of what Sorensen has concluded goes unnoticed. Rich with undigested information, the book reads like a computer print-out. Like the adolescents it studies, it is confused and confusing, inconsistent and illogical—yet filled with the promise of something better to come.

•

On page 462 of ***The Sunlight Dialogues*** (Knopf), author John Gardner writes: "'I'm boring you,' Hodge said. And he knew it was true, or ought to be—Millie, at any rate, would be bored, and rightly, rightly. So would a reader if this were all a novel." Well, this is a novel, and the shock of the lines lies in their accuracy. All the more shock that the writer is the bright young author of *Grendel*, that marvelous modern remaking of the medieval myth. *The Sunlight Dialogues* is a great big book that somehow gets out of hand and begins to float like an overinflated balloon, bounced here and there by a poke of the author's finger, but never either rising to the higher spheres or blowing up in the reader's face with a satisfying explosion. Gardner can write, and brilliantly—but the overinflation stretches the features of both ideas and people to grotesqueries. *The Sunlight Dialogues* is about The Way Things Are, say, at about the time that nut was shooting people from the tower at the University of Texas. It is about Issues of the Day, the main protagonists being Fred Clumly, police chief of Batavia, New York, and a human chameleon known as The Sunlight Man. Hoisted on Clumly's aging, small-town, middle-class shoulders is the lopsided burden of civilization, while The Sunlight Man, who ran afoul of the law by painting a four-letter word —LOVE—on a highway, is the deep, devious *Zeitgeist*. The action centers around a jail break, several murders and half-circus, half-Socratic conversations between Clumly and The Sunlight Man. The best parts of the novel are the vignettes of the major-minor characters, where the author's style and insights are given scope. But Gardner has made this a novel of ideas, and while the ideas are valid enough, they labor in vain for artistic viability.

•

Amid the plenteous supply of books about prisons, often written in prison, Edgar Smith's ***Getting Out*** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan) is particularly forceful both in style and substance. Behind bars from 1957 until 1971 for allegedly murdering a 15-year-old New Jersey girl, Smith lost a long series of appeals in state and Federal courts; at one point he was four days away from execution. Yet he stubbornly kept fighting, with the considerable aid of William Buckley, Jr. (financial, moral and in terms of getting his case widely publicized). Finally, Smith won his freedom —at the price of making a deal in which he admitted guilt in return for release on probation on the basis of time already served. This book, Smith's third, is an account of those agonizing yet self-expanding years and also serves as a devastating analysis of the duplicities that, Smith argues, are endemic to the New Jersey court system. In the course of revealing the details of the deal that liberated him, Smith denies his guilt—as he did in his first book—asserting that after all that prison time, he chose freedom even though he had to lie, with court complicity, to get it. Smith tells more than his own story, focusing grimly on the routine dehumanization of prison conditions and revealing an extraordinary degree of knowledge of constitutional criminal law. But, essentially, this work is about Edgar Smith and the remarkable process by which he educated himself in prison and also learned to become a first-rate writer. The subtheme of Buckley's unfailing aid casts that caustic conservative in a favorable light—all the more so because Smith and Buckley disagreed during their years of correspondence about many political and philosophical issues. Smith, now writing and lecturing, has become a most socially useful citizen. Sensitized to injustice by painful experience, he has become an advocate for victims in all kinds of prisons, including the prison of poverty.

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Also noteworthy: Thomas Mario's ***The Playboy Gourmet*** (Playboy Press) brings together 800 of the thoroughly tested, thoroughly delectable recipes that have enhanced these pages over the years. In addition, the reader will find what he needs to know about everything from buying a steak to throwing a soup party, to telling a fryer from a broiler, to savoring exotic brews of coffee. A must for your kitchen library.

MOVIES

Previews: Reprises and spin-offs of last season's hits will dominate the movie scene for spring and summer. If at first you succeed, try and try again is a cherished belief that explains why Paramount has reached the blueprint stage with a project tentatively titled ***The Godfather, Part II*** (script by Mario Puzo,


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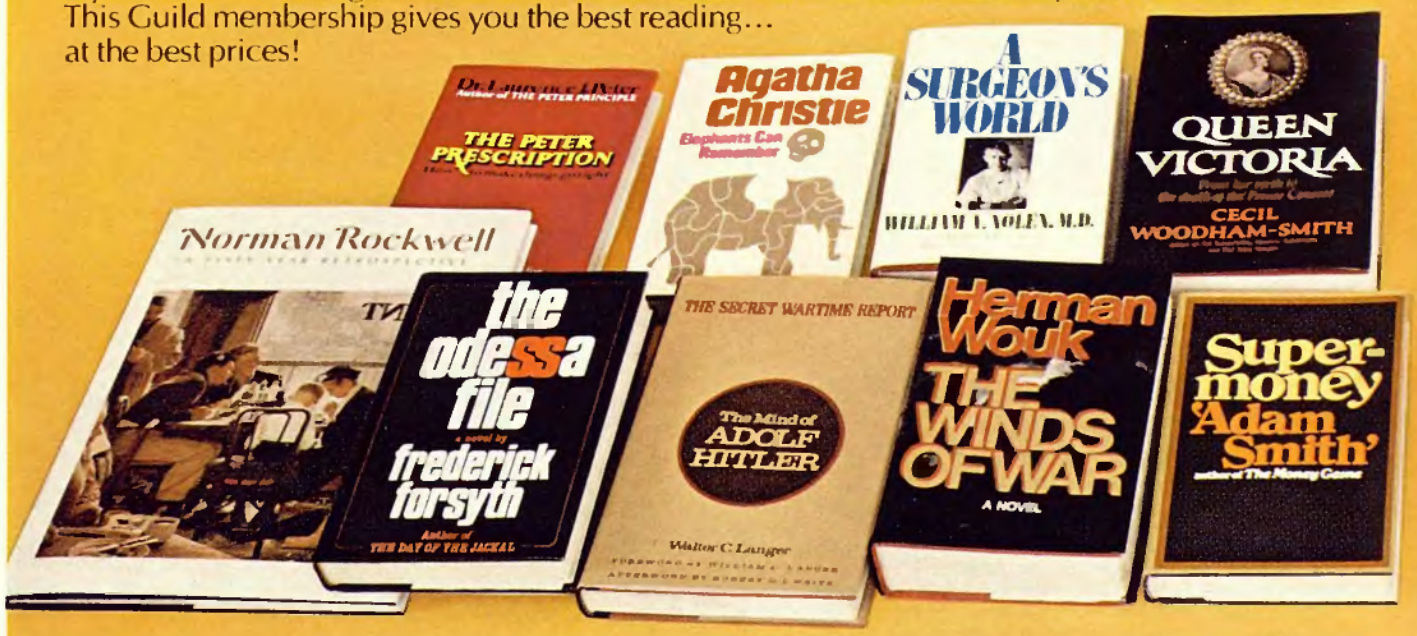

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direction by Francis Ford Coppola, starring Al Pacino—and dickering with Brando), while the boys over at 20th Century-Fox mull another potential bonanza called ***French Connection II,*** with Gene Hackman and Jean-Paul Belmondo. And Warner Bros. will try for a parlay with the imminent release of ***Scarecrow,*** which has Hackman *and* Pacino teamed as a couple of road-running bums.

Titles such as ***The Blackfather*** and ***The Don Is Dead*** are a clue to other works in progress featuring, respectively, black mobsters and more *mafiosi*. Early summer will bring ***Shaft in Africa*** with Richard Roundtree and ***Super Fly II,*** directed by *Super Fly* star Ron O'Neal. Also watch for Warren Oates as ***Dillinger,*** Burt Reynolds as a crime-busting ex-con named ***McKlusky,*** and Pacino again as ***Serpico,*** the New York cop who collected headlines for exposing police corruption. There ought to be comedy relief in ***Cops & Robbers*** (Joe Bologna and Cliff Gorman as a pair of corrupt cops peddling stolen bonds to the Mafia), ***Mikey and Nicky*** (more Mafia foolery, written and directed by Elaine May for Peter Falk and John Cassavetes) and ***Live and Let Die*** (Roger Moore of *The Saint*, resurfacing as James Bond).

Full-fledged musicals offer a change of pace, too, with offbeat attractions on tap for audiences not enticed by the cluster of stars in ***Lost Horizon*** or the prospect of Lucille Ball as the unstoppable ***Mame.*** There's a promise of tuneful fare in the forthcoming ***Godspell*** and ***The Fantasticks,*** both based on resounding off-Broadway successes, plus ***Tom Sawyer*** (with Celeste Holm, and Warren Oates making his musical debut as the town drunk, Muff Potter). If it all sounds rather bland, brace yourself for ***Catch My Soul,*** a rock version of *Othello* starring Richie Havens, directed—believe it or not—by Patrick McGoohan, TV star of *Secret Agent*.

Big, big names in bold combinations will also be beckoning from movie marquees. There'll be Paul Newman and Dominique Sanda in John Huston's spy thriller, ***The Mackintosh Man;*** Newman and Robert Redford in ***The Sting*** (see this month's *Playboy Potpourri*); Redford teamed with Barbra Streisand in ***The Way We Were*** (adapted from Arthur Laurents' novel about black-listing); George C. Scott and Faye Dunaway striking sparks on the oil fields in ***Oklahoma Crude.*** And add filmizations of big-name books: ***The Exorcist*** (Ellen Burstyn and Max von Sydow, directed by *The French Connection*'s William Friedkin), and Fred Zinnemann's ***The Day of the Jackal.*** Enough. Spring is around the corner; let's resist premature judgments and pray for a season of miracles.

•

About once a year, the welcome mat goes out to a contemporary comedy in the vein of *The Graduate* or *Carnal Knowledge*. The current prime candidate is ***The Heartbreak Kid,*** which has more going for it than an imposing list of credits, though the names promise a lot—funny girl Elaine May as director of a Neil Simon screenplay, freely adapted from a short story by Bruce Jay Friedman. The combination of talents jells even better than you might expect, with Ms. May's impeccable comic timing functioning flawlessly, and Simon exploring a mean streak in Friedman to bring forth a kind of cool, cruel hilarity not often evident in his Broadway hits. *Heartbreak Kid*'s hero is Lenny, a self-described schmuck, a more or less typical New Yorker who all but defies an audience to like him, though he finally commands grudging admiration through sheer *chutzpah*. Lenny's story is simple: He marries a nice Jewish girl, finds himself bored with her before their Miami Beach honeymoon has scarcely begun, then falls crazy in love with a beautiful WASPish Minnesota blonde he meets on the beach. He decides he's got to have her if it costs him his wife, his life, his car and his wedding gifts. How he manages to triumph over middle-class morality and his own flawed character to gain the prize that may prove to be no more satisfying than what he already had is spelled out with zest by a cracking-good company. In the lead role, Charles Grodin (who wrote and directed the Simon and Garfunkel TV special) has everything down pat, from the look of quiet despair when his blushing bride starts to chomp a Milky Way in bed to the wonderful moment when he launches a man-to-man talk with the Minnesota beauty's indignant father: "There *is* a slight complication, sir. . . . I happen to be a newlywed." While Grodin excels, blonde Cybill Shepherd matches him with a smoothly polished new model of the provincial tease she played in *The Last Picture Show*, and veteran Eddie Albert steals the spotlight as her Dad. Stealing everything else in the movie that's not nailed down is director May's daughter Jeannie Berlin—who looks like her mother, talks like her mother and upholds family tradition in a classic comic performance as the abandoned bride. If there were nothing else to recommend in *The Heartbreak Kid*, there would still be Jeannie subjecting her groom to a sex quiz: "Is it what you thought it would be like? Exactly? Exactly . . . or better? Say it, Lenny." That's before she contracts a sunburn and really begins to shine. See it.

•

A luxury liner flops bottom side up in mid-ocean to set off ***The Poseidon Adventure,*** adapted from Paul Gallico's novel about the scary things that might happen if a great ship like the old Queen Mary were to encounter a tidal wave. Addicts of gimmicky fiction in the *Grand Hotel* and *Airport* tradition —a cross section of colorful characters placed under stress to bring out their hopes and fears and hidden strengths —should find the production technically shipshape, with director Ronald Neame squeezing every last ounce of hypertension from a stellar cast. You know them all. There's Gene Hackman as the minister who turns out to be a take-charge sort of guy—just what's needed for guiding a handful of plucky survivors through the bowels of an overturned ship. There's Shelley Winters as the frightened fat lady with courage when it counts, Jack Albertson as her mousy husband, Ernest Borgnine and Stella Stevens as the brassy big-town couple—with Carol Lynley, Roddy McDowall, Red Buttons and several other brave or not-so-brave souls to round out the company. It took a bundle of financial backing to build *Poseidon*'s upside-down scenery, from the grand salon to the engine room and propeller shaft, but if you're not a sucker for this sort of thing, you may find yourself wishing the whole soggy spectacle would sink without a trace.

•

Says Jane Fonda to Donald Sutherland: "When you gonna stop thinking that bein' a criminal is romantic?" She plays a high-priced whore, he plays a rip-off artist and demolition-stock-car racer in ***Steelyard Blues,*** a generally inept comedy based on the fallacy that all the best people live outside the law. The performers appear to have had a fine time cavorting around San Francisco, but it's more fun for participants than for onlookers—except when Peter Boyle (of *Joe* fame) is onscreen, imitating Brando or Wild Bill Hickok and doing whatever must be done to keep the comic spirit abubble. Most of the movie is strikingly photographed (by veteran Laszlo Kovacs and Stevan Larner) but sloppily edited, and underscored with insistent rock tunes that sound as though they were added to drown out the pretentious dialog. Basically, *Blues* presents a pack of ill-defined characters with a mindless commitment to every known platitude about freedom of choice—which means picking pockets, hating cops and energetically refurbishing a vintage twin-engine amphibian aircraft that will carry them off to a country without jails, wherever that is. The plane, like the movie, never gets off the ground.

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There is little kinship between his corrosive comedy *Joe* and the despair of his latest effort, ***Save the Tiger,*** but

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director John G. Avildsen has a similar formula working in his favor—a star performance (by Jack Lemmon) that keeps the movie on course, or at least makes its flaws tolerable. Lemmon plays Harry Stoner, a middle-aged L.A. garment manufacturer who spends 36 hours looking his life in the face and hating what he sees. It's showtime at Capri Casuals, he's got to play pimp for out-of-town buyers and his business is so close to bankruptcy that he's after his partner (Jack Gilford, also in top form) to let a professional arsonist burn down their factory. During a bad, bad day, Harry's mind rambles a lot, back to his World War Two experiences and the ballplayers he used to idolize. He also stops on the Strip to pick up a hippie hitchhiker (Laurie Heineman) about the age of his own daughter, but balling her fails to give him a lift. Everything fails, because Harry has failed himself, or the world hasn't lived up to his expectations. As a guy going around in circles, Lemmon generates impressive centrifugal force. In comedy, he was always the all-American boy opportunist and, as a serious actor, he still projects the image of a most-likely Yale grad whose youthful innocence has been ravaged by years of moneygrubbing and five-martini lunches. Lemmon's performance aside, *Save the Tiger*'s schematic script, by Steve Shagan, exploits contemporary disenchantment in a fairly predictable way: unhappiness is a Lincoln Continental, a mansion in Beverly Hills and a wardrobe of Italian suits; happiness is an old Jewish tailor who has survived the horrors of modern history, and loves his wife and his sewing machine. Back to basics is the simplistic message, redeemed by the fact that Lemmon and Avildsen hammer it home with the kind of hard-sell treatment they learned by staying in the rat-race.

•

So many contemporary movies are "downers" full of fashionable despair that ***Travels with My Aunt*** comes as a welcome respite. Anything but a bad trip, the film version of Graham Greene's novel, first serialized in PLAYBOY, offers English stage star Maggie Smith (winner of an Oscar for *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*) as a latter-day Auntie Mame, an irrepressible adventuress who drags her stodgy nephew, Henry, away from his bank job and his prize dahlias in order to teach him that life is what you make it. *Travels* represents a kind of smooth old-fashioned moviemaking that has nought to do with cinema as art—but don't knock it until you've seen Maggie strutting her highly specialized stuff under veteran director George Cukor, a leading authority on the care and handling of glamorous stars with a list of credits that runs the gamut from Garbo's *Camille* to Marilyn Monroe in *Let's Make Love*. One might argue that Maggie's uninhibited performance is too large for the screen, though it might be said in rebuttal that the screen is too small for Maggie. "You must learn to surrender yourself to extravagance," she whinnies, as if to admonish moviegoers who resist a comedy cluttered with lush decor and frequent flashbacks. Meanwhile, she bullies poor Henry (played with finely repressed ebullience by Alec McCowen) who is slightly put off, at first, by auntie's black chauffeur-stud-companion (Lou Gossett). His late mother's ashes are scarcely cold in their urn before Henry finds himself whisked across the Continent, smuggling cash from country to country to raise ransom for his aunt's kidnaped lover and smoking pot aboard the Orient Express with a pregnant hippie (Cindy Williams) en route to Istanbul. But never mind, just sit back and relax like Henry.

•

Robert Redford, a superstar who picks his movies with care, plainly cared a lot about ***Jeremiah Johnson,*** which fits him like a comfortable suit—not spectacular or showy but something that gives good value and lets a man feel at ease with himself. Filmed on location amid the rugged scenery of Utah, where Redford owns a ranch, *Johnson* is a solid survival epic about a trapper seeking to escape to the wilderness sometime in the last century. It may be the Mexican War he has turned his back on, though the specifics are never stressed. The hero discovers, however, that even the most primitive society operates by a rigid code, and a man ultimately has to follow the rules or die. Though he proves himself as a hunter and fighter, and wins an Indian chief's daughter (movie newcomer Delle Bolton) for his bride, Jeremiah's forest idyl is short-lived; he naïvely offends the Indians and finds himself committed to a blood feud with a tribe of savage Crow, who track him down relentlessly. A restrained performance by Redford, plus a terse script by John Milius and Edward Anhalt, insulate *Jeremiah Johnson* from the clichés of conventional action-adventure yarns despite a fair quota of tomahawks, massacres and encounters with howling wolves. An offbeat, intelligent, easy-to-take saga of the outdoors.

•

Married to a college professor, with two children under school age and a third on the way, a troubled young housewife on Manhattan's Upper West Side dreams that she has gone to an abortion clinic—though the dream ends with her hospital bed rolling through limbo into a playground full of happy, healthy youngsters. Advocates of Planned Parenthood will find little to cheer in ***Up the Sandbox,*** based on Anne Richardson Roiphe's novel about a woman midway through an identity crisis and far gone into her secret world of fantasies. Barbra Streisand (paired with handsome newcomer David Selby, a recruit from TV and Broadway) exudes kinky charm as a kind of distaff Walter Mitty, imagining herself in a mad impromptu seduction scene with Fidel Castro (who turns out to be a voluptuous hermaphrodite under his rebel-green tunic), or blowing up the Statue of Liberty with a band of black militants, or trekking into darkest Africa to find a tribe of liberated warrior women. There is bumptious hilarity in these sequences, as well as in a home-movie interlude—half real, half imagined—that ends with Barbra and her domineering mother wrestling on the floor at a family anniversary party. But *Up the Sandbox* finally reaches a complacent and rather flat conclusion, perhaps accurately reflecting author Roiphe's published statement that "the new tolerance should ultimately respect the lady who wants to make pies as well as the one who majors in higher mathematics."

•

The Getaway marks a change for director Sam Peckinpah, who propels Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw through a series of thrills, spills and shoot-outs that add up to little more than a tacit endorsement of the rip-off as a way of life. As a work by a major American director who has been extraordinarily eloquent about violence in such films as *The Wild Bunch* and *Straw Dogs*, Peckinpah's latest at times comes dangerously close to self-parody. For a start, the well-publicized offscreen chemistry between McQueen and MacGraw adds no particular spark to the movie, mostly because Ali is far too bland and seemingly Vassar bred to be remotely convincing as a kinky dame who gets her gangster husband sprung from a Huntsville, Texas, pokey by shacking up with a corrupt prison official (Ben Johnson, good as always). Ali's role might have been better played by Sally Struthers, of TV's *All in the Family*, who comes on strong as a smarmy hoodlum's highly cooperative hostage. Following a bank holdup and a dirty double cross, McQueen and Ali are pursued by cops and robbers from San Antonio to El Paso, carrying a satchel filled with half a million dollars. The movie is perfectly paced, chock-full of physical excitement, with violence exploding at regular intervals and McQueen placing his shots in a manner appropriate to the hero of a fable. Only faithful Peckinpah fans are apt to be disappointed—but they are trained to expect much more.

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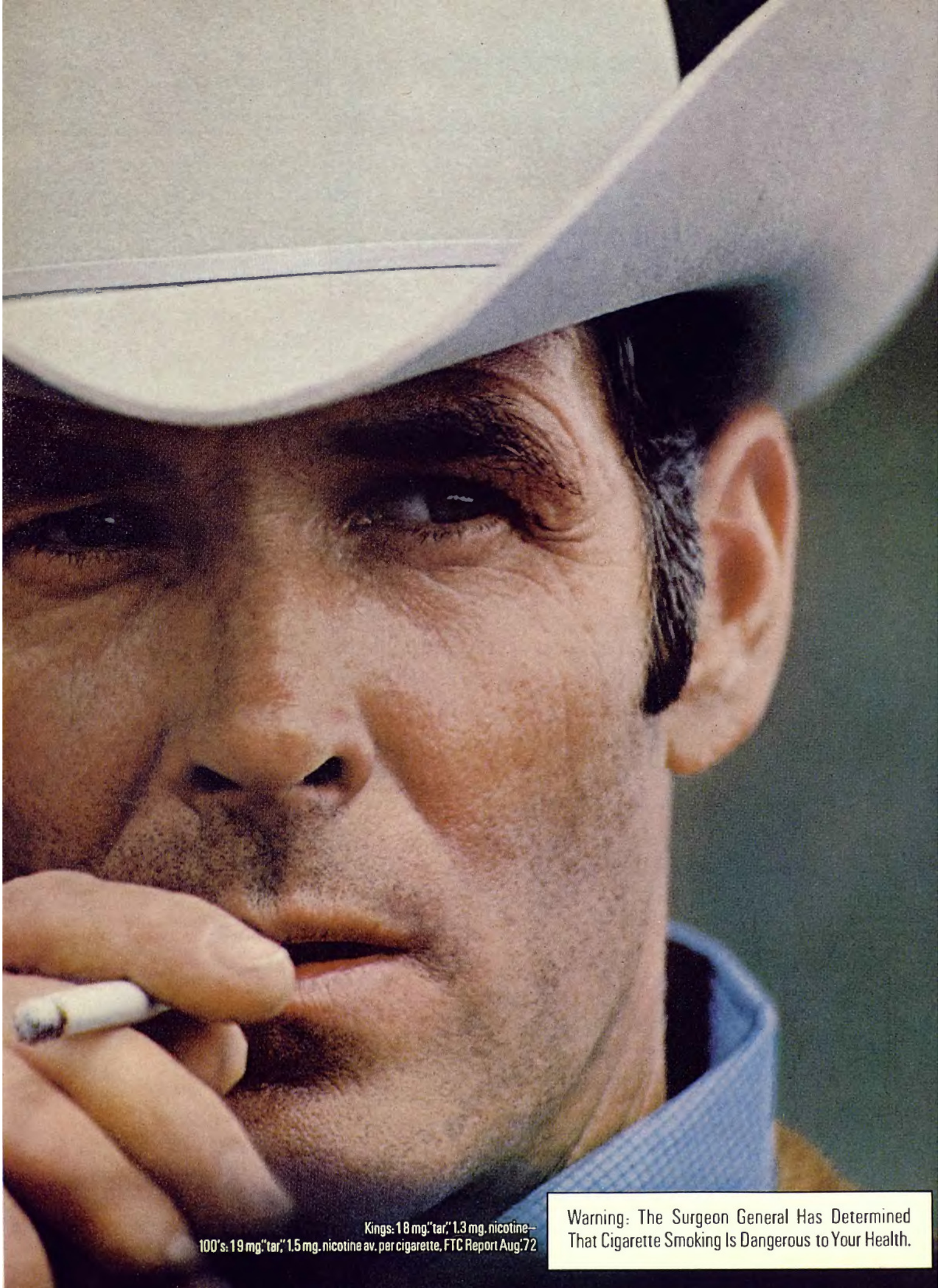

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spoken, whispered, even bellowed by a full chorus on at least three occasions during ***Man of La Mancha,*** and for that reason alone the musicalized *Don Quixote* may repeat its stage success—but not because of intrinsic merit. In fact, the movie is very bad, despite a winning performance by Broadway's James Coco as Sancho Panza and a veritable *coup de théâtre* by Sophia Loren, who does her own singing as Aldonza. Sophia is an actress of such intuitive dynamism that she could probably sing, dance and weep her way through a weather report. Peter O'Toole is something else again. Tripling up in the title role as Don Quixote, Cervantes and a gentle madman named Quijana, O'Toole appears in a series of showy make-ups and goes tilting at windmills, yet his actorish performance seldom catches fire. The fault lies less with O'Toole, perhaps, than with producer-director Arthur Hiller, whose frenetic camerawork makes half the movie look as if it were shot on horseback. The rest is stalled at a low level of imagination, where all of the musical's improvised charms—such as the play within a play imagined by Cervantes in prison—become literal, flat, fragmented and a bit foolish. The touch of divine madness that lent magic to *Man of La Mancha* has been lost, and the visible remains represent neither the soul of Cervantes nor the best of Broadway.

•

Director Joseph L. Mankiewicz solves the problems of ***Sleuth*** by flaunting the fact that he isn't dealing with movie material per se but with Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of his London-Broadway stage hit—a delicious mixture of murderous comedy and gamesmanship, replayed for your pleasure by Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. Just to be sure the rules are understood, Mankiewicz launches the game with opening credits printed over a series of miniature stage sets and ends it, in effect, with a final curtain on the mongoose-and-cobra battle of wits between two formidable opponents. One is an urbane author of mystery novels (Olivier) who invites to his country home an Anglo-Italian London upstart (Caine) who owns a hairdressing salon and intends to marry the author's wife. Needless to say—though the cuckolded writer says it, since Shaffer's crisply turned dialog is half the show—the lovers have been "rutting like a pair of crazed weasels." The husband's vengeance seems at hand when he lays out a diabolical plot and persuades his adversary to play. Audiences familiar with the stage version will know in advance, of course, that *Sleuth* is a vaudeville act of no great consequence—a duet for two mental acrobats flamboyantly juggling the ground rules of whodunit fiction. The

game is who-will-do-what-and-to-whom, and is made-to-measure Olivier *vs.* Caine —one of the world's great actors challenged at every turn of the plot by a movie idol in championship form.

RECORDINGS

"Man, is he *clean*," said a musician friend of ours when he checked out the cover of ***I'm Still in Love with You*** (Hi), with its picture of Al Green in an immaculate white outfit, sitting in a white cane chair in a white-walled and white-carpeted room. The music inside is every bit as clean. Tasteful strings, added to the rich, deliberate strokes of the Willie Mitchell band, give a Ray Charlesian touch to *I'm Glad You're Mine, Simply Beautiful* and *One of These Good Old Days*; *Love and Happiness* is velvet funk, with blues and Gospel touches; *Oh, Pretty Woman* is the old Roy Orbison hit (updated, of course); *Look What You Done for Me* and the title tune will be familiar to anyone who's listened to a pop radio station during the past year. An overlong version of Kristofferson's *For the Good Times* is the only thing that really doesn't work. And, if you've paid much attention to the lyrics, you might get a little dragged, because A. G. doesn't write about anything except romantic love (although he does write about it pretty well). That won't be any obstacle, though, because the man's singing, to quote his own song title, is simply beautiful. And if Mitchell and cohorts ever played an ill-advised note, you can be sure it didn't come out on a record.

•

Santana seems to click on its even-numbered albums. *Abraxas* was a great leap forward from its first LP, but on the follow-up, it seemed bothered by a lack of direction. No such problem on ***Caravanserai*** (Columbia). In fact, the group, which has undergone some personnel changes, has recaptured the magic of *Abraxas* without duplicating the material. Carlos' guitar is fluid and inventive throughout, especially on the instrumental *Song of the Wind*; the delicate tonalities of the electronic instruments are consistently under control (as on the more "abstract" selections, such as *Eternal Caravan of Reincarnation*); and the Latin percussion is percolating wherever you look. The band does an outstanding job on Antonio Carlos Jobim's *Stone Flower*, but there's nothing wrong with its own stuff, either. Meantime, there's a new album—***Dos*** (Warner Bros.)—by Malo, the young San Francisco group that features Santana's kid brother, Jorge, on guitar. Except for the soul ballad *I'm for Real*,

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Malo's music is more Latin than Santana's, and its sound depends largely on horn arrangements. In fact, on some tunes, such as *Momotombo* and *Oye Mama*, it may remind some people of the old Stan Kenton band's excursions into Afro-Cuban jazz. It's a nice, entertaining sound—but not as subtle as Santana's.

•

The rapidly spreading cult of Georg Solti should reach epidemic proportions with London's monumental offering, ***Solti-Mahler / The Nine Symphonies.*** Recorded with the London Symphony, the Concertgebouw and the marvelous Chicago Symphony—the organization currently receiving most of the maestro's attentions—the Mahler works, heard *in toto*, reaffirm Solti's position of eminence as an interpreter of the Germanic composers. The London 16-LP package represents a landmark achievement.

•

Barbra Streisand's ***Live Concert at the Forum*** (Columbia) is something lasting that the ill-fated McGovern campaign produced. Barbra was the capper for a money-raising concert. The audience wound up raising the roof over her and Miss Streisand responded in kind. *Don't Rain on My Parade*, a medley of *Sweet Inspiration* and *Where You Lead, My Man* and her very special rock number, *Stoney End*, were among the sounds of hope that poured forth that evening. The fight may be over but the melodies linger on. A number of other female vocalists cover themselves with glory this month. ***Ella Loves Cole*** (Atlantic) has the superlative Miss Fitz going back to one of her earlier triumphs, reinterpreting some of the Porter tunes and adding several that weren't recorded first time around. Among the evergreens: *Down in the Depths, I've Got You Under My Skin, My Heart Belongs to Daddy, Love for Sale* and *I Concentrate on You*. Among the musicians: Sweets Edison, Victor Feldman, Tommy Flanagan, Keter Betts and Ed Thigpen. The charts are by conductor Nelson Riddle and the session is a winner. ***Carmen*** (Temponic) is a sleeper—Carmen McRae singing an album of songs by Bob Friedman (a very talented gentleman, indeed) with arrangements by the ageless Benny Carter, who conducts a band filled to the gunwales with top jazz personnel. Friedman has a way with words and music, and Carmen is sensational as always—loose and loving and a pure vocal delight. The last track, *A Tribute to Benny Carter*, was charted by Quincy Jones and conducted by him—it's a touching ballad. And Anita O'Day continues to show what singing's all about. ***Once Upon a Summertime*** (Anita O'Day Records) consists of seven tunes recorded "live" in Sweden and five done in the studio. The songs are familiar—*Let's Fall in Love, Yesterdays, Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?, A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*—but Miss O'Day always has something fresh to impart. Drummer John Poole provides a steadying hand on all tracks, while the bass and piano play musical chairs. The album is available for $6 from Anita O'Day Records, Box 442, Hesperia, California 92345.

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Is it showbiz promo, her megalomania or her vociferously camp following that has created the stir over Bette Midler? Could be it's her stunning voice and delivery that, in its straight-ahead rock power, can make critics such as Jon Landau do flip-flops or, in its evocation of cabaret drama, make gay blades weep. Indeed, in its best moments, ***The Divine Miss M*** (Atlantic) makes even Streisand sound tired. We could do without some of the vocal stunting and overwrought arranging (*Leader of the Pack*), but when Miss M. gets it together, as in *Delta Dawn*, she is superb. That tune fuses elements of rock, Gospel and country in a wholly sophisticated way and achieves a triple climax with three successively smashing endings. Bette Midler sings everything from John Prine to *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy* and, although this is only her first album, she brings to it all the New York showbiz panache of a seasoned performer.

•

By way of contrast, dig Joni Mitchell, sitting amid rocks, trees and blue water, posing nude by the Pacific (on the inside cover), singing about homey banquets and demanding dreams, moribund love affairs with pop stars, and symbolic transformations into things like radios. ***For the Roses*** (Asylum) is Joni as basic West Coast Woman—at home in nature, finding human contact essential but difficult, as beautifully expressed in *Lesson in Survival*. Her clear, magnificent voice has never sounded better; her songs, typically quirky, sometimes mythical, contain bits of melody or a lyric image that stay with you a long time. One of the best of these, *See You Sometime*, runs in part: "Pack your suspenders / I'll come meet your plane / No need to surrender / I just want to see you again." Not the kind of song Bette Midler would sing, but Joni's tunes are nothing if not personal.

•

Do yourself a favor. Pick up on ***Newport in New York '72*** (Cobblestone) in the boxed six-record set. It will give you a warm feeling knowing that jazz is a long way from being dead and that, if anything, its influence has become more pervasive. Volumes one through four are labeled *The Jam Sessions*, volume five, *The Jimmy Smith Jam*, and volume six, *The Soul Sessions*. They were set down at Yankee Stadium, Radio City Music Hall and Philharmonic Hall, and the musical luminaries stretch from here to the next festival. The quality of the music ranges from adequate to inspired, but the spirit that has kept the festival a living thing all these years is really what it's all about. We hope you have as much fun as the musicians did.

THEATER

Previews: Undeterred by the musical wreckage that visited Broadway during the first half of the 1972–1973 season, producers are again sailing confidently into musical combat. One of the more promising launchings ought to be ***A Little Night Music,*** which derives from Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*. This sunshiny comic movie, a rarity for Bergman, has been adapted to the stage by Hugh Wheeler, with songs added by Stephen Sondheim. Harold Prince will produce and direct a cast headed by Hermione Gingold and Glynis Johns. Christopher Plummer will flex his vocal cords in a musical version of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, shortened for Broadway to ***Cyrano.*** Anthony Burgess is responsible for the adaptation and lyrics and Michael Langham for the direction. Lainie Kazan and Ken Howard will be the two for the ***Seesaw*** in the musical expansion of William Gibson's two-character play. E. Y. Harburg's ***What a Day for a Miracle***—about the 13th Century Children's Crusade—is also on the spring schedule.

Turning to drama, we have Tennessee Williams' long-awaited ***Out Cry*** (performed in different versions in London and in Chicago). It now stars Michael York and Cara Duff-MacCormick. The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center and Circle in the Square on Broadway have saved their choice productions for last: At Lincoln Center, Rosemary Harris will play Blanche DuBois in ***A Streetcar Named Desire*** and the Circle is presenting Mike Nichols' production of ***Uncle Vanya,*** starring George C. Scott, Nicol Williamson and Julie Christie. Finally, we're happy to report, Rex Harrison is returning to Broadway as another Henry—not Higgins—but Pirandello's ***Henry IV,*** with Eileen Herlie as his co-star.

•

When a pair of producer-directors decided 20 years ago to establish a permanent American theater in the tradition of the Old Vic, they chose a name for their new venture that, as it turns out, has been prophetic. They christened it the Phoenix Theater. After years of wildly fluctuating fortunes and a virtually inactive 1971–1972 season, it announced its rebirth last spring as the ***New Phoenix Repertory Company.*** T. Edward Hambleton, who founded the Phoenix with Norris Houghton in 1953

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and has been its managing director ever since, says the new organization will concentrate on tours to major American cities and universities and play only limited performances in New York. At the outset, the founders envisioned a theater divorced from Broadway—which they compared to "a bookshop from whose shelves every title has been cleaned except the handful that make up the best-seller list." They had some memorable successes: *The Golden Apple* (1953) won the Drama Critics' Award as the best musical of the year; Marcel Marceau made his American debut (1955) under Phoenix sponsorship; *The Chairs* and *The Lesson* (1957) introduced Eugene Ionesco to American audiences; *The Show-Off* (1967) brought Helen Hayes out of retirement; *The School for Wives* (1971) won a Tony award for Brian Bedford. This season's repertory, Eugene O'Neill's *The Great God Brown* and Molière's *Don Juan*, opened last October at the University of Pennsylvania's Zellerbach Theater. After engagements in Louisville, Ann Arbor, Cleveland, Rochester and Boston, they played for eight weeks at the Lyceum Theater in New York, and then crossed the river to the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Both in and out of New York, the productions have drawn praise. *The Great God Brown* is a challenging work, weighty with symbolism; its characters use masks intermittently to express their dual saint-and-sinner personalities. While most productions tend to be murky, the Phoenix version is lucid. John McMartin in the principal role and Katherine Helmond as his leading lady deliver compelling performances, but special credit is due Harold Prince, best known for his Broadway musicals (*Fiddler on the Roof, Cabaret, Follies*). With *The Great God Brown*, he shows a nice hand for drama as well. Molière's racy *Don Juan* was banned in France for many years because of its devastating antireligious tone. In director Stephen Porter's updated interpretation, the legendary libertine's insatiable appetite for women is attributed to a decadent society. Paul Hecht sparkles in the title role, and the large cast exudes a spirit of fun. With its new repertory, the reconstituted Phoenix is clearly on the ascent. The Phoenix returned to the Midwest in late January for four weeks at Chicago's Civic Theater and moves on to Washington for a stand at the John F. Kennedy Center from February 26 to March 15.

•

Mary Todd Lincoln is one of the most puzzling women in American history, an eminently suitable subject for dramatic investigation. But she needs a more astute and less sympathetic playwright than James Prideaux if she is to come alive onstage. As Prideaux sees her in ***The Last of Mrs. Lincoln***, Mary is a little dotty, a little absent-minded, but mostly—like her husband—she is a saint. This rosy view is not only unkind to history but harmful to drama. Mary's woes are documented—the denial by Congress of a widow's pension, the death of her son Tad, her confinement in a mental home after her son Robert had her declared legally insane. But Prideaux so stacks the cards against poor Mary that one is soon satiated by sentimentality. Occasional scenes are dramatically effective; some even have the force of Victorian melodrama; but others are merely bathetic. The play covers Mary's life from her husband's death to her own in a seemingly endless series of scenes. William Ritman's dull set keeps shifting, but it always looks the same. In spite of the superficiality of the play, there is penetration in the performances by David Rounds as Robert Lincoln and by Julie Harris as Mary. Ms. Harris invests the lady with warmth and intelligence, and ages gracefully while maintaining an edge of acerbity. Her best scenes are her most biting, as in a verbal duel with a Congressional nemesis—but she isn't given enough of them to get her teeth into. The director is George Schaefer, known for his work on the *Hallmark Hall of Fame*, which might be the proper repository for this play—with its heroic characters in simplified historical situations. At the ANTA, 245 W. 52nd Street.

•

As far as ***Doctor Selavy's Magic Theater*** is concerned, Richard Foreman's heart belongs to Dada. That's Selavy as in *c'est la vie*, which is sort of a summary of a play that's impossible to summarize. In a kaleidoscopic sequence of scenes, a disturbed patient is cured of whatever ails him and learns to take a dose of life. But there's no point in seeking a straight line in this delirious work. Foreman is the founder of the Ontological-Hysteric Theater and some of his O.-H. experiments make audiences hysterical and critics ecstatic. They take hours to transpire, and they aren't really plays so much as stage transformations—carefully arranged processions of images and sculptural forms that hypnotize as they fantasize. *Doctor Selavy* shows Foreman in his vaudeville vein, borrowing not only from surrealism but from burlesque. The stage is divided into long alleyways, banked by string, in which things occur as in a comic strip. The score by Stanley Silverman is hypereclectic (from rock to opera), the lyrics by Tom Hendry the one mundane note in a heady evening. The performance is precise, the play amusing and adventurous. At the Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer Street.

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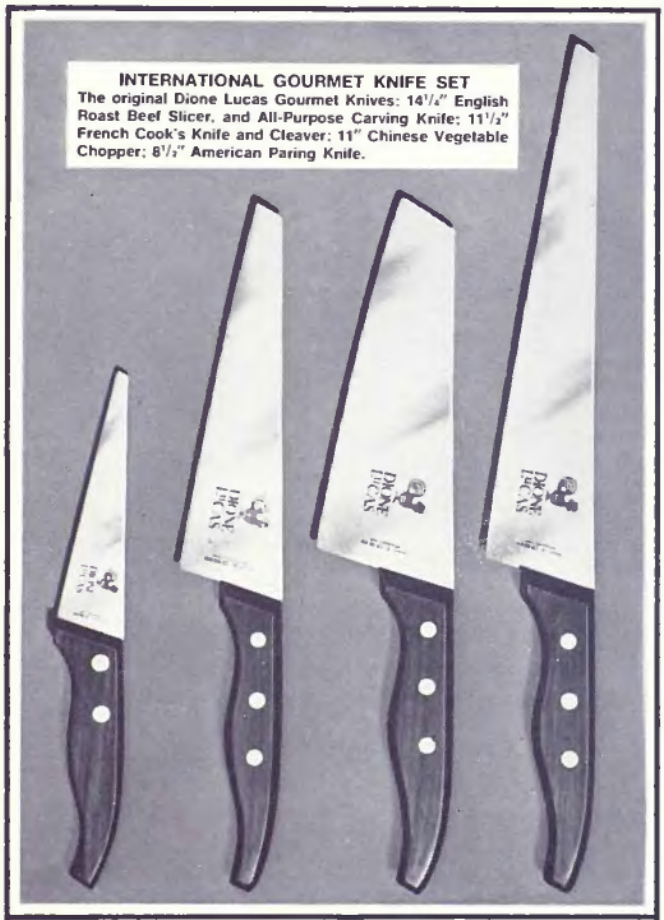

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My college roommate, a physics major, has a theory that natural resonance frequencies occur during sexual intercourse—that the rhythmic vibrations produced when the height of sex is sustained could coincide with a girl's natural resonance frequency and give her violently painful muscle spasms. I'm curious, but I wouldn't want to inflict pain on my girl. How can I test the theory?—R. B., Los Angeles, California.

The notion that you can ring her chimes is not to be taken literally. Bells resonate; belles do not.

I'm shopping for a watch and would like some help in sorting out terminology. What's a chronometer? Is a shockproof watch better than a shock-resistant one? And how does waterproof differ from water-resistant?—D. M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

According to the Watchmakers of Switzerland, a Swiss chronometer is a watch that actually has been examined in Swiss testing labs. It's supposed to be more accurate than an ordinary Swiss watch. (Marine chronometers are something else—see "The Playboy Advisor," December 1972.) The Federal Trade Commission prefers the term shock-resistant to shockproof, presumably because there are some severe shocks that the toughest of watches can't withstand. Water-resistant is likewise the approved terminology and watches labeled waterproof may not be sold in the U. S.

A friend who is a wine connoisseur told me of a rare pear brandy that comes in a bottle containing a whole pear. I've heard of ships in bottles (and in that case I know how it's done), but I've never heard of a pear inside a narrow-necked bottle and have concluded that my friend was putting me on. Was he?—H. S., New Orleans, Louisiana.

No. Probably the best-known type comes from Switzerland, where empty bottles are tied to the branches of pear trees so that the fully formed bud is actually inside the bottle and grows to the full-sized fruit. The pear brandy itself, of course, is added later.

I've been dating a terrific girl for three months now. Unfortunately, she had her heart broken by her last boyfriend and draws the line at having sex with me, claiming that all I'm interested in is her body. I have assured her that I like her in *all* respects, and I haven't pressured her to go to bed with me, partly because I'm also dating another girl with whom I have complete physical rapport. I expect to terminate this latter affair when I reach a full emotional and physical understanding with my new girl. Though I've made no pledge of fidelity to her, I fear that if she finds out about my other affair it will ruin our relationship and turn her off on men even more. I don't wish this to happen—nor do I want to go without sex or feel guilty about her state of mind. Any advice?—E. G., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

It's true that you're not responsible for her past difficulties, neither did you, as you state, pledge to remain faithful. However, inasmuch as your new girl's problem seems to be one of developing trust in you, you may be risking a lot by being less than honest with her. Let her know that you're dating others and, if she questions your actions, explain your behavior to her as simply and honestly as you have to us. Truth is the only road leading to trust and, if it makes for problems, at least they can be dealt with openly.

I am going to Europe this summer and I'd like to get there the most romantic (and hopefully the cheapest) way possible: by tramp steamer. Do they still operate, and how can I find out about them? Also, how do their fares compare with those of a passenger liner or a scheduled airliner?—R. S., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The tramp steamer as such is a thing of the past. However, there are cargo ships that carry passengers (vessels that carry more than 12 passengers are cargo-passenger ships; those that carry 12 or less are passenger-carrying freighters or cargo liners). Accommodations differ from ship to ship, but few are as posh as first-class cabins on luxury liners. Schedules and ports of call are subject to change on short notice and medical facilities are likely to be limited. On the other hand, you're not up to your clavicle in tourists, the food is usually first-rate and your trip may be smoother—heavily laden freighters ride lower in the water than passenger liners and thus float better. It's difficult to draw an accurate fare comparison of regularly scheduled passenger liners, cargo-passenger ships and passenger-carrying freighters. Accommodations vary, as do ports of departure and call and length of time at sea. Here's a try: A single outside cabin with private shower and toilet on a freighter from an eastern Canadian port to Glasgow will run $210. A single outside cabin on the Queen Elizabeth II from New York to Southampton will run $554 at the height of the season (June 20–July 15). The

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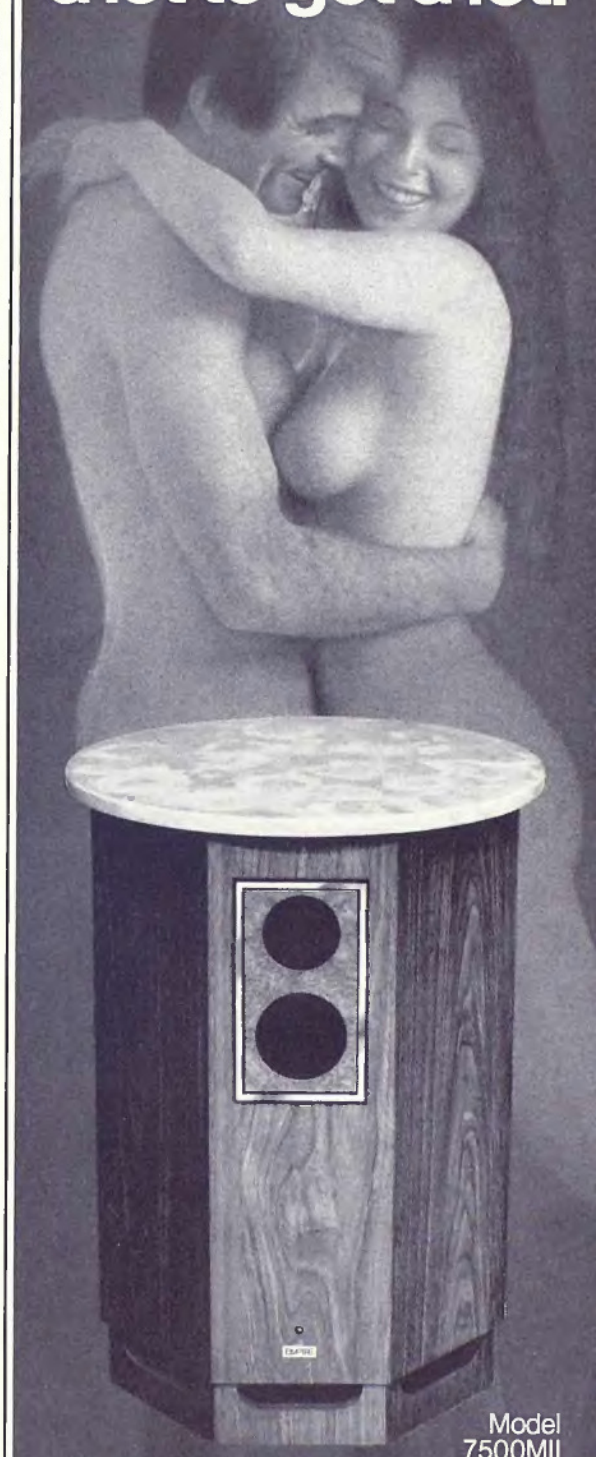

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When a man is 45 years old and has been divorced for six months, after 14 years of marriage, how does he get back into the dating groove? I've had one evening out with a lovely woman in her 30s, but it was worse than the first date of a high school freshman. We went to a movie, but, like most films today, it was designed for the younger set. Then we went for a quiet visit to a friendly bistro. Our good night at the door was surely as uncomfortable for her as it was for me: a few words, an agreement to do it again soon and a mumbled good night, while we both seemed to hunger for a more personal parting. Is this attrition of spirit just a middle-aged imagination? What activities are fitting, fun and proper on 45ish dates that might lead to warm, lingering, horizontal good nights?—W. M., Columbia, Missouri.

All you need to offer is yourself, but you ought to make that self as unique as possible. For instance, why pick a movie that is "like most films today"? For that matter, why go to a movie at all? Look about for the unusual and invoke standards that only your longer term of life could have equipped you with. Take stock of your special interests. Perhaps you're particularly fond of classical music. In that case, a dinner date followed by a concert will enable you to communicate your enthusiasm to your companion, and this will draw you closer together. Make dates into events and soon nothing you do will seem as if it were designed for someone else.

I'm going to London soon on a business trip and I would like to buy a Savile Row suit. Can you tell me how they differ from American suits? Do they have to be custom-made? And how much do they cost?—A. J., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

"Be sure your tailor is a man of sense," said Oliver Wendell Holmes. On Savile Row, he's likely to be. Superb detail, a wide variety of fabrics and close, careful fitting are characteristics of a suit made by any of the shops along Savile Row in the Mayfair section of London. It features subtle design and is impeccably tailored of the finest materials by true craftsmen. It is, inevitably, custom-made. Prices vary widely, depending on material and features; $200 to $400 is average. Excellent tailoring takes time, so plan your trip accordingly.

My wife and I have grown apart during our three years of marriage and now seem diametrically opposed on the subjects of sex, politics, religion, where we should live, how to raise the kids—to name but a few. Though I have smoked grass in the past, she now threatens to have me busted if I do it again. None of this incompatibility was apparent before we married. To further complicate matters, I've met a free-spirited young woman to whom I am greatly attracted. Do you think I have an obligation to my wife and kids to stick with my marriage, regardless of the situation?—B. H., San Diego, California.

There's a difference between sticking and being stuck. If by remaining with your wife and children you'll make everyone concerned miserable, then, by all means, move on. Just be sure you understand that the free-spirited woman who has come your way may be less free once tied down with you or any other person. We assume you don't want to keep reenacting the same drama for the rest of your life.

While playing poker, a friend referred to the nine of diamonds as "the curse of Scotland." Can you tell me how it got that name?—S. P., Lincoln, Nebraska.

There are several stories, the most interesting of which claims the term originated in Scotland in 1746, after the Battle of Culloden, in which the army of the Duke of Cumberland crushed the forces of Prince Charles. According to the story, the duke wrote the order for the massacre of the wounded and the prisoners on the back of a nine of diamonds.

Recently, I acquired a considerable amount of used computer tape and want to erase it and use it in my tape recorder (I have found a way to cut it to the proper width). However, I've heard that the tape may damage the heads of my recorder. Is this correct?—S. E., Detroit, Michigan.

Yes. The nature of the magnetic coating on computer-grade tape is such that it is not recommended for use on home recorders. It can damage the heads and its magnetic properties are unlikely to suit the bias and equalization of your machine. Better stick to the standard commercial brands of audio tape available at any stereo shop.

My boyfriend and I enjoy sex regularly, but I am becoming increasingly frustrated by his failure to show me any real affection. I need warmth along with sex and he seems unwilling to provide it, even laughing at my efforts to be romantic. When I get angry and tell him to find somebody who really turns him on, he insists that *I* do, which frustrates me even more. Is there any way I can make him more emotionally responsive to me?—Miss E. V., Gary, Indiana.

Young men frequently mistake the showing of warmth or emotion for indications of commitment at best or weakness at worst. Your boyfriend is apparently not yet comfortable enough with himself to permit him to be comfortable with you; to show you the affection you need and which he himself may wish to give, he will need to learn to relax and to allay his fears. Don't demand affection and do try to be patient; but if the warmth you desire is not forthcoming after several months, you should probably look for it elsewhere.

Over the years, I've heard some of my friends use words like wop, dago and guinea to refer to Italians. Though they're used less frequently now than formerly, I'm curious about how they came into being.—R. F., Akron, Ohio.

The tracing of slang terms is tricky and those who do it often disagree. The epithet wop has roots in the Spanish word guapo *(Sicilian* guappo*), meaning handsome and courageous (though it also means vain). Labor brokers who for a fee found jobs for immigrants, used the term* guappo *to describe the biggest and strongest Italian workmen who came to the U. S. in the 19th Century. Dago undoubtedly comes from the Spanish name* Diego*, although it is applied primarily to Italians. Guinea originally meant a native of Guinea (or New Guinea), but it gradually came to mean almost any foreigner, particularly a southern European, and eventually it settled on people of Italian descent.*

There has been much discussion in PLAYBOY and elsewhere about male circumcision. Recently, the subject of female circumcision came up, and I don't know what it is, though I wonder if it increases a woman's sensitivity during sexual intercourse. My girl and I would be grateful if you could enlighten us. —D. B., Albany, New York.

Female circumcision, sometimes practiced by primitive tribes, generally involves removal of the clitoris, which results in desensitization. Probably what you are referring to is the removal of a small flap that sometimes covers the clitoris—a condition known as hooded clitoris, in which sensitivity may be impaired. Removal of the flap may result in normal sensitivity—or hypersensitivity. If your girl's interest is nonacademic, she should see a doctor.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette —will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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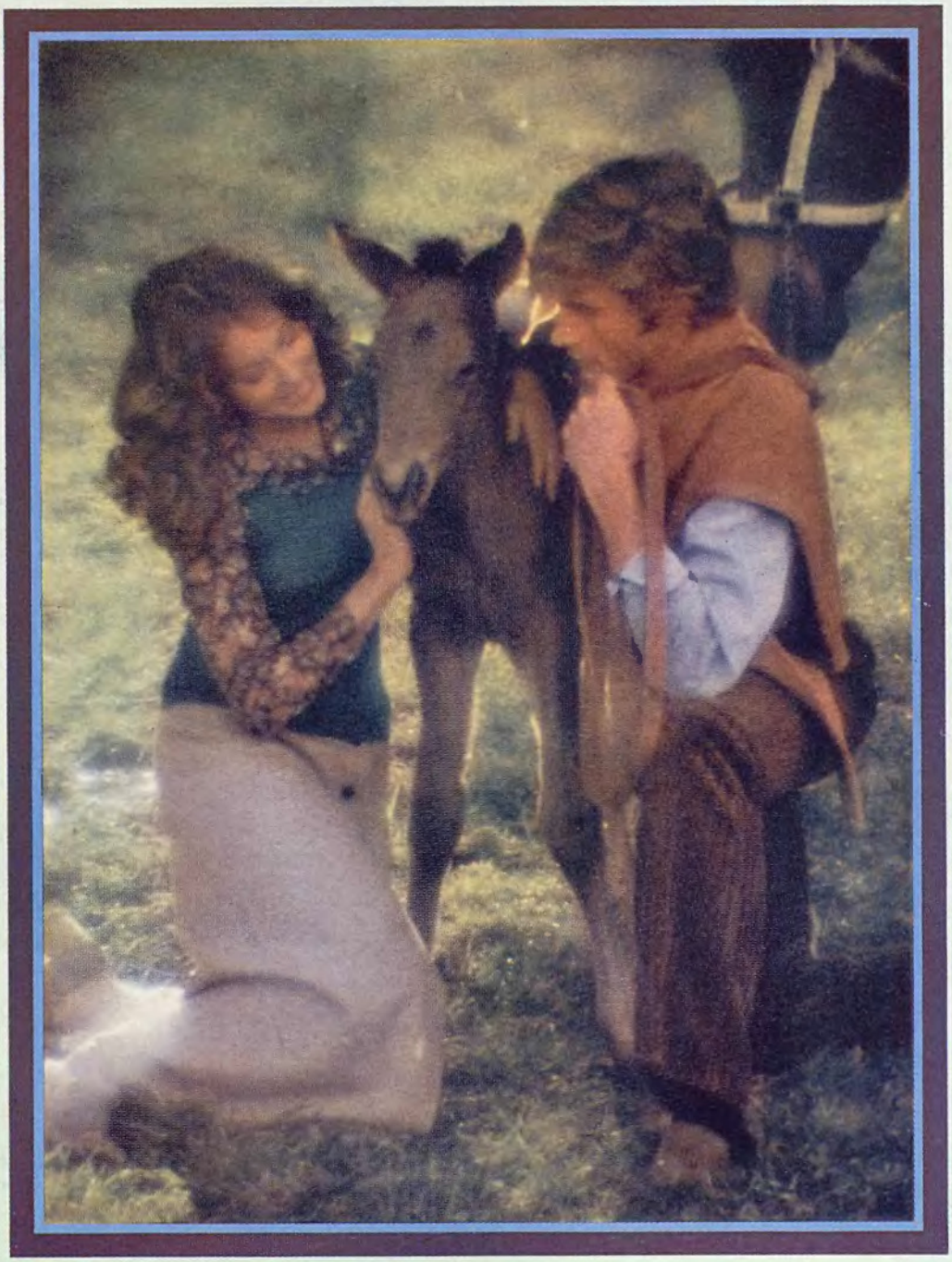

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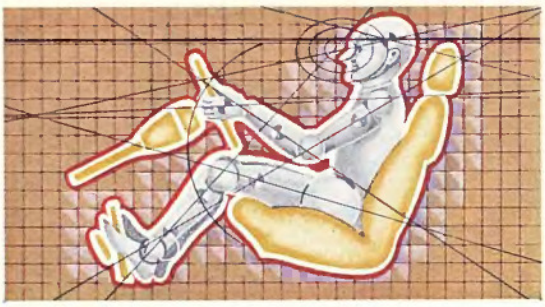

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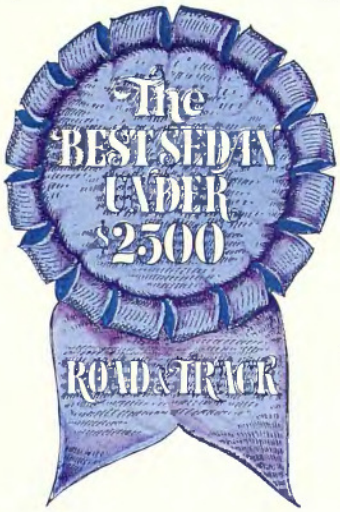

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

AMNESTY

Whenever I've participated in a group discussion on amnesty, someone has been sure to say, "To pardon draft dodgers would dishonor the men who died in Vietnam." This simply is not true. Those who died in Southeast Asia were faithfully serving their country, whether or not they believed in its goals in Vietnam. Nothing can take that away from them.

Ray T. Williamson
Huć, Vietnam

Michael J. Lanspery states that granting amnesty to draft resisters "would constitute an affront to all those men who have ever worn a uniform in any of the nation's Armed Forces" (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1972). His attitude appears harsh and narrow in contrast to that of some of the great men in American history. Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Jackson all either neglected to punish or pardoned Army deserters and even actual rebels against the Government. No attempt was made to penalize draft evaders or deserters after the Civil War, as historian Henry Steel Commager points out. He states:

> How gratifying it is to recall that the United States put down the greatest rebellion of the 19th Century without imposing on the guilty any formal punishment. Not one leader of the defeated rebels was executed; not one was brought to trial for treason. There were no mass arrests, no punishment even of those officers of the United States Army and Navy who had taken service in the Confederacy. No Confederate soldier was required to expiate his treason, or his mistake, by doing special service; none was deprived of his property—except property in slaves—or forced into exile by Governmental policy. What other great nation, challenged by rebellion, can show so proud a record?

Those who share Lanspery's views might ask themselves if this nation has declined so much that it is no longer capable of such magnanimity. Those for whom amnesty is being sought today never even took up arms against the U. S. Their only crime has been a decision in good faith that they could not participate in an immoral war. Surely this kind of integrity is too valuable to our country to be sacrificed in order to gratify petty vindictiveness.

Charles Swanson
Seattle, Washington

THE SCARLET-LETTER PRINCIPLE

Vice-President Agnew, insisting that draft evaders and deserters be punished, has proposed that the punishment be of a kind that "attaches public stigma." I don't know what Agnew was thinking of, but the images that come to my mind are the scarlet letter that the Puritans inflicted on adulterers and the yellow Star of David the Nazis forced Jews to wear. I am a veteran of the Korean War and did not have the opportunity to refuse to fight in Vietnam, but whatever the symbol chosen, I would be proud to stand shoulder to shoulder with Vietnam draft resisters by wearing it myself.

George Johnson
Washington, D. C.

LOBSTER GOON

The affair of Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert (*Playboy Interview*, July 1972) is fascinating. It is apparent to me, and I would think it would be apparent to everyone else, that (except for a possible exaggeration here and there) Herbert is telling the truth and the Army is covering up. But the U. S. is basically civilian-minded and it takes someone familiar with the military to recognize that what Herbert says rings absolutely true. A civilian is probably unable to believe that the world's largest business, the U. S. Armed Forces, can be so ineptly and corruptly run and still continue to function.

As an Air Force officer, I can't directly substantiate any of Herbert's stories, but for those who find it difficult to conceive of a pizza chopper, would you believe a lobster goon? The gooney bird, or DC-3, is an obsolete but durable military aircraft—one of which is used by an electronic-warfare squadron in Vietnam. This particular plane is occasionally sent to another air base to pick up succulent lobsters so the officers in the squadron can have steak-and-lobster banquets. Such use, of course, is strictly against regulations. On one lobster run, the goon was badly damaged in an accident. Naturally, the U. S. taxpayer picked up

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the bill for repairs, but how the accident occurred was completely covered up.

War is hell only for the conscientious. Clearly, that was Herbert's problem.

(Name withheld by request)
APO San Francisco, California

THE RIGHT TO ADVERTISE

As active members of Uncle Sam's green machine, we read with delight the letters published in *The Playboy Forum* that reveal the evils of life in the Armed Forces. It would appear that *The Playboy Forum* is not exactly promilitary. Why, then, does PLAYBOY frequently carry full-page recruiting advertisements for the different Services? Are you bending your principles for the sake of the almighty dollar?

(Signed by five Servicemen)
APO New York, New York

If "The Playboy Forum" is not exactly promilitary, as you correctly assert, neither does it advocate disbanding the Army, Navy and Air Force nor oppose serving in them. We deplore the war in Vietnam, we oppose militaristic politics, we criticize certain military practices and we look forward to the day when the world's swords are beaten into plowshares. But until that day comes, the Armed Forces remain a legitimate part of American society, with a legitimate right to recruit personnel through advertising.

THE HORRORS OF NORMALCY

I was struck by George Harris' quotation from Arthur Koestler (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1972) to the effect that unselfish virtues, such as patriotism and religious zeal, have led to far more killings than selfish crimes. The blindness with which so many supposedly normal Americans condone the devastation in Vietnam is but the latest and grossest instance of what Koestler is talking about. What we think of as normalcy is actually only the majority's form of craziness. As psychiatrist R. D. Laing so arrestingly put it:

> The condition of alienation, of being asleep, of being unconscious, of being out of one's mind, is the condition of the normal man.
>
> Society highly values its normal man. It educates children to lose themselves and to become absurd, and thus to be normal.
>
> Normal men have killed perhaps 100,000,000 of their fellow normal men in the last 50 years.

M. Foster
Kansas City, Missouri

DEFINING FREEDOM

This past summer I traveled around the Greek mainland and islands for three months with a close friend, Spiridon, a Greek. During our travels, we were approached several times by

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

GRASS GROWS GREENER

Consumers Union of the United States, which tests everything from baby carriages to contraceptives, has examined the country's marijuana laws and rated them unsatisfactory. A book titled "Licit and Illicit Drugs," by Edward M. Brecher and the editors of Consumer Reports *magazine, recommends new laws permitting and regulating the growing, processing and marketing of marijuana and states: "Marijuana is here to stay. No conceivable law-enforcement program can curb its availability." The book also proposes that narcotics addicts receive drugs legally and that liquor promotion and advertising be prohibited, with a health warning added to liquor-bottle labels.*

Also:

• Conservative guru William F. Buckley, Jr., surprised many of his followers by conducting his own consumer's test on pot. He reports that it "didn't do a thing for me," but said in an editorial comment in his National Review *that he now supports the decriminalization of marijuana smoking. Out of respect for existing laws, he smoked his grass on board his yacht outside the three-mile limit.*

• Of 1300 doctors throughout the U. S. questioned by two Stanford University researchers, 37 percent had been exposed to marijuana, 25 percent had used it and seven percent said they were currently using it.

SHAGGY-DOG STORIES

A doctor told a seminar of the Medical Society of the District of Columbia that he had attended a rock festival where he saw a beagle, high on acid, successfully treat a young man on a bad trip. "They spent the night together licking faces and 'talking' each other down."

Another dog, trained to sniff out marijuana, paid a surprise visit to the elite Coast Guard Presidential-security detail that covers the waterfront at Key Biscayne, Florida. Two members of the detail were arrested and 22 were transferred to other duties.

HAZARDS OF AIR TRAVEL

Airport security programs were established to prevent airline hijacking, but reports indicate that many agents of the Customs Bureau and Justice Department are also using passenger-screening procedures to search for drugs. According to The New York Times, *6000 travelers were arrested at U. S. airports during a 20-month period and fewer than 20 percent were charged with crimes related to aircraft safety. About one third were arrested for possession of drugs, and the remainder for illegal entry and other offenses ranging from parole violation to forgery.*

ANOTHER DOWNER

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The Senate's juvenile-delinquency subcommittee has declared that barbiturates are second only to alcohol as the country's most abused depressant, and that misuse of these drugs has reached epidemic proportions. The subcommittee estimated that as many as 1,000,000 Americans—most of them between the ages of 30 and 50—are physically addicted to barbiturates, partly because so many doctors have freely prescribed them for treatment of insomnia, anxiety and tension. The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs blamed downers for more than 1700 suicides and other deaths over a 17-month period and has recommended that barbiturates be placed in the same control category as amphetamines and hard narcotics.*

THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA—*Moonshine whiskey has remained so popular with West Virginians that the state's Alcohol Beverage Control Commission has finally yielded to public demand. Many state liquor stores now stock two brands of old-fashioned white corn whiskey—Booneshine and Georgia Moon—"guaranteed to be less than 30 days old."*

RULES OF THE ROAD

ATHENS—*If a new Greek traffic law is strictly enforced, that country will have the world's most regulated motorists. Premier George Papadopoulos has declared it an offense, punishable by license suspension, for drivers to be ill-mannered, unclean or poorly dressed while operating a motor vehicle.*

MONROE BEATS WASHINGTON

AUSTIN, TEXAS—*A proposed fifth-grade history textbook has been rejected for use in Texas schools because critics claim it devotes only a few sentences to George Washington but six whole pages to Marilyn Monroe.*

TRICKING THE JOHNS

NEW YORK—*As part of their campaign to clean up Manhattan's Times Square area, New York police are arresting not only prostitutes but also their would-be customers. Policewomen posing as*

hookers allow themselves to be propositioned and then issue summonses. Under New York law, patronizing a prostitute is an offense punishable by up to 15 days in jail and a $250 fine. Said one sergeant working on Operation John, as it's called: "We're trying to eliminate the market. The problem is that we're getting a lot of respectable people."

V. D. VACCINE

OTTAWA, ONTARIO—*The development of an experimental gonorrhea vaccine may prove to be the first breakthrough in the long search for a way to immunize large populations against venereal diseases. In tests still being conducted by the Canadian national health department, the new vaccine has produced gonorrhea antibodies in the blood of human volunteers, indicating at least some degree of immunity to the disease.*

ABORTION IN CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO—*The California supreme court has eliminated virtually all restrictions from a 1967 abortion statute, apparently leaving the state with a law as liberal as New York's. The court ruled four to three that the statute's medical criteria were too vague and therefore unconstitutional. Unless the decision is stayed on appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court, it will permit a woman from any state to obtain an abortion when performed by a doctor in an accredited California hospital during the first 20 weeks of pregnancy. Governor Reagan said he "totally opposed" the decision and described it as "a license to kill."*

PORNOTHERAPY

SAN FRANCISCO—*Pornographic movies have been found clinically useful in treating married couples with certain kinds of sexual problems. According to the director of a counseling program at the University of California Medical Center, the films help desensitize persons strongly inhibited by guilt feelings associated with sex: "They find that their own fantasies are not so bad. It helps people get over the feeling that there's something abnormal about themselves."*

WHILE ROME BURNS

CHICAGO—*"American Catholicism as it was known before 1960 seems to be finished," declare two social scientists who analyzed data on Catholic attitudes gathered by the National Opinion Research Center. The Reverend Andrew M. Greeley and Dr. William C. McCready found that 80 percent of Catholics would condone abortion to save the mother's life and 70 percent would approve it for a pregnancy due to rape. Only 14 percent of Catholics under the age of 30 agree with the Church's traditional teaching that premarital sex is always wrong. The requirement of weekly attendance at Mass is taken seriously by only 55 percent of American Catholics. The authors note that they don't expect their study to influence Church officialdom, predicting, "An organization with 50,000,000 members will blunder into the future with only the haziest notions about its present condition." They summarized that condition this way: "The loyalty is gone, the creativity is gone and the meaning system is gone or at least going. The remarkable thing is that no outside foe destroyed us: We destroyed ourselves."*

THE NEW BREED

TOULOUSE, FRANCE—*Six priests of the Catholic Church have resigned in protest after an archbishop fired one of their colleagues for "living in free union" with a young girl. In their statement of resignation, the six said that the archbishop's action was wrong and "symptomatic of the persons who currently reign in the Church."*

PERIL IN PENNSYLVANIA

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—*The Pennsylvania house of representatives has voted to revise the state's criminal code and eliminate criminal penalties for fornication and adultery, despite one legislator's dire prediction that "everyone will be going around doing what they want."*

FREE LOVE, ROOM RENT EXTRA

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA—*At Louisiana State University, several men's dormitories have dropped all rules against women visitors, and opponents of the new policy are convinced it will turn the dorms into dens of depravity. A group calling itself Citizens Against Subsidizing Public Immorality has been sending out letters warning that "your son or daughter, brother or sister, may now participate in free love on a 24-hour-a-day basis in some of the men's living areas on the campus that you, the citizens of this state, own." The director of men's housing reports, however, that the dormitories with full visiting privileges have "fewer problems than in any of our other housing."*

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

LONDON—*A Cambridge University professor told a Family Planning Association conference that 90 percent of teenagers who engage in sex do so not in cars or hotels but at home while parents are away. His solution: "Parents may have to consider giving up their evenings out together for two or three years so that one of them is always home at night."*

policemen who asked to see Spiridon's papers; at each request, he produced a dogeared I. D. card. I told Spiridon that, as an American, my notion of the right to personal privacy was offended by this procedure. He shrugged and replied, "So what? It's a free country." Smiling at my puzzled expression, he explained: "For two minutes a day, someone checks my papers. It's a small price to pay to be able to walk down the street unmolested. In America, you say you are free. But if you walk down the street and a man can shoot you, you are not free."

Immanuel Kant wrote that the only way one can truly judge oneself is to get outside one's own prejudices and assume the viewpoint of a disinterested third party. We should consider taking a less superior attitude toward the solutions other countries have devised for problems similar to those prevalent in the U. S. We need not adopt the Greek system of checking I. D. cards, but with a little insight into the Greek concept of freedom, perhaps we can learn something and make some improvements in American freedom.

Robinson Winship
New York, New York

THE SHERIFF'S SHEARS

Conformity is being enforced with great vigor in Pecos, Texas. According to an Associated Press story, Sheriff A. B. Nail not only arrests long-hairs for such offenses as walking down the wrong side of the highway but forces them to undergo a haircut and, if they're bearded, a shave. What has this lawman got against long hair? Here's his answer:

> "Eighty-five percent of the people in this jail are—were—long-hairs. That indicates to me that practically all thugs wear long hair. It's a kind of badge. And their clothes. It's the type of dress that pushers use. So there might be a tendency for my deputies to be suspicious, though certainly they don't put 'em in jail just for long hair."

Hitchhikers pass through the area in great numbers during the summer months, and the sheriff's men pick them up under a Texas law against hitchhiking. The victims have their hair cut after being booked but before being tried, so even if a person were found not guilty or were able to pay a fine and be on his way, the loss of hair is unavoidable.

These forced haircuts, I think, are not so important in themselves as they are significant for what they reveal: how oppressive, even in small matters, this supposedly free country can be and how little some law-enforcement officials understand what freedom means.

J. Adams
Fort Worth, Texas

The father of one of Nail's victims has lodged formal complaints with the

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FBI and the American Civil Liberties Union and has sent a letter of protest to the mayor of Pecos. In his letter, the father, a Marine veteran and a firm believer in law and order, stated, "I cannot remember being so deeply stirred about an event since the days of the Nazis in Germany." The FBI is investigating Nail's alleged mistreatment of prisoners.

THE BUREAUCRATIC MIND

The following story, published by the Rochester *Times-Union*, sounds utterly absurd, but should ring a bell with anyone who has ever tried to reason with a bureaucrat. It seems the state of New York was about to demolish several garages to make room for an expressway. A man who needed a garage offered to buy one and move it to his home, but a Department of Transportation official told him the state could not privately sell him a garage and did not consider it worth the trouble to advertise a public sale. The garages would have to be wrecked.

After getting a run-around from other officials with whom he tried to plead his case, the citizen got together with some friends, sawed one of the garages into five parts and hauled it home. By ill luck, the original DOT official he had talked to lived in the same town and saw the garage in the man's driveway. The abductor was tossed in the pokey and charged with grand larceny for stealing a garage suddenly valued at $1000.

Though a city-court judge has let the enterprising man off after he pleaded guilty to a lesser charge, the transportation official still insists that removal of the garage was a criminal act and that the only right thing to do is destroy it.

Allan Jones
New York, New York

FAIR PLAY FOR INDIANS

The Federal Government, as usual, is cutting budgets and pushing controversial programs affecting those with the least power to protest—in this case, the American Indians. Nixon's current plan is to cut $50,000,000 from money allocated directly to Indians and another $50,000,000 from funds that benefit them indirectly. Of this $100,000,000, $22,500,000 will come from Indian-education funds and the rest from programs involving job training, housing, guidance and counseling for youth. Also, pending legislation calls for expanding the Tennessee Valley Authority, thereby flooding lands long held sacred by the Cherokee people: their capital and the birthplace of Sequoya, inventor of the first Indian alphabet. In white man's terms, this is the equivalent of destroying Washington, D. C., and Thomas Jefferson's home.

The American Indians certainly have

Two weeks in the hospital can cost you two months in wages.

America needs action on Healthcare.

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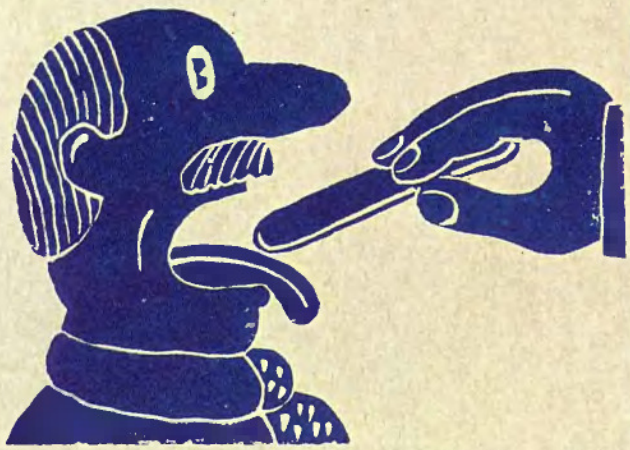
To start with, the whole system of delivering health care has to be significantly improved. (Even if every last cost were covered, there aren't enough facilities or professional people now to take care of everyone.) We need more doctors and nurses. We need trained medical assistants.



We need incentives for medical people to work in places where they don't work now. We need walk-in neighborhood health centers to take a needless burden off the hospitals. And that's just the start.

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Ætna has a lot to say about Healthcare because we've thought a lot about the way this country should be. And we're doing what we can to move it in the right direction. It's hard work and it puts us right in the middle of public debates. But we think it's right. And in Healthcare, a good many people are coming to agree with us.

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seniority in this country; many years ago, these people welcomed the whites. It's time to return the favor. Those who care about this should write to their legislators before the Indians' land and money are gone.

Robert Bacon
Chicago, Illinois

USELESS PUNISHMENT

In 1971 I married an ex-convict, an intelligent man whom I love very much. We agreed to let the past stay buried and to try to build a future together. Bit by bit, I learned about the boy who is now the man, and came to understand the mystery called sex deviation and the hostility of society toward it. My husband is an exhibitionist. From the age of 19 (he is now 32), he has been in and out of prison repeatedly.

In February 1972, there was a recurrence of his problem. Now I am learning what it is like to be the wife of a prisoner. I hired a local attorney, not to get my husband released but to get psychiatric treatment for him. He has not yet been tried and has been held during this time—which I am told will not count toward his sentence. The more I press for some kind of rehabilitation for him, the more rejection I run into. I've changed my job from secretary to waitress to earn more money for the fight. I have been turned away when I've tried to visit him, though exceptions are made in jail-visitation rules for other people. I've seen him only six times since last April.

I have a psychiatric evaluation of my husband which states that with proper motivation he can become a useful and functioning member of society. I believe that. I am going to keep on fighting; I will not sit back and complacently accept more years uselessly chopped from my husband's life with no attempt made to help him.

(Name withheld by request)
Truman, Arkansas

A MAN'S A MAN

In the December 1972 *Playboy Forum*, William H. DuBay described a treatment center for homosexuals, the goals of which are laudable. However, one of his premises is highly questionable: the notion that "heterosexuals do not know how to handle the problems of homosexuals." Presumably, this means that the quality of the homosexual's rage, love, loneliness or sorrow is somehow different from the heterosexual's. As a practicing clinical psychologist, I am certainly willing to accept the notion of individual differences. It is clear that the cues that evoke various feelings in one person may differ from the cues that produce the same feelings in another; however, the quality of the feelings

I told the scotch people I don't drink any more. Then again, I don't drink any less, either.

BY REDD FOXX

DON'T GET THE impression that I'm a heavy drinker. I only weigh 150 pounds.

Talking about drinking is part of my nightclub act. It's probably the only part of my nightclub act I can talk about in print.

But, seriously, there's a Redd Foxx nobody knows. And I wish they'd find him because he's been signing my name to a lot of checks.

The thing is that underneath it all, I'm really a clean-living family man. Well, at least, a family man.

And speaking of my family, my great grandfather, Redd Foxx, the First, was the first Black political candidate in the State of Mississippi. He ran for the border and made it. And the reason he ran for the border, he said, was that the people were very clannish. He didn't mind them having hang ups, he just didn't want to be one of their hang ups.

But, I have to say, my favorite was my Uncle Nedd Foxx, the First. He was a Labor Union man. Till the day he died. In fact, he died because he was a Union man. You see, he was in this boat that sank in the middle of the Atlantic. About 12 hours from shore. Of course, he wouldn't swim any more than eight hours. After all, he wasn't getting time and a half. I admire a man who stands up for his principles. Or, in this case, goes under for them.

It was this same Uncle who gave me three pieces of advice I'll never forget.

"Marry an ugly woman," he said, "when she leaves you'll be happy."

(I did, but I'm getting tired of waiting for her to leave.)

He also said, "If you want to keep your teeth in good condition, brush them after every meal and mind your own business."

And the last thing he said...well... it slips my mind.

But with all his memorable advice, look at where Uncle Nedd ended up. In the drink.

Which brings me to the subject in hand. The drink.

When I started out as an entertainer, I used to try to make a big splash. Drove a flashy car, drank the biggest name booze.

You can understand why. I mean, I had plenty to make up for. When I was a kid, my family was so poor, I had to wear my brother's hand-me-downs at the same time he was wearing them. Things got kind of embarrassing for me when he left home.

But then came the Depression. It was a blessing for us.

So you can understand why I started showing some flash the minute I started getting some cash.

But, these days, while I still drive a nice car, I drink for my sake, not somebody else's. So I drink Teacher's. Looking good just isn't as important to me as drinking good. And drinking Teacher's is drinking good. On the rocks, on a stool, wherever.

Well, I hope it doesn't take my kids as long to grow up as it took me.

And speaking of kids, isn't it great to watch as those precious things grow from little kernels into big nuts. Except, like any nuts, to get the most out of them, they occasionally have to be cracked. But my oldest kid is too big for me to hit. He's 6′ 3″. So I let my wife take care of him. She's 6′ 4″.

Well, this has been fun, but I have to stop now. It's time for my morning eggs and toast. I always like my eggs scrambled and my toast on the rocks.

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HOW TO TALK 1920's

Live Ins Flashback Fashions talk 1920's with an All-American lineup of flairs and baggies, cuffed and uncuffed . . . in the nitziest brushed sateens, seersuckers, and blue denims.

Talkies didn't come in till the Twenties were almost out—but how the Twenties talked. People were communicating like crazy in a speedy, glitzy lingo, clever as bobbed hair. It was nonsense. Wonderful nonsense. It was an "Oh you kid" put-on, with the empty-headed freshness of a Clara Bow. And this is the way it was:

Baloney—"You're putting me on."

Applesauce—Ditto.

Ish Kabibble—I couldn't care less.

Vamoose—"Get lost."

The Cat's Meow—Something really groovy (like a Model T or flagpole sitting). You could also say "the cat's pajamas" or just "the cat's." The Bee's Knees was another way of putting it. And then there was The Snake's Hips.

Vo Do Deo Do—A cool thing to say while in mid-Charleston.

Boop Boop A Doop—Another way of saying "vo do deo do." Both expressions came, incidentally, from songs of the times.

Swell—A way of describing something that's not quite "the cat's"—but almost.

Speakeasy—Prohibition pub. To get in, you had to speak the password through the hole in the door—"Mary from Philadelphia sent me."

So's Your Aunt Tillie—"You're full of hot air."

Says You—A relative of Aunt Tillie's.

Vamp—A species of flapper that behaved a little like a Venus flytrap. Theda Bara was The Vamp.

Sheik—Rudolph Valentino.

Sheba—A female sheik.

Tootsie—A "doll," not too smart.

Cheese-Cake—A tootsie with beautiful legs.

Okey-Dokey—Tootsie's way of saying "O.K."

All-Righty—Ditto.

Flapper—The liberated woman of the Twenties, sporting bobbed hair, slinky fringed chemise, baubles and bangles and lots of eyelashes (to bat).

High Hat—A snob.

Highfalutin—The way a high-hat acts.

Necking—Put a boy and girl in a rumble seat, or on a park bench, or in the hammock...and you got necking.

Moxie—Nerve. Gutsy. A popular soft drink.

Heebie Jeebies—The frights.

Joe College—A rah-rah boy.

Betty Co-ed—Joe's favorite girl.

Gee Whiz—What you'd say when confronted with something swell.

The Boom—In the 20's everyone was getting rich.

The Crash—But in the last year of the 20's everyone got poor... and that's enough for the 20's.

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themselves is the same whether felt by a black, brown, white, gay or straight person, and can be appreciated as such.

Extending DuBay's premise to a logical if ridiculous conclusion, it could indicate that only paranoids have the necessary insight to treat paranoia, only depressives can deal with depression, child molesters with other child molesters and males with other males, until we all wind up talking to only ourselves in the mirror—a position conducive to neither personal nor social progress.

Prejudice combined with a chauvinistic attitude toward one's own reference group is not new, but it is a form of separatism that can only foster a lack of understanding between people.

Richard E. Steele, Ph.D.
Los Angeles, California

CHANGING HOMOSEXUALITY

In his letter in the December 1972 *Playboy Forum*, Norman C. Murphy was careful to avoid using the word cure in reference to homosexuality and to state that any attempt to change from homosexuality to heterosexuality should be undertaken only when completely voluntary and absolutely necessary. Even so, I can't help but feel that the attitude of most modern psychotherapists, who seem overeager to assist homosexuals to become heterosexuals, contrasts unfavorably with the more humane position of the founder of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud. Freud wrote to the mother of a homosexual that her son's condition "is assuredly no advantage, but it is nothing to be ashamed of, no vice, no degradation, it cannot be classified as an illness." As for the possibility of homosexuals changing to heterosexuals, Freud was much less presumptuous than some of his modern successors:

> The answer is, in a general way, we cannot promise to achieve it. . . .
>
> What analysis can do for your son runs in a different line. If he is unhappy, neurotic, torn by conflicts, inhibited in his social life, analysis may bring him harmony, peace of mind, full efficiency, whether he remains a homosexual or gets changed.

If today's psychotherapists would limit themselves in their proposed treatment of homosexuals to the goals defined by Freud in that letter, their relations with the gay community would improve.

James Boyd
St. Louis, Missouri

CLERICAL GHOST

A friend sent me an attack on PLAYBOY written by the Reverend C. A. Hodges, which was published in the *Savannah Morning News*. Something about it looked familiar and started me

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checking my back issues of your magazine. Sure enough, in the January 1968 *Playboy Forum*, a letter titled "Clerical Cribbing" described a similarly worded blast at PLAYBOY by a man of the cloth. In your editorial reply, you pointed out that a number of clergymen, apparently unable to come up with original critiques of PLAYBOY, have borrowed, without giving credit, ideas and language from a 1961 article in the magazine *Christianity and Crisis* by theologian Harvey Cox. Well, after nearly 12 years, the borrowing is still going on. To wit:

> Cox: The girl becomes a desirable—indeed an indispensable—"Playboy accessory."
>
> Hodges: Mr. Hefner claims that women are accessories.
>
> Cox: Sex must be contained, at all costs, within the entertainment-recreation area. Don't let her get "serious."
>
> Hodges: PLAYBOY magazine presents sex strictly as recreation or entertainment, and the cardinal rule is: "Never get involved."
>
> Cox: When playtime is over, the playmate's function ceases, so she must be made to understand the rules of the game.
>
> Hodges: A playmate is for play. When the play is over the playmate is discarded as you would discard a sports car by placing it in the garage until you need it again.
>
> Cox: PLAYBOY insists that its message is one of liberation. . . . Those liberated by technology and increased prosperity to new worlds of leisure now become the anxious slaves of dictatorial taste makers. Obsequiously waiting for the latest signal on what is cool and what is awkward, they are paralyzed. . . .
>
> Hodges: Playboy philosophy does not free its followers as it claims but it enslaves. After having tried every conceivable experience that Mr. Hefner can dream up, of which none has brought satisfaction, they wait for the latest signal on what is cool.

And so on. Cox, as you pointed out, has long since abandoned the position taken in that article and as a matter of fact, has written articles for PLAYBOY. But it looks like the ghost of his writings will haunt us as long as some clergymen continue to be so unimaginative that they can't dream up their own attacks on PLAYBOY.

Richard Fisher
Atlanta, Georgia

OBSCENITY, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

A judge in Philadelphia sentenced a 15-year-old kid to jail for spray painting graffiti in various public places. Believing that vandals armed with spray paint are destroying the beauty of the city, the judge felt a stiff sentence for this particular offender might act as a deterrent. He was widely praised for his judicial courage. A few weeks later, the same judge sentenced the manager—not the owner—of a theater to a 30-day to 23-month jail term and fined him $1500 for showing obscene movies. To their credit, many people in Philadelphia protested the second sentence as unjust.

A *Philadelphia Inquirer* columnist named Art Peters defended the judge, arguing that showing pornographic movies to those who wish to see them is as great a crime as spray painting graffiti where people are forced to see them. With what seems to him impeccable logic, Peters says skin flicks *are* being forced on the public because "three fourths of the moviehouses in center city are showing such films. The moviegoer no longer has a wide selection of films to choose from." I guess it didn't occur to Peters that public demand created skin-flick houses, and absence of public demand would quickly shut them down. That would have been a democratic analysis of the situation, but people who approve of censorship do not think in democratic terms.

The theater manager should have gone on relief instead of trying to earn his living. Then he would have been an acceptable drain on the community and would not have been persecuted for his choice of occupation.

Jerry Solomon
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

CLITORAL ERECTION

I found *Everything Dr. Reuben Doesn't Know About Sex*, by Betty Rollin (PLAYBOY, November 1972), to be most interesting, but I disagree with one example of what is supposedly an error by Reuben. The article quotes Reuben as saying that stimulation of the pubic area leads to erection of the clitoris, then rebuts with Masters and Johnson's statement, "The clitoris does not erect under direct or indirect forms of stimulation." I don't know what specimens of humanity Masters and Johnson used to find this out, but I assure you that *my* clitoris gets bigger every time it's stimulated.

(Name withheld by request)
Portland, Oregon

People usually think of an erection as something that rises up and juts out and is necessary for full sexual satisfaction. The clitoris does not erect in this sense, although in some women the glans clitoris does get larger during sexual excitation. In fact, with high levels of excitement, the clitoris actually retracts and flattens, the exact opposite of an erection-type reaction. Furthermore, enlargement of the clitoris occurred in fewer than half of the women Masters and Johnson observed, and it is not essential to sexual response.

PAYING AND PAYING

My husband was unhappily married to his first wife for 14 months. Toward the end of their marriage, they separated; however, she persuaded him to come back, promising she would change. She told him she was on the pill. Things were so bad between them that they had sexual intercourse only twice during the next few months. Then she announced that she was pregnant and said she wanted a divorce. She told him she had lied about the pill and had gotten pregnant to punish him. As a result of a court order, he gives her three fourths of his salary for a child he doesn't know and never wanted. We have been married four years, are now in our middle 30s and very much want to have a child. We can't afford one. Our story is not unique; divorce laws must be reformed.

(Name withheld by request)
San Juan, Puerto Rico

MARRIAGE INSURANCE

Twice I've been placed in the position (or placed myself, depending on your viewpoint) where I could have demanded alimony. Instead, I settled for $20 per week support for each of my two children. I've never believed in alimony, but it does seem unfair that a man can turn his ex-wife into a 24-hour-a-day baby sitter who also feeds, shelters and clothes their child on $20 a week.

I have an idea. Americans are so insurance-minded anyway, why not have marriage insurance? The husband would pay the premiums and so would the wife, if she works. A divorced woman would receive a small percentage more in benefits for every five years she had remained married—not as a reward but because the older a woman is, the harder it is for her to get a job as anything other than a saleslady in a bakery. We should also give bonus benefits for the first few children.

Lynda Sabara
Carteret, New Jersey

HUGGING AND KISSING

Last year, the supreme court of Tennessee upheld the conviction of a man charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor; specifically, hugging and kissing a 15-year-old girl in his car, then attempting to persuade her to check into a motel with him. As is apparent in these excerpts from the opinion delivered by Special Justice Erby L. Jenkins, justice in Tennessee is administered with style, if not downright flamboyance:

> When this defendant parked in front of the combination motel-restaurant and began hugging and

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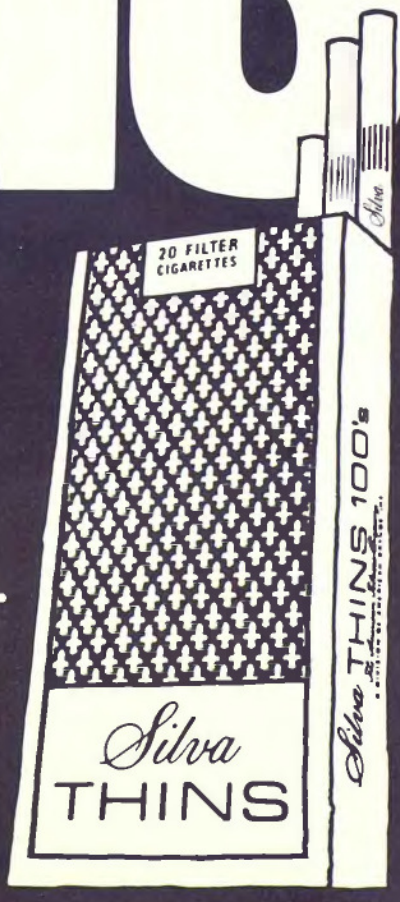

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kissing this 15-year-old girl in wide-open daylight and where witnesses could observe him, he was sorely tempted and the passion that possessed him had conquered his reason and swayed his judgment, and in this blinded state he went to the motel clerk and rented a room, and bought two Cokes. At that time, his mind and thoughts were far from his hearthstone, and his testimony that he was renting this room for himself and his wife, who was then many cold snowy miles away from him, is too thin to believe.

The judge acknowledged that the defendant's wife was less skeptical than he and, either believing the alibi or forgiving the indiscretion, had testified that she and her husband did in fact sometimes get away from their kids by going to a motel. But he noted that the cold snowy miles separating the defendant from his wife made it unlikely that she was to be the object of the passions aroused by hugging and kissing the young girl. He therefore upheld the trial judge's right to disbelieve the wife's testimony and sustained the original judgment, but with the recommendation that the defendant be placed on probation. Indeed, the judge went on to say:

> Jail in his declining years could be a sanctuary from an ever-remembering and never-forgiving wife. The Prisoner of Chillon could become a kindred spirit. . . .
>
> In his twilight years, after a life of toil, failure or success, when he is entitled to dream dreams and see visions, remember parts of a pleasant past and contemplate a place among the blessed when he passes from this green earth to a better land . . . his musings will no doubt be interrupted by the shrill voice of his wife, warden and probation officer, "What are you thinking about —that woman the sheriff caught you with down in Franklin?"
>
> We do not have the power to restore the defendant's matrimonial tranquillity, would that we could; all we can do is make the suggestion of probation to the trial judge with the hope that he understands life and can foresee the bleak and lacerated future of the defendant.

Robert D. Forrester
Attorney at Law
Amarillo, Texas

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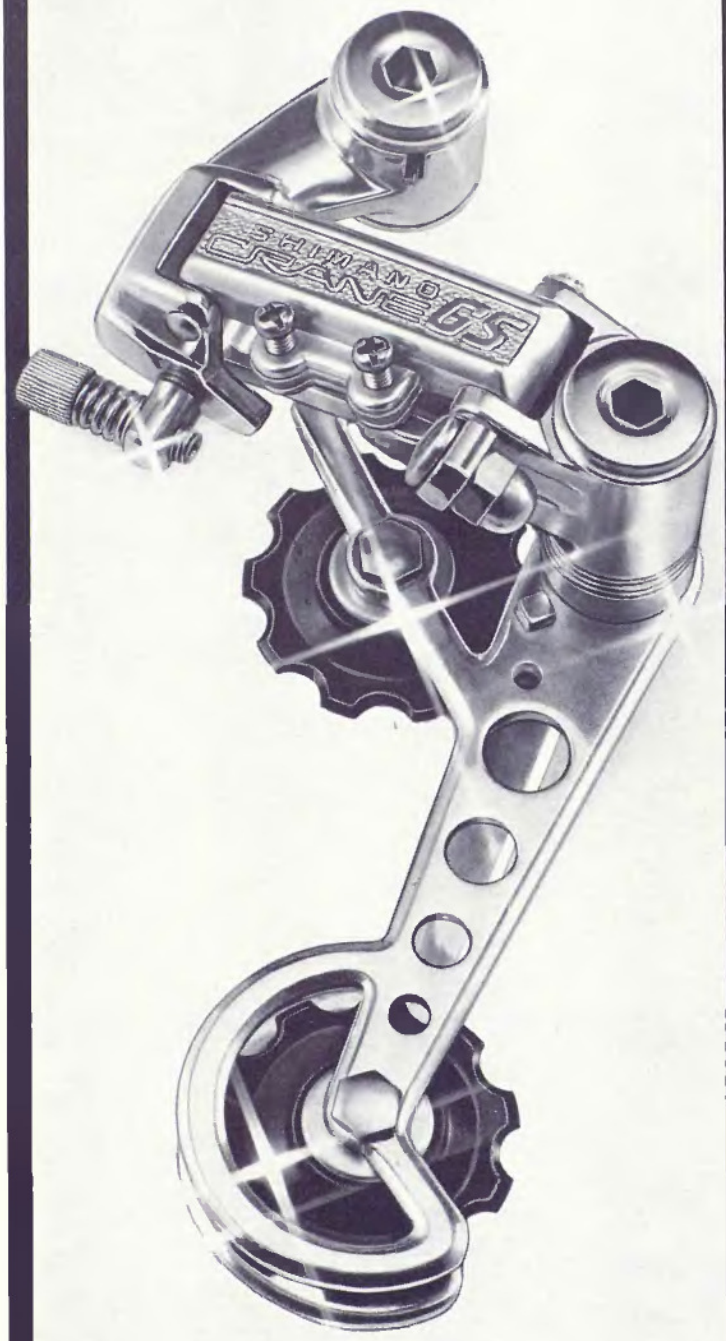

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOE FRAZIER

a candid conversation with the controversial heavyweight champ

"He is going to make a lot of money, he is going to be the champion for a long time and he is a mean guy to tangle with." Those were some of the conclusions reached by boxer-astrologer Henry Hank when he studied Joe Frazier's horoscope in the June 1970 issue of The Ring. *It seems to be the age of Capricorn among heavyweight boxers, for the goat is not only the world champion's sign but also that of ex-champ Muhammad Ali, a.k.a. Cassius Clay, who lost a 15-round title fight to Frazier nine months after Hank's prediction—but remains the most formidable contender for Joe's title. Hank noted that the horoscopes of Frazier and Ali contain "many startling similarities." Since he won the championship, however, Frazier has been a relatively invisible celebrity, while Ali has been flamboyantly conspicuous, as always, fighting frequently and taking every occasion to complain about Frazier's inactivity, to protest that he's really the uncrowned champ and to demand purses equal to the sizable ones commanded by his archrival.*

Joe Frazier may be in the money now, but he started out dirt poor. The youngest of seven sons in a family of 12, he worked in the fields alongside his brothers, picking the vegetables grown by the wealthy white landowners of Beaufort, South Carolina. Joe's father, to whom he was very close, had lost an arm in a car accident shortly before Joe was born; he died of cancer in 1965. Joe's mother, Dolly, is still going strong. Tube watchers may recall the cigar commercial in which she tells her famous son not to get ashes on the rug; that would be one of the rugs in the 200-year-old plantation that Joe, a family man all the way, recently bought for her.

A high school dropout—he got as far as the tenth grade—Frazier married when he was 15 and migrated north. After a brief stay in New York, he moved to Philadelphia, where he found work in a slaughterhouse. It was in order to lose weight that Joe worked out at a Police Athletic League gym, where he was soon spotted by Yancey Durham, a veteran fight trainer who noticed that the solidly built youngster could throw a hell of a punch—and take one, too. So Frazier entered the ring wars. His amateur career reached its climax when he won the gold medal in heavyweight competition at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. Joe had some luck along the way; he was outpointed by Buster Mathis in the Olympic trials, but Mathis broke his thumb, allowing Frazier to go to Japan. He returned to Philadelphia—and a bleak Christmas, after which he turned pro. Without a manager—he and Durham were setting up the bouts themselves—Joe started winning handily against so-so opposition. Then a group of Philadelphia businessmen formed a corporation, called Cloverlay, to guide his career.

Displaying courage, a strong jaw, good punching and a nonstop attack that gave his adversaries little time to think or room to maneuver—"smokin'" is his term for this style—Frazier made rapid progress. When Ali was stripped of his crown, the World Boxing Association collaborated with a TV network in sponsoring a series of elimination bouts to produce a new champion. Frazier refused to enter the tournament, but eventually he was matched with its winner, Jimmy Ellis. On February 16, 1970, in Madison Square Garden, he knocked out Ellis in the fifth round to achieve widespread recognition as the champ. Quite a few people, however, still considered Muhammad Ali—who had yet to be beaten in the ring—the legitimate titleholder. Ali eventually returned to boxing and, in March 1971, came up against Frazier in an unprecedented meeting of two undefeated heavyweight champions. (Also unprecedented were the guarantees of $2,500,000 that were made to each fighter, and the astronomical gross of the match, which was broadcast world-wide

"You ever get a kid when you talk to him and play with him, he don't wanna stop, and you gotta whup his ass to make him behave? That's what this monkey Clay here is like."

"A guy could rap off at the mouth so much you wouldn't care if you put him on the hill to push up daisies. It's wrong, but some guys try to make you look like a bad guy when you know you're not."

"I don't believe in predictin' I'm gonna knock a man out, because if you tell me you're gonna push me out that window at 12 o'clock tonight, I'm gonna sit there and watch you along about 11:59."

on TV.) A description of the fight that Frazier probably likes appeared in The Ring: *"Frazier was as determined a man . . . that night as any champion has ever been against an important foe. He was relentless. He was desperate. He was magnificent."*

Not everyone, however, was ready to give Frazier credit for his victory. Rolling Stone, *for instance, ran a review of the fight titled "Still and All, Muhammad Won." Then there was Frazier's stay in a hospital after the fight, for mysterious reasons; his ten-month absence from the ring; and his subsequent victories over low-rated Terry Daniels and Ron Stander. Ali's partisans criticized Frazier not only for failing to defend the crown more often but on political grounds; if Ali represented black militancy and the antiwar movement, they reasoned, then Frazier had to be cast as a symbol of reaction.* Boxing Illustrated *recently published a story by Bryant C. Gumbel, the editor of* Black Sports, *that was titled: "Is Joe Frazier a White Champion in a Black Skin?"*

To find out the answer to that question and many more, PLAYBOY *sent Associate Editor Carl Snyder—a longtime fight fan who admits that he won five dollars when Frazier beat Ali (but, he says, "I never heard the end of it")—to interview the champ in Philadelphia. Following is his account of what happened:*

"I arrived at Joe's headquarters, in an old three-story building across from the North Philadelphia train station, around 7:30 A.M. *Inside was a small but cavernous gym, with a ring to one side. Some stairs in the back led to Joe's office, his 'playroom' (containing record players, tape machines and the like) and dressing room. All were sumptuously furnished, with—among other things—rich carpeting, peacock feathers in a vase, photos of the musical revue Joe produced and sometimes performs with (as lead singer of a band called the Pazant Brothers with the Beaufort Express), and such memorabilia as the key to the city of Akron, trophies, plaques and a* Sports Illustrated *cover showing Joe's 15th-round knockdown of Ali, with the caption, 'End of the Ali Legend.'*

"Frazier arrived about 11:30 A.M., *entering the gym on the run and hollering (that's customary; sometimes he comes in singing). He was wearing a brown leather coat, three-colored shoes, motorcycle helmet and goggles. After a few moments of shadowboxing and some hasty words with associates, Joe went outside to do a TV spot with a local camera crew. They filmed him going around the block on his Harley—it was the coldest day of the year in Philadelphia—then did a short interview. When he came back in, he went into the playroom and, with the help of his secretary and a battery of plug-in phones, took care of business: a call to Cloverlay and some expense accounting for a trip he'd taken to do a 'Dick Cavett Show' appearance and a Mennen commercial. In two days, Frazier would be flying to Detroit to pick up a new Cadillac that had been prepared according to his specifications and, three days after that, he'd be making a junket to Jamaica to take the physical and get the license that would enable him to box George Foreman there on January 22. (The match was signed just after our interview was completed, and would be fought after this issue went to press.)*

"After the phone calls, he tried on—and rejected—some new headgear. Joe designed his own ring shoes, which are two inches higher than the usual variety, and give him more support; he also designed his ring outfits, including a green robe bearing the names of his five children on the back. Finally, Joe got ready for the day's training. He taped his own hands, biting off the adhesive, then trotted out to the gym. Joe hadn't begun sparring yet, so the session started with some shadowboxing in front of a mirror, accompanied by guttural exhalations. Then the heavy bag, with Joe doubling up on his hooks, tossing a few five-punch combinations and ducking as if the bag were an active opponent.

"The light bag followed; and whenever Joe slammed it hard, the floor shook. These exercises were in three-minute segments, simulating rounds, with Lee, who runs the gym, holding the watch: 'You got one . . . got a half . . . fifteen . . . ten . . . five . . . time!' And Joe would end each 'round' with a flurry of punches that, it seemed to a nonathlete, no human could survive. Finished with the bags, Joe lay on a table and did 20 sit-ups. Then Lee took a 15-pound medicine ball and slammed it repeatedly into Joe's stomach and sides. The session concluded with rope skipping—Joe on his toes, hands down by his hips, wrist-flicking the rope over his head.

"Our conversations began after the training session, as Joe sat naked in his dressing room. Soon he dressed and—giving an interview to a local sportswriter on the way—drove his Mark IV to a travel agency (arrangements for the Jamaica trip), then to the office of his lawyer, Bruce Wright, where I listened for an hour as they discussed a business venture they were considering: purchase of 139 acres of land in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, on which to build a 'planned residential development' that would provide Joe with a tax shelter.

"We arranged for Joe to come over and talk the next morning at my motel, where there'd be fewer distractions. He arrived a bit late, signaling his presence by pounding on the door and yelling, 'Open up or somethin' gon' happen!' Later in the day, after Joe had split, I went back to the gym, where—after watching him sew a button onto his purple overcoat—I witnessed a training session similar to the one on the previous day, except that this time an American girl working for some German newspaper was taking pictures. The table routine afterward left Joe with a splinter in his rear end, and back in the dressing room, Lee refused to pull it out; Tyrone, his nephew, didn't want to either, but Joe finally browbeat him into doing it—which he did with trepidation. When they were out of earshot, Joe mumbled something about 'them faggots.'

"The afternoon was spent in the playroom, with Joe listening to tapes—Otis Redding, Eddie Floyd, a mostly unknown young songwriter named Milt Matthews and Joe's own revue, which featured Vivian Reed (now the star of the musical 'Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope'). Joe sang along, danced and pointed out a few mistakes in the show. The next morning, we talked again at the motel and when Joe left—after urging me to catch him again sometime—there was more soul music coming from the large portable radio he carried.

"Working with Frazier was a pleasure, though it's recommended only for the patient reporter. Joe is a very down-to-earth, straightforward and considerate guy, with a good sense of humor, except for certain moments when he seems strangely withdrawn and preoccupied. He's also very much the champ; the people who work for him call him 'the boss,' and not without reason. For other descriptive phrases, we could do worse than go back to Henry Hank's astrological readings, according to which Joe is 'loyal . . . peevish, restless, careful with his money . . . tactful, diplomatic and curious . . . lighthearted . . . good in investing, good in producing income . . . susceptible to the opposite sex . . . has compassion, a musical bent, and a love for science, the movies and magic.' I don't know about science, but the rest of it sounds like Joe."

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy your work?

FRAZIER: I love it. Anybody who participates in boxin' loves it. It's a sport in which things speak for themselves. You either have it or you don't have it.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that you have to hurt the other guy in the ring?

FRAZIER: Not at all. I don't want to hurt a man fatally, but it don't bother me at all to tap him on his chin. It's just like takin' an ax and cuttin' down a tree. Matter of fact, I get a thrill out of seein' a man fall from my punch. I don't really want to hurt him, though—just stop him for the ten count.

PLAYBOY: What was the worst you ever busted anyone up?

FRAZIER: Oh, I've broken a couple jaws, cracked a few ribs and stuff, and I've caused people to have stitches around their eyes. But I think the Good Man will forgive me for that, because it's my livin', and these guys have the same chance that I do to be in the best of condition. It's like a self-defense thing—he comes at me, and I'm comin' at him.

PLAYBOY: Can you take punishment as well as you can dish it out?

FRAZIER: I don't really feel any punches, man. I may feel shook sometimes, but it's not pain. When you're hit with a punch, it's not an achin' kind of thing, unless a guy cracked your jaw—and I don't think you'd really feel that. Maybe if a guy busted up your ribs, you might feel that, if your lung was punctured or somethin'. But a puffed-up eye, or a sprained knuckle—I don't feel things like that. My mind is so much on winnin', I don't have the time to think about pain.

PLAYBOY: How about fear?

FRAZIER: The only thing I'm afraid of is the dark. I believe in ghosts. I don't know why, but I guess it was from bein' raised in the country. You hear the owls, you know—*hooooooo*! Momma was very religious—and very superstitious. She'd always say, when an owl hollers or a bull moans, it's sadness. In the country, you go out at night to the pumps and stuff to get water, and it's pitch dark out there, man; you can't even see your hands. And birds and bees and things fly in front of you—or a rabbit, a coon or a deer jumps out in front of you, but you can't see it. That's the only thing I ever really was afraid of, man—just plain old dark. I don't think too much of ridin' on planes, either. But that's it. Anything else I would tackle.

PLAYBOY: You look big enough to take care of yourself. How strong *are* you?

FRAZIER: I think I'm pretty strong. I can lift about 300 pounds, you know, just pick it up like that, from the floor. But I don't usually lift weights because it makes me muscle-bound, and I can't afford to be muscle-bound. I think I'm pretty strong other ways, too. Any time you can go to camp for seven weeks without sex, I think you're pretty strong.

PLAYBOY: Do you really go without sex while you're in training?

FRAZIER: Yeah. I don't know about all fighters, but like I say, I usually go without it for six or seven weeks.

PLAYBOY: What kind of effect does this have on you?

FRAZIER: Well, it's kind of hard to say, because I've always fought under those restrictions. So I don't know what it's like havin' sex and then fightin'. I know some guys probably have had sex while they were in trainin', but once I go to camp, that's it. I don't think

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sex does anything for your body. It takes too much energy out of you, and what you need in fightin' is energy. If you take the energy out of yourself, I don't see how you're gonna be a good fighter, or how you're gonna last long. You'll weaken your mind, you'll weaken your lungs and you'll weaken your heart, I imagine. Football, basketball—those sports are different.

PLAYBOY: As you get close to a fight, do you get moody?

FRAZIER: Once I go into camp, man, I get meaner. I don't talk much. I don't smile very much.

PLAYBOY: Are you angry at your opponent?

FRAZIER: Well, not really angry at *him*. But you get worked up because you know he's the guy who got you there. He's the guy who's makin' you lose all the things that you like to do. So he's the guy who's gotta go before the gun. He's the guy you want to take apart.

PLAYBOY: How do you know when you're ready for a fight?

FRAZIER: Well, in the last two weeks of trainin', when my weight is down, I start to really feel sharp. I may just tap a guy and he'll say, "Man, you're hittin' hard!" And I say, "I just tapped you." Because when I'm really gettin' into top shape, I can't feel my strength.

PLAYBOY: Do you work out a strategy for each opponent?

FRAZIER: Yeah. Once I find out what the man is like, I'll work on it. The thing is to have the type of guy you're gonna fight in your camp so he can make the road difficult for you. If the guy's a small man, I get a couple of small men. If he's big, I get some big men. But I don't care how slow or fast he is, because I always take a variety of fellas with me—one fast, one slow, one boxer and one puncher. So if my opponent should change his style, I'll be ready. One thing I don't do is watch films. The only films I watch are my own. I care about *my* mistakes, not the other man's. If he makes one, that's his problem.

PLAYBOY: Do you get nervous before fight time?

FRAZIER: Not really nervous. I get butterflies, just like any normal person. But when the first punch is thrown and I know where it's at, they're gone.

PLAYBOY: In some of your fights, you've seemed to have had a little trouble in the first round.

FRAZIER: Yeah. I've been shook. I was shook in the first round of the Manuel Ramos fight. I've been down, too—in the first Bonavena fight, though it wasn't in the first round. But I feel my man out, you see. I don't wanna jump on him cold, because it's pretty hard to control him when it's cold out there. It just takes a little while for me to get warmed up. So I'm out there watchin', and I try to be cautious, but sometimes I get tapped, I get nailed, I get shook. But I feel like I should see what he's doin', figure him out for one round—then, after that, go to work.

PLAYBOY: Once you do, you set a fast pace for your opponent to match.

FRAZIER: He *can't* match it. You see, the way I fight, it's not me beatin' the man: I make the man whip himself. Because I stay close to him. He can't get out the way. And all the time I'm stayin' close, I'm concentratin' on movin' on him. I may just touch him, you know—and he's tryin' to fight me off. So he's tirin' himself out. Each round I get out there and he's runnin' and he's throwin' punches—and all along, he's missin'. If the punches were really landin' that much, he'd slow me down. But see, he's not hurtin' me. I'm movin' around, slippin' punches and touchin' him, and he can't get out the way. Before he knows it—whew!—he's tired. And he can't pick up his second wind because I'm right back on him again.

PLAYBOY: In your title defense against Ron Stander, it looked as if you weren't fighting in your usual style.

FRAZIER: Right. I was movin' backwards, jabbin', settin' the man up with more punches. But I'm always movin'. I used to always be movin' *in*, but now I go in movin' around, and if I have to back out, I'll back out. But I can get right back in fast and attack my opponent again with no problem. I've learned a lot in the last three fights I've had. And each day I keep learnin' more. I'm movin' more, jabbin' more, usin' more combinations. I feel real confidence in myself now—more than when I fought Ellis, Quarry and Clay.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any doubts about yourself when you fought them?

FRAZIER: Well, when you're comin' along, you're not always sure you're in top shape. You're not sure you're throwin' your punches right. But now I'm sure. I know when I'm in top shape. I know what to do when I get out there. I know how to pace a man, how to set him up for a shot. I know my job real well.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people felt that Stander—and Terry Daniels—didn't belong in the same ring with you.

FRAZIER: Yeah, a lot of people criticized, because one of the guys wasn't in top contention. But then, who am I gonna fight? The W.B.A. says any champion has to defend against the number-one challenger, and if number one refuses the match, then it's number two. So I offered number one, number two, three, four, five, right on down to ten. And ten—Daniels—was the only guy who decided to step up and take a shot at the title. That's all. The rest of these guys just hide. They don't want to face me because they've been in with me before and they know what it's like. But they want to be less than a man. They say, "I'd rather fight somebody else." The plain fact is that they can't beat the man, because the man hit too hard. If I know I'm good, I'm gonna *say* I'm good. Just like Clay. I say Clay is good, but I'm the best. Ellis was good, but I'm the best. Quarry was good, but I'm the best. A lot of people say, "Well, so-and-so could have beat him, but. . . ." *What* but? Ain't no but. You're good or you're bad. That's all.

PLAYBOY: Who was your toughest opponent?

FRAZIER: They were all tough. But I would say that Clay had to be the toughest. I had to go the distance—and I've only done that four times in 29 fights.

PLAYBOY: Like Ali, have you ever predicted the outcome of a fight?

FRAZIER: No. I've never been the type to do that. All I can say is that it's gonna be a good fight as long as it lasts. And if it goes 15, I'll be right there smokin'. I don't believe in predictin' I'm gonna knock a man out, because if you tell me you're gonna push me out that window at 12 o'clock tonight, I'm gonna sit there and *watch* you along about 11:59. If a man says he's gonna knock you out in the first round, or second round, you'll be lookin' for it. So I wonder, you know, what really goes on with all these predictions of Clay's.

PLAYBOY: Maybe they were just bad matches, and it was easy for Ali to take them out whenever he wanted to.

FRAZIER: I don't know. Fightin', for me, has always been right-down straight. Somebody made a statement the other day that Clay threw the fight with me. If he did, I hope he does it a little easier next time, because it was awful hard, I'm tellin' ya. Everybody says fights get thrown. I hope if they do, they let me *know* next time, so I wouldn't have to work as hard as I have been.

PLAYBOY: Some states recognized you as champion after you beat Buster Mathis—and others after you beat Jimmy Ellis. And a lot of people didn't recognize you as champ until after the Ali fight. When did you consider yourself champion?

FRAZIER: When I whipped Mathis. I know there's always been some doubt in the public mind about who's the champ. But when I whipped Mathis in '68, I felt like I was the champ, because I didn't take anything from another man illegally. I didn't take my title from Clay, I took it from Mathis—legal. So I didn't have any cloud over my head. We've got laws we gotta live by. I didn't make the rules—though maybe I make some *I* live by—and when you break the rules, you gotta pay. I didn't have any malice in my heart against Clay. I felt like if he asked for a title shot, anything

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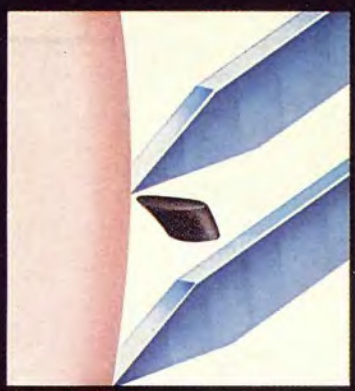

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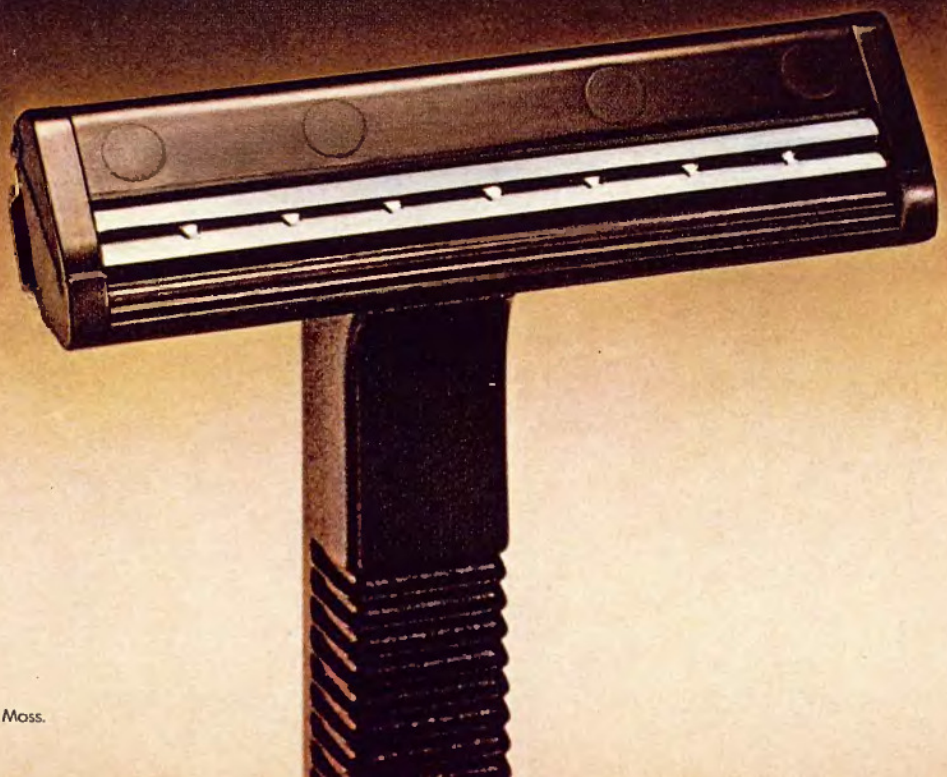

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I could do to help him get it, I would. And I did. The whole time this man was stripped of his title, I never said one bad word about him. I kept him in the public eye, I went along with him in anything he wanted me to do. I made sure Clay got the title shot—and I whipped him fair and square.

PLAYBOY: Why do you insist on calling him Clay?

FRAZIER: You should have a right to call a man what you want to call him. He doesn't have to like it. He give me a name—he calls me a Tom. So if I gotta be a Tom, he can be Clay. But I would always call him Clay anyway, because I know it gets him mad. I like to make him mad, 'cause there's nothin' he can do about it. He can jump in my chest if he wants me.

PLAYBOY: When did he call you a Tom?

FRAZIER: Oh, he's always sayin' that. That's his routine. If you're not on his side, or in his organization, he brands you with a name: Tom. I don't really know what that is, anyway. I've heard of it, but I don't know what a person says or does, or how he handles himself, to be a Tom. Really. Because I'm just a regular guy. I treat everybody the same, and I don't live in the past, worryin' about things that happened 400 years ago. That's the way he lives.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Ali's Muslim religion?

FRAZIER: I don't believe in his religion; I don't believe in nothin' it says. I believe it's all one big front.

PLAYBOY: A front?

FRAZIER: Yeah, a front. That means usin' other men—and mostly what they use, as far as I'm concerned, is the black movement. It's nice, maybe, for a few guys who've had a little outside recognition; they have somethin' to say in the organization. But if Clay weren't a contender, if he hadn't been champion, he probably wouldn't believe so much in the organization—because he wouldn't have too much to say. I know guys really involved in it, and they don't.

PLAYBOY: Are the Muslims using him, or is he using them?

FRAZIER: I can't get into that part of it. I'm just talkin' about regular black brothers—small people in the street. I don't know whether the Muslims are usin' him or not. That's his ignorance anyway, if he can't see.

PLAYBOY: Are you religious yourself?

FRAZIER: Very religious. I'm a Baptist. I been goin' to church since I was a little fella. I still go—but I would admit I'm not as active in church as I should be, or as I'd like to be. But the Good Man knows why, and I'm hopin' that my pastor and my brothers and sisters in the church understand that.

PLAYBOY: As a religious person, how would you feel if you hurt someone seriously in the ring?

FRAZIER: I'd feel real bad—unless I meant to do it. A guy could rap off at the mouth so much you wouldn't care if you did put him on the hill to push up daisies. It's wrong, but that's just the way you feel sometimes about some guys. They get you and hold you and try to make you look like a bad guy, when you know you're not a bad guy, and you try to help everybody. So you feel like takin' 'em apart.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to people who claim, as Ali does, that you're the white man's champ?

FRAZIER: I represent the world, so I don't see how I can be only the white man's champ. Now, everybody's not gonna agree with what you stand for. But if I talk with a white kid and treat him like a human bein', do I have to be the white man's champ? I'll do the same thing if a black man comes up to me and talks. Or anybody who might come up to me and hold conversation, if they're intelligent and know what they're talkin' about. But you got people out there that just want to be seen. When they go up to somebody important, they say on the side, "Betcha I can go up there and call him a Tom, I can call him a bigmouth." Whatever. You know, they want to bet—and a lot of times people don't make it out of their bets. You know what I mean? But I never would hurt anyone, really. I just don't see where they get off with that "white man's champ" business. I represent the world. Fans write from overseas—England, you know, Germany, France—and say they'd love to see me over there because, after all, I'm their champ, too. I'm not just the champion of Philadelphia or the United States.

PLAYBOY: You may be the champ, but Ali probably has at least as many fans who—even after his loss to you—still think he's the greatest.

FRAZIER: It all depends what great means. I don't see anything so goddamned great that this clown has done. I ain't seen one great thing he's done—no greater than me. If they wanna talk about his mouth, yeah, he's great with his mouth. But in that ring, he ain't that great.

PLAYBOY: Was he ever?

FRAZIER: No. What did he do? I won at the Olympics just like he did. Matter of fact, I won in a higher class than he did. He was light heavyweight and I was heavyweight. So what's so great? You mean beatin' the draft—winnin' the case on the draft? He's payin' every day for it. Believin' in the Muslim rite, or whatever—is that the greatest? Tell me what this man has done for black people that I ain't done.

PLAYBOY: What *have* you done?

FRAZIER: I been movin', I been goin' to schools—I been givin' all of me. Any way I can. I go in the black neighborhood. I think just by bein' a person, the way I am, that's givin' to the black man. That's givin' the black man all he needs. Givin' money don't mean a thing; goin' around sayin' hello don't mean a thing. You preach 'bout how you're black—"Yeah, right on, brother"—what does that mean? Why, I'm five *times* as black as Clay; and that's not even lookin' at the skin. By bein' black and bein' a human bein', by bein' intelligent and handlin' myself well in public, that's the way I represent black people. Now if you're talkin' about goin' and makin' a lot of noise—you know, get on television and say "I'm a bad nigger. I know Whitey don't like me but I don't care"—I don't see where that represents your black people. You know what I mean? Or you say, "I'm a pretty nigger." Does that represent my people? No. You got a lot of pretty black men out here, you understand? Fine-lookin' black men. I consider myself one of them. But I don't have to get around and make a lot of noise and tell you how pretty I am. If you're nice and you look good, you'll shine, man. You don't have to be plugged in a wall by the mouth to shine.

PLAYBOY: Is it fair to say that there's a little bad blood between you and Ali?

FRAZIER: Yeah. He tries to be the biggest man in the world. If you want to go and talk to your people, you don't have to block up traffic. When I go downtown, I don't have to make any noise. As soon as I step out, people know it's me. "Hi, Joe, what's up?" "Hey, how ya doin'?" But I seen him go in the ghettos, make a lot of commotion and block up the streets so the police gotta come down and move the traffic. It's all right if it's for a good cause. But just to do it because, you know, "I am a Muslim," or "I'm the greatest," that's not right. And after he causes a traffic jam in the ghetto, he goes back to Sugar Hill, Cherry Hill, whatever hill he lives up on. Wherever he goes, he makes a lot of noise. He's just like a kid who don't know when to stop. You ever get a kid when you talk to him and play with him, he don't wanna stop, and you gotta whup his ass to make him behave? That's what this monkey here is like.

PLAYBOY: Were you sorry that you didn't knock him out in your title fight?

FRAZIER: No, because I wasn't thinkin' about knockin' him out. I was just gonna whup him. And I did. I whupped him for 15 rounds. I don't know what points I scored or he scored, but I didn't see him do nothin' from the time the bell rang except move around and clown. It was a tough fight, like I said, but I don't think he really has a punch. I don't think he ever did have a punch. He just wears guys out, you know, by movin', and when they get tired he taps them, and they're exhausted, so they fall,


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and stay down. But really, to take a guy out with one punch, I don't think he's got the shot. No way.

PLAYBOY: There were times in that fight when he just stood there and let you bang away. He claimed he was showing he could take whatever you had and still hang in. Do you think that's true?

FRAZIER: The truth is he couldn't move. His body was worn down. Everywhere he went, I was there. They talk about how fast he is, but he couldn't stay outa my way. I could've run past him and then come back and caught him goin' the other way if I'd wanted to. Everything I did, I was at ease, but he was strainin', because his thing is movin'. Mine is movin' *in*, and I know *how* to move in.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you to hear him say he should have had the decision?

FRAZIER: No. It bothers me sometimes when I run into people out in the street who talk to him and believe in him—you know, the militant type who believe all that nonsense. But otherwise, if he goes around and makes a lot of noise, that don't bother me at all.

PLAYBOY: After the Ali fight, you went into a hospital for a while, and there were all kinds of rumors about what was wrong with you. What *was* wrong?

FRAZIER: Well, it was nothin' from the fight. You see the 15-pound medicine ball I was workin' out with today? They slam that into my sides and stomach to help me lose weight. Somehow, I took too many shots with the ball; I got an infection in the kidneys, and in trainin', my blood pressure went up and down. But I knew that with a couple days' rest, it would settle back down. It did; I passed the physical, and we thought that was it. But as soon as I'd start fightin' again, or runnin'—bloop! It would go back up. So that's why I went in the hospital after the hard 15-round fight. But this monkey didn't put me in no hospital. Did anybody ever stop to ask him why *he* was in the hospital?

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it to have his jaw X-rayed?

FRAZIER: For his jaw—but also, he couldn't walk. They had to put him in his pants. They had to pick him up and set him in his pants. His body was all bruised from body shots.

PLAYBOY: Did your blood-pressure problem bother you during the bout?

FRAZIER: No. I didn't feel a thing. But like the doctor said, when you're hot you can't feel nothin' like that. Your body is so hopped up that nothin' bothers you till you start comin' down again. Anyway, next time the public is gonna see a different me out there—a different me altogether. I'm healthy now. He's gonna be out there tryin' to do the thing to me, but I'm gonna have just a little bit more to turn on than I had the last time. Mindwise, I'm good; physicalwise, I'll be good; know-how, I'll be good. So there won't be nothin' to hold me back. I'll just crank my motor up and let it go.

PLAYBOY: Howard Cosell says that at the end of the last fight, you were in worse shape than Ali was.

FRAZIER: Well, Howard has a job to do. But I don't feel that he's been fair to me—or to the public. I don't think Howard cares too much for blacks, anyhow. But the thing he and Clay got is like a contract: You promote me and I'll promote you. Durin' the last Olympics, Howard talked about how this guy Bobick was comin' up, and Clay better watch out. Then Bobick lost his fight. Howard wasn't bein' fair to the public or myself. Clay wasn't the champ. I was—and I'd also been the Olympic heavyweight champ. George Foreman was an Olympic heavyweight champ, too. So I feel Howard should have talked a little more about that, and related to us when he talked about Clay—but they got their thing goin', so what the hell. Howard is just another fella. He didn't put no star in my crown, he don't put no bread in my pocket.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Cosell really knows much about boxing?

FRAZIER: Well, he thinks he knows a little about *everything*. But he really don't know too much about boxin', except what Clay tries to brief him on. Howard's a smart announcer, though, bein' an attorney once, you know. And I envy any man who just gets out there and loves himself the way he does.

PLAYBOY: Cosell has predicted that Ali will do better in the rematch than he did in his first fight with you.

FRAZIER: I think Clay was better that night than he ever was before, and better than he is now. Because I think that 15-round fight with me didn't do him any good. He says it did, but believe me, I watched him the other night on some TV talk show, and he walked slow, got up kind of slow. And I know the reason why. It was the fight with me that did it.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you come to terms yet on the rematch?

FRAZIER: He's askin' for too much money. I'm askin' for $4,000,000, and I think he wants the same. But he can't get it. I can't blame him, though; he knows what he's got to go through.

PLAYBOY: Where would you like to fight him?

FRAZIER: I would say Houston is a good place. Philadelphia's a good place.

PLAYBOY: How about New York?

FRAZIER: No way.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

FRAZIER: State taxes. Federal taxes bad enough without the state takin' a chunk, too. Around '66, '67, I stepped up into the 75 percent bracket. The Government wouldn't allow me to give my brothers or sisters somethin', and then file what's left. And I've got brothers and sisters who really need it. There's a lot of people in my position who could really help their families and friends, but Uncle Sam won't let 'em do it. So you're just throwin' away your money, and the things you worked hard for all those years, you're just givin' it away. That ain't right. You know that Uncle Sam took about a half million dollars out of the Clay fight? Now you figure how many people I could have helped with that money.

PLAYBOY: What do you do with the money that's left after taxes?

FRAZIER: I got a lot of business-minded people around me, you know. I don't have an attorney's brain, as far as investin' goes, but I got common sense, and I got the most important thing—the money. Right now I'm gettin' involved in real estate. Also, I got my gym, and I'm gonna fix it up so people can come in and train and keep their weight down. The gym I got now is for fighters, but somebody else might want to just come in to keep their weight down. But my number-one thing is a plantation I bought in South Carolina.

PLAYBOY: That's a strange kind of investment for a black.

FRAZIER: I didn't do it for any racial reasons.

PLAYBOY: Why did you, then?

FRAZIER: Well, by '67 or '68 I'd gotten myself out of the hole financially a little bit, and I had a comfortable place for my family to live in. So I was more concerned about Momma. I was tryin' to find a place for her. We had ten acres where we used to live at, and when there's ten acres to split among 20, 40 people, there's just no chance. Like all families, whether they're black, Jewish, Irish, Italian or whatever, they wind up fightin': "I want this part, they should get that part, they shouldn't have this piece." So then a real-estate guy from down South, who knew what I was fightin' for, got hold of my attorney. I didn't see the place—it's 365 acres—till about three months after I bought it.

The night I drove down, I went to the wrong plantation, and I was gettin' ready to break the lock off somebody else's plantation. I could have been put in jail—or gotten shot. Then I found out that this property was the wrong place, and I found my way over to the right one. I turned the key and went in—and the place was all grown up. I took my wheels in there and almost got bogged down, the road was so bad. I was disturbed, because a plantation should be a nice, pretty place, all clean and everything and he had said the place wasn't clean, but he didn't say it was that bad, either. So I went down and I worked—I spent two, three weeks down there—and the whole time I worked every day from six till about

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nine at night, cleanin' up, burnin' down, fixin' and repairin'. Now it's comfortable. We got four homes there, a four-car garage, about three or four ponds—and I feel it's in better condition than it ever was before.

PLAYBOY: Will you be raising crops on the plantation?

FRAZIER: Well, I grow things now, but only for the cows and the hogs. I wouldn't want to get into any big farmin', because right away the Government thinks you're doin' it for a hobby. Anyway, I've already sunk an awful lot of money into the place. I would say, from last year up to now, I've sunk about $75,000 or more—close to a hundred thousand—into the plantation. And it still needs cleanin'; fences gotta be fixed, and equipment has to be bought. Remodelin' of the homes. Mom's home, I remodeled that, made it comfortable for her. My home is remodeled, too, but I'm still tryin' to go back and get all the original furniture, draperies and things. I've also got about a six-horse stable, and it's old, but modern in that it's clean and solid.

PLAYBOY: Do you ride horses?

FRAZIER: Oh, yeah. I can ride—but I'm not very good. I can't do stunts and all, like I would do on my cycle.

PLAYBOY: What kind of stunts?

FRAZIER: I can stand up on my cycle. I can lie down on it, and cross my legs and ride. I been ridin' the cycle five years or more, and I love it. A motorcycle is somethin' I think every man should cross once. Come to think about it, if we had all cycles, people wouldn't have so much pollution. I think in the summertime, especially in the cities, people should ride cycles and bikes.

PLAYBOY: Aren't cycles dangerous?

FRAZIER: No more dangerous than a car. And how dangerous can a cycle be when there's nothin' but cycles around it? That's what they do in foreign countries. All you see over there is cycles. Japan—nothin' but bikes. A lot of people think you gotta be a hood, or a hippie, or a gang member, or else downright crazy to ride a cycle. But a motorcycle is a real thrill, man. It makes you feel powerful, it makes your reflexes fast. Maybe a man over 40, say, or 45, shouldn't cross a cycle, though he could be older if his reflexes were still good. But on a bike, there's no time for thinkin'—you gotta be right there, and know what you're doin'. Like in boxin'. Your timin' has to be together.

PLAYBOY: Before you became a fighter——

FRAZIER: What I was doin'?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

FRAZIER: Well, I grew up fast—real fast. At the age of 14, I had the mind of a 22-year-old. Because I lived around six brothers and three sisters. And my daddy, he and I were like this, you know; nothin' was gonna get between us. Dad was a hustler, you know, not the kind of hustler we got today, but he was a hustler as far as makin' a livin' for his family. He was a woodcutter and a junkman. He'd scrap up iron, get it together and sell it. He bought all his sons cars; he didn't have the money to buy the kind of cars I'm buyin' today, but he would pick up cars where the engine went bad or whatever, and that's how we learned to work on them. You can take an automobile engine and throw it on the floor, and I'll put it back together for you.

And I learned about girls, too. I'd run with my father, and what I didn't learn about women myself, he'd tell me. I left school in the tenth grade—I didn't go all the way—and there's no doubt about it, I had some rough years. And I left the South because it seemed like there was a bind around me: I had to get away. I came up to New York, I worked a little while in some of the factories, and I was tryin' to make a good livin'—but somethin' just wasn't right. I wasn't movin' fast enough. I was around guys who were my age, but they were always able to scrape up some bread to get themselves a nice car or somethin'—but me, I just didn't get it. So I left New York and I moved to Philadelphia, which was good for me.

PLAYBOY: You got into boxing here?

FRAZIER: Yeah. In the South, they didn't have facilities, but I used to hang bags up in the trees. The bag would be some make-believe cat, and I would make believe I was Joe Louis, or Ezzard Charles, Archie Moore—somebody great. I was always huge, you know, a heavy guy. But I wasn't tall—just wide. I couldn't find clothes to fit me. And when I came here, I wasn't gettin' my way with the women. So after I came to Philadelphia, I decided to get my weight down. First I tried baseball, but the weight wasn't comin' off like I wanted it to. Then I found a gym. I went in there every day, and it started comin' off nice.

PLAYBOY: You weren't boxing professionally then. So what did you live on after you got to Philadelphia?

FRAZIER: Well, in '62, when I moved here, a guy took me to the slaughterhouse—he'd been workin' there for some years—and he introduced me to this foreman, who was the kind of person that just didn't like people in general, and made everything just a little more difficult. But I stayed on this job for about a year, man, before I even got on it steady. I used to go there and work for nothin' to try and learn the job. I don't figure any man in the United States had it harder than I did. Not only as a man, but as a young boy, too. I used to work on the farm, along with my momma and my daddy. I used to tote baskets and stuff, and sometimes I would drive tractors. It was a hard road to walk up. Anyway, this guy at the slaughterhouse just didn't want to be bothered with anybody. But I worked, I learned the job, without really gettin' paid for it. And the guys I went around with seemed like they just didn't want me to move, didn't want me to go no place. They didn't want me to be nothin' but just another guy.

Before I got with Cloverlay, I had guys who were supposed to be millionaires try to stop me from workin'. They'd say, "I'll give you money just to train." No papers, no handshake. Right? I'd quit, and then they wouldn't come through. I was stuck. But I didn't give up. I went back to the job. I finally got with Cloverlay in '65—I think it was '65—but I didn't sign a contract at first. They just said, "You take off, and whenever you need something, go to the gentleman over here." So I went to the gentleman, who wanted to be a big guy, but didn't really have the bread to supply me with the things I needed for my family. Some days I'd wind up with 25, 30 dollars, so we'd just buy food and forget about the rent. I had to go through this daily.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you get discouraged?

FRAZIER: No. I always said, "There's gotta be a way, man, I gotta keep goin' somehow." I think about it now as I ride in my car, and I just laugh to myself. I remember all them headaches and heartaches, and I look around and I say, "Hey, man, this can't be true." And I'm happy about it, because nobody gave me nothin'.

PLAYBOY: Would there have been any way for you to get where you are today except by boxing?

FRAZIER: I don't think so—not unless I went back to some trade school. It's hard for a black man to get a job. As a matter of fact, it's hard for everybody to get a job. But mainly so for the black man. Still, if he puts his foot down and says, "Look, I want this job—tell me what I'm gonna have to do to get it," then gets down to work and studies it, he can do it. But he's gonna have to scuffle for it himself. You can't go in there and say, "Look, man, you gotta hire me because I'm black, or I'm white." That don't mean a thing to the man. You've gotta look at it from all points. When I was young, if you told me you didn't have anything for me, I'd say, "OK, there's gotta be *somethin'* I can do around here. Just name it and I'll do my blow." "We ain't got nothin'." "All right, if I come back tomorrow, probably you'll have somethin'." "You do that." Well, I kept comin' back, and finally they *did* have somethin' for me. I never gave up.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Government welfare programs for those who

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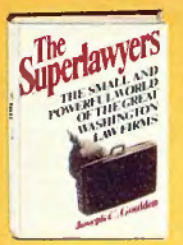

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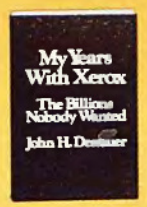

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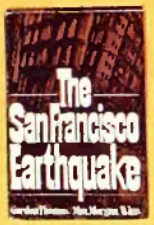

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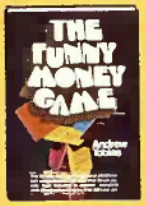

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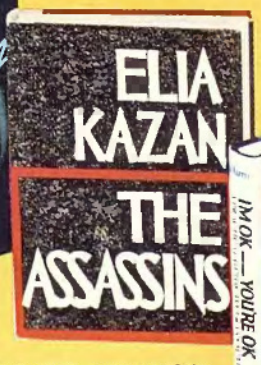

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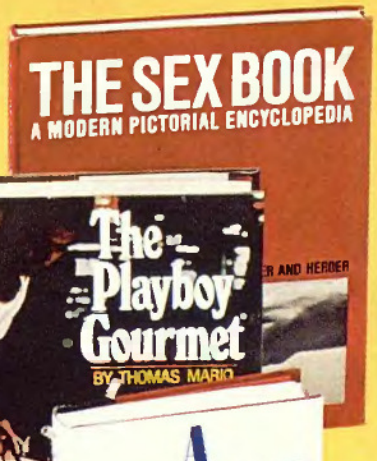

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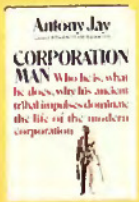

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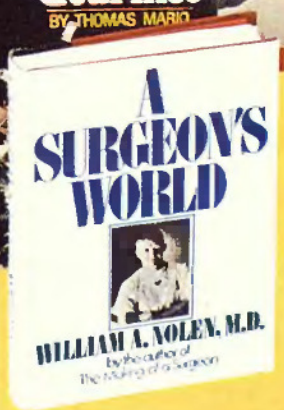

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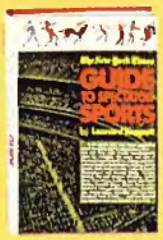

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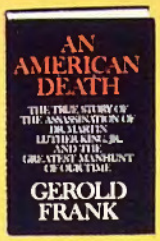

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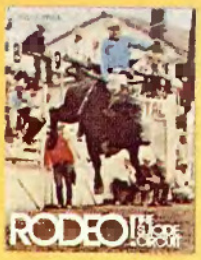

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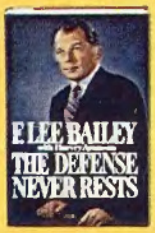

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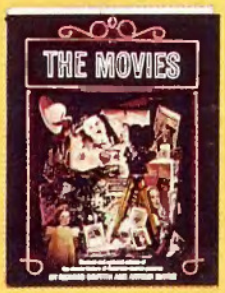

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aren't as able-bodied or well motivated as you were?

FRAZIER: You wouldn't need Medicare, Social Security *or* welfare if the Government would give out *work* instead of money. It should move into the cities and build more big factories so the people who live in the ghettos, who don't have the education to get a better job, could work there and support their families. Just give poor folks a chance to better their own condition. They don't want no handouts. They'd rather work for it.

We black people been workin' 400, 500 years. Without us, without poor folks, this country wouldn't run. It's the poor man who built this country, who did the labor, who had the skill to put it together. The man with the money just paid him to do it—but not enough to live on. That's why we have our crimes; that's why people lose their lives for no reason—because they get tired of tryin', tired of bein' let down—and a man decides he has to steal to feed his family.

PLAYBOY: Many cities have elected law-and-order mayors—such as Frank Rizzo in your own Philadelphia—instead of providing employment for the poor. Do you think he's done a good job?

FRAZIER: I know the mayor real well, and he's doin' the best he can. Since he was police commissioner, we've had less crime than anywhere else in America. We got less of a gang problem. And I ain't seen where anyone down the line, or he himself, has given any kind of order to hurt an innocent person. He's got more black policemen on the staff than they have anywhere else. And I think he's opened a lot of doors for the poor people; I think he knows what it's like to be poor. He's given a lot of blacks high official jobs. Now, I wouldn't agree, maybe, with all the decisions he's made, but we had an awful lot of violence in the streets, and now it's somewhat under control. Every now and then, one or two people are gonna lose their cool and blow their tops, you know—but we got a nice city to live in here since he's been in.

PLAYBOY: Do people on the street ever hassle you just to see how tough the heavyweight champ is?

FRAZIER: I've had guys walk up and want to take me on. Probably because they told some other guy they were gonna take a shot at me—that's about all it boils down to. Most of the time, they don't really mean any harm.

I remember one time, though, when a guy jumped in the ring durin' one of my fights—I forget which fight it was—and he claimed he was comin' up there to kill me. The policemen stopped him as he was comin' in. But things like that don't bother me. Sometimes I carry a security man—but when I want to be at my personal places, I don't carry him, because nobody outside knows I'm there. And when I'm movin' around the city by myself, I don't have any problems with anybody, because I'm the quiet type. I'm a professional fighter, and I don't have to put on a show in public.

PLAYBOY: How do you manage to keep your temper?

FRAZIER: Before I ever do anything, I look at the bad part of it. If I feel like I want to go out and drive my automobile 100 miles an hour, I'm gonna think about it first—and if I wind up doin' it, I'm still thinkin' about it. And when I'm through lookin' at the bad part, it usually turns out there ain't any good part. You see? If I go out there and drive that car fast, I might get a ticket. Or I may have a flat—and if you have a flat tire at that speed, you're gonna hurt yourself. Or if you don't hurt yourself, you might hurt some other people, and then you're *involved*.

Sometimes I may get angry at home, and I'll say to myself, "Maybe I'll just get lost for a week or two." But then I think how the kids would get upset and want to know where I was. Their feelin's would be hurt. And I decide to stay. I'll just ride around and come back and everything will cool off. You see, I never been the type of guy who likes hassles. I don't like hassles in the fight game, with my family, with the public; I just don't like hassles. I lived in the South, with the racial problem and all—but the things they did that I didn't like, I just didn't bother them about it. If they said I wasn't allowed to go someplace, I'd say OK, the hell with it. I'll go where I'm allowed. So I just went about my business.

A lot of people might think, "Well, maybe the guy's just ignorant." But it's not that. You got all types of people in the world. There are people who like trouble and like to create problems. But the way I feel about it, I just don't like to hassle, man. Life is too short. Anyway, I feel like I'm one of the guys who've been touched by the Good Man, so I don't *need* to hassle it. I always felt that way. I must have been touched by Him, because I've come through some quick calls, I've escaped a lot of things.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

FRAZIER: Well, with the motorcycle. I've been down umpteen times. I just feel I'm one of the guys—one of the hundred or million—who've been touched by Him. That He laid a blessing upon me. That nothin' I do would go wrong. So I don't give people problems, and I don't want them to give *me* too many. It's a life I'd like to live all over again.

PLAYBOY: You're talking like it's almost over. Are you planning to retire?

FRAZIER: Not for about three more years. First I'll have to check my bank account and see how fat it is. Before I hang it up, I want to make sure it's all put together so I don't have to worry about anything.

PLAYBOY: And then what?

FRAZIER: Then some of my time will go into music. It's been part of my life since I was a child—and I want to learn more about it, because it's a challenge to me, and I love it. It don't matter to me how much work it takes to become a more complete musician, or to do a good job—I'll tackle it.

PLAYBOY: Your European tour wasn't very successful.

FRAZIER: Well, everything we did was done well, the people around me were nice, they had strong belief in me, and we did a good job. The problems had to come from the promoter or the bookin' agency, because they kept changin' a lot of locations, and people didn't know where we were at. That's what happened over there.

PLAYBOY: What are you doing in music now?

FRAZIER: I got my group. The boys worked here last week, at the Stardust Supper Club.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to make records?

FRAZIER: Well, I *did* make some. I had six tunes out, but they never went anyplace. They weren't promoted right. I was with Capitol for a year or so, but they didn't do any big thing for me. So I went and I got my own label together. But I didn't go all the way into it because it got to be a hassle, and I didn't have time for it. So now I'm gonna sit back and relax and record some stuff of my own, and I'm gonna present it to labels and see if they'll go for it. The guys I got with me now—we were raised up together—they're all musicians, and very professional. I'm still not the kind of pro in music I'd like to be, but I think that workin' with these guys—who are really in my corner, who know what I like and what I sound like—that we can go places.

PLAYBOY: What will you do, besides music?

FRAZIER: Well, everything will be different after I get through fightin'. I'll have a little more time to spend with my wife and kids. I'll be able to swim with them. And I'll have a little more time to enjoy the things I have. I recently bought three snowmobiles for the family, and it's a big sport for us. But the money I've spent around the home and all—I don't have time to enjoy it, because I have to keep goin', man, to make the bread and pay the bills. Sometimes I feel that if I stopped for one day and sat down, I'd really be lost. Because work is the only meanin' I've ever known. Like the man in the song says, I just gotta keep on keepin' on.

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ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR ROSOFSKY

The Inventory at Fontana Bella

fiction By Tennessee Williams

her palace held memories of violent love and death for the princess who was quite old, quite rich—and quite mad

IN THE EARLY AUTUMN of her 102nd year, the *Principessa* Lisabetta von Hohenzalt-Casalinghi was no longer able to tell light from dark, thunder from a footfall nor the texture of wool from satin. Yet she still got about with amazing agility. She danced to imaginary schottisches, polkas and waltzes with imaginary partners. She gave commands to household domestics in a voice whose volume would shame a drill sergeant. Having once been drawn through Oriental streets in rickshas, she had naturally learned to yell "Chop-chop!" and she now exercised that command to make haste at the end of each order she shouted, and these orders were given all but continually while she was awake and sometimes she would even shout "Chop-chop!" in her sleep.

Early in October, close to midnight, the *principessa* sat bolt upright in her bed, breaking out of sleep as a sailfish from water.

"Sebastiano!" she cried, at the same instant of the cry pressing a hard fist to her groin.

Sebastiano was the name of her fifth and last husband, who had now been dead for 50 years, and she had clutched her groin because in her dream she had felt the ecstasy of his penetration, a thing that had remained in her recollection more obsessively even than her command to make haste.

Immediately after the outcry "Sebastiano," she slammed her fist down again, not on her nostalgic groin but upon the electric buttons that were on her bedside table; all eight of them were slammed down by her fist, hard and repeatedly and with continuous cries of "Chop-chop!"

It was her resident physician who first responded, thinking that she had finally been stricken by a cardiac seizure.

"*Cristo*, no, this creature is immortal!" he shouted involuntarily as he entered Lisabetta's huge bedchamber and

observed her standing naked by the bed in a state of existence that seemed to be nuclear powered, her blind eyes blazing with preternatural light.

In a number of minutes others assembled and were equally astounded by this phenomenon of vitality in so ancient a being.

"Preparations at once, chop-chop. Fastest boat, *motoscafo* with the Rolls engine for lake crossing to Fontana Bella! Party including as follows. *Senta!* Secretaries, business and personal, upstairs and downstairs maids, especially Mariella, who remembers Fontana Bella as well as I do. Lawyer, of course, not the old one gone blind but the young one with the long beard who speaks high German, the curator of my museum and, of course, my bookkeeper, because the purpose of this trip is to finally hold, to conduct, an inventory of treasures at Fontana Bella, assessment of treasures remaining there, priceless art objects and ancestral paintings, all, all valuables kept there, so get to it, chop-chop, teeth in, clothes on, off to Fontana Bella."

The crossing was not so tedious as most of the party had anticipated. The lawyer was soon engaged in the defloration of a very young chambermaid, first with his fingers and then with his tongue and, climactically, with his organ of gender, and the chambermaid's moans and cries were finally heard and mistaken by the *principessa* for a noisy sea gull flying over the boat and she ordered it shot down at once. This provoked considerable merriment among the passengers; and then the curator of the *principessa*'s private gallery, brought along to assess the canvases at Fontana Bella, began to tell a story about a rather well-known and gifted Roman painter who had been recently transferred to an insane asylum in Zurich.

"Dear Florio," said the curator, "he could only set to work under very peculiar conditions. He had to have a barely pubescent youth in his studio. No, no, not as a model, no, not that, just as a sort of excitant to his creative juices, you see, but what's so amusing about it is that this nubile youth, picked up on the Spanish Steps by Florio's secretary, always had to be discovered naked in an alcove of the studio, a curtained alcove, with a peacock's feather inserted in his rectum, oh, no, not all the way in, just in far enough to hold it in place, and the alcove was kept curtained until Florio was seated at his easel. And then the curtain of the alcove would be drawn open by the secretary and he and Florio would utter ecstatic cries at the sight of the boy with the peacock's gorgeous tail feather up his bum, and Florio then would cry out, *'Ah, che bella sorpresa, uno pavone in casa mia!'* "

(Which meant, "What a lovely surprise, a peacock in my house!")

"Then the boy would be paid nicely and dismissed from the house and Florio would start to paint like the madman he was."

At this story, there was general laughter loud enough to be heard by Lisabetta.

"*Silenzio,*" she shouted and began to strike about her with her parasol. She managed to hit only the head of her poodle and when it barked at her in protest, she said: "You flatter me, sir, but we must wait upon another occasion!"

Then she fell asleep.

When the *principessa* awoke, she was in bed at Fontana Bella and it was again midnight.

She sprang up and shouted into a closet door. "Mariella, dress me, I want on woolens this morning, this is the north shore of Lago Maggiore, not the south, and there's no more disgusting affliction than a summer cold in the head. *Subito*, get them all up, the inventory is going to commence at once!"

Then she stood in the center of the bedroom, lifting legs to step into imaginary woolens and extending arms for the fur jacket that she thought was being put on her. She was quite impatient as the imaginary maid, Mariella, who had been dead for 20 years or more, did not seem to be following instructions with sufficient rapidity.

"Mariella," she shouted, "teeth in, teeth in! Chop-chop!"

She opened her mouth for the dentures to be inserted.

"Hah, ring a bell, now *andiamo*!"

She then started across the great chamber, knocking over a couple of chairs, which she mistook for assistant maids who were slow to get out of her way, and by an act of providence, she walked straight to the door upon the hall.

The upper floor of Fontana Bella was still remarkably clear in her head, since it was the floor on which she had lain with her great love, Sebastiano. She found the top of the grand staircase as if she had full possession of her sight and she descended it without a false step, at one point crying out, "Hands off me, I can't stand to be touched by anyone but a lover!"

The lower floor of Fontana Bella was more distinct in her mind than any part of her residence on the southern shore of Lago Maggiore, and yet it was not as certain as she assumed it to be, and at the foot of the stairs she made a wrong turn, which brought her outdoors upon an enormous balustraded terrace that faced the gloomy lake that starless midnight.

"*Tutti qui?* All present for inventory? Chop-chop!"

Old ladies have a way, you know, of acquiring prejudice of race and class and gender, so it wasn't surprising that Lisabetta had turned somewhat against members of the Hebrew race, mostly through a paranoid senility.

"If there's a Jew at the inventory," she shouted, "I want him to keep a shut mouth. Not a word out of him during the inventory. I know they're an ancient race, but not all ancient races are necessarily noble!"

This struck her as a witty observation and she gave forth a great peal of laughter, to which some storks at a far end of the terrace responded with squawks and wing flapping, which Lisabetta interpreted as a flight of Jews from her presence.

"Gone, good! Proceed with the inventory, chop-chop! Oh, Christ, oh, wait, I have to relieve my bowels, put two screens about me and bring me a pot! Chop-chop!"

She lowered herself to a squatting position until the windy disturbance in her bowels had subsided, and then she stood up and remarked, "These things do happen, you know. It's a natural occurrence when there's so much agitation.

"Doctor, doctor? Please examine my stool, each morning's stool ought to be examined, it's the key to existence. Now, then, that's over, on with the inventory!"

Lisabetta felt herself surrounded by the party that had accompanied her from the southern shore; that is, all but the possible Jews she'd ordered away.

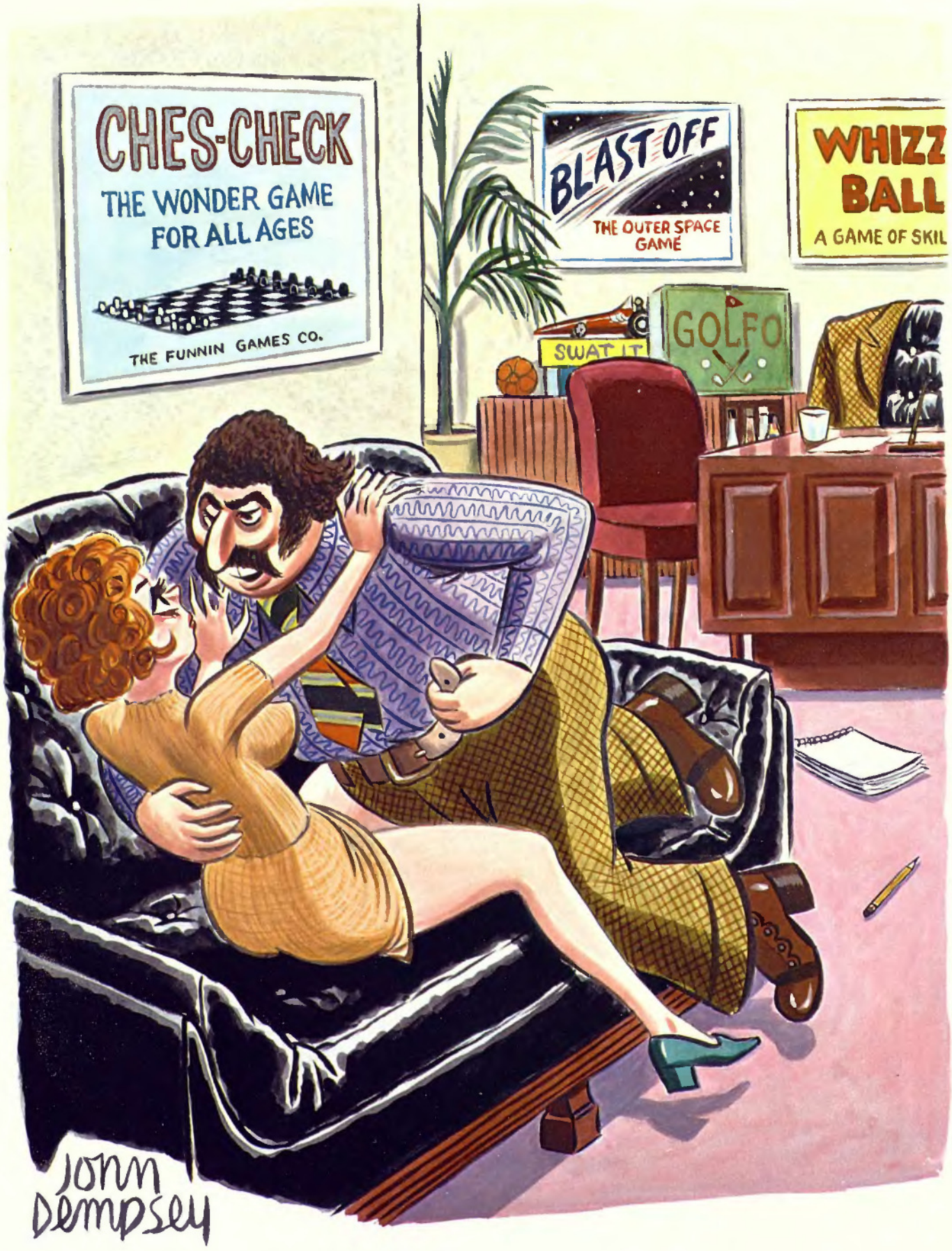
"Ready? Ready? *Va bene!*"

She began to conduct the inventory now and it continued for seven hours. Her memory of her possessions at Fontana Bella was quite remarkable, as remarkable as her endurance.

It was an hour before daybreak when her truant party of attendants returned from the nearby casino, but the *principessa* was still on the terrace, pacing up and down it, naked in the gray moonlight. From a distance they heard her shouting. "Gold plate, service for eight! In the vault, yes, get the keys! Has the Jew made off with the keys? What, what? Don't shout, I cannot put up with this rushing about and shouting, hands off, I've told you and told you that I abhor the touch of anyone but a lover! You, you there, come here and explain something to me!"

She seemed to be pointing at the Neapolitan lawyer who was the first to approach her on the terrace, the rest standing back in attitudes of indifference and fatigue.

(concluded on page 172)



"The name of the game, Miss Wentworth, is Sex."

LEGENDS IN THEIR OWN TIME

a pantheon of record breakers who have been overlooked in the past, ignored in the present and are destined to be forgotten in the future

In one of those ironic twists of fate, Amonda Freefall, the womon who made sky-humping the sport it is today, was almost bonned from the U. S. teom. In her previous 199 jumps, she had successfully—ond spectaculorly—climoxed with o voriety of partners in mid-air. But on her 200th—ond record-setting—jump, while engoged in intimate relotions with her partner ot 15,000 feet, the generous ond good-notured Ms. Freefoll extended her fovors to o hijocker who happened to be drifting down in the vicinity. Since he had just hijacked a 747 severol thousond feet obove, the poro-chutist wos clearly not occredited with the U. S. sky-humping teom, ond Ms. Freefall wos penolized for illegol procedure. However, officials permitted her to toke the jump over, ond this time she outdid herself: She managed not one but two climaxes while performing o reverse twist in the tuck position. Trogedy morred the event when the plone's pilot, intent on wotching Ms. Freefoll's memorable performonce, brought the croft to o landing inside o smokestack. But the accident didn't dampen the spirits of Ms. Freefoll's fellow sky-humpers, pictured above os they congrotulote ond fondle her.

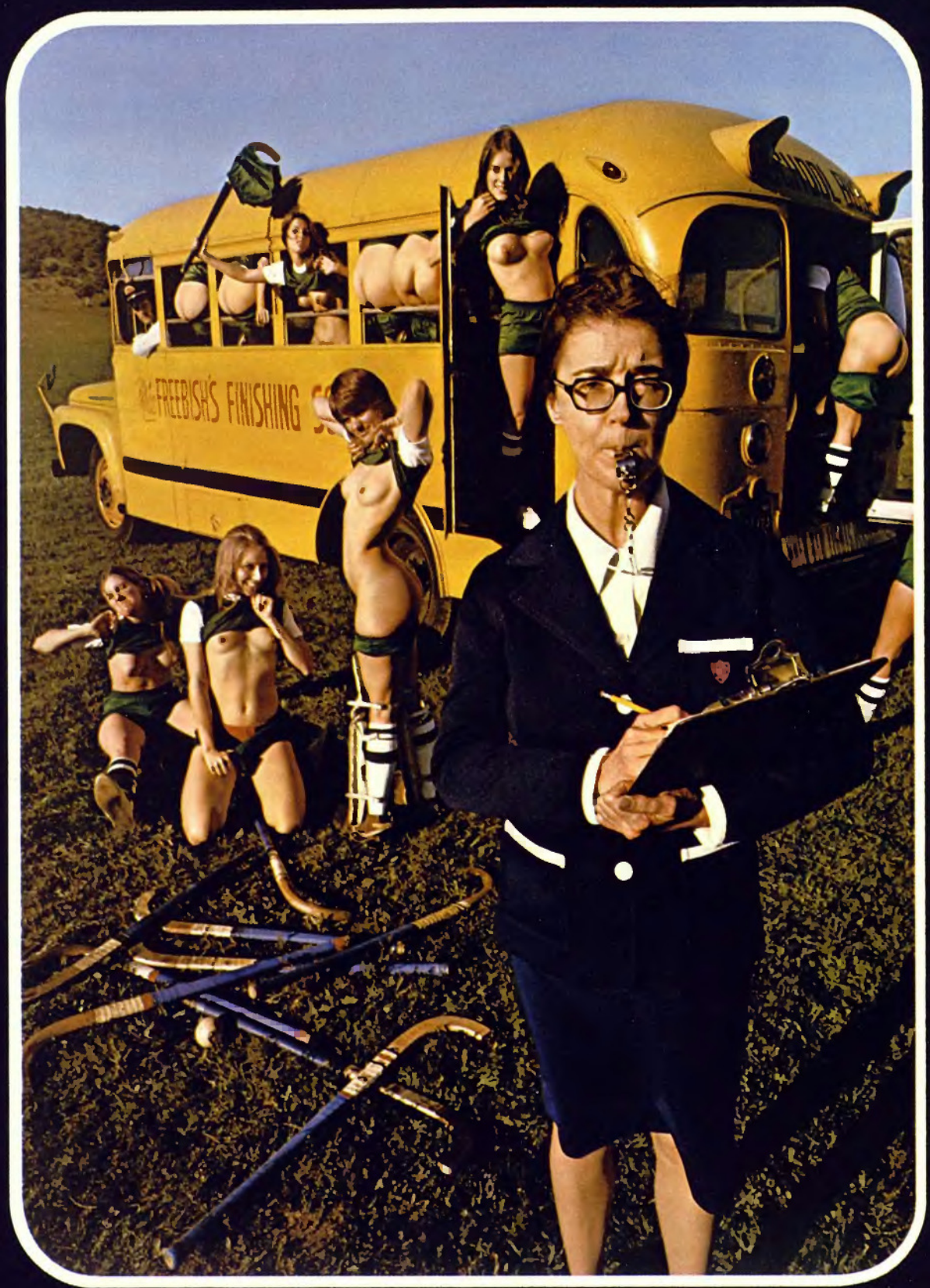
DESIGNED BY BOB POST / PHOTOGRAPHED BY BILL ARSENAULT

Immediately following the benediction on *Sermonette*, Brenda Barebock stunned the nation with her 47th television appearance, thereby establishing a new streaking record. Above, the show's producer and a peace officer deliver hearty congratulations to the new champ. Encouraged by the response to her first appearance on *Let's Make a Deal*, when she whipped off her sheet and dashed in front of the camera, Brenda took up streaking professionally. To date, her credits include *The Newlywed Game*, *Captain Kangaroo* and dozens of other shows—in short, almost twice as many as anyone else in her profession. It was Johnny Carson, however, who gave Brenda her greatest exposure. The genial talk-show host had just begun his golf swing when nubile Brenda streaked across Johnny's desk, clamped her legs around Ed McMahon's substantial neck and had to be removed from the studio by force. In anticipation of a second appearance, the Nielsen ratings for the next evening's show reached 99.6 (every household in the nation, save four, had tuned in), but the only guest that night was Dr. Joyce Brothers, who declined an invitation to streak.

Leading literary critics and other distinguished pederasts gather for an autograph session with teenaged publishing phenomenon Betsy Thrab. A highly regarded masseuse by the time she was eight years old, Ms. Throb turned to literary pursuits shortly after puberty. In the three short years since that time, she has set a world's record for pornographic output: 156 filthy novels—or one book a week. Asked for the secret of her prolific success, Ms. Throb shyly admits, "I lean over the keyboard and type with my lush, jutting, melon-firm breasts." She also says the major influences on her writing career were James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence and an obscene telephone caller whom she refuses to identify. When she is not busy at the typewriter, Ms. Throb's main hobbies are tennis, swimming and getting molested. Above, the young author holds a copy of her latest, record-setting oeuvre, entitled *The Big Bite*, which tells the story of an eager nymphet who makes a career of being nipped repeatedly in the bud. Selected as an alternate by the Smut-of-the-Month Club, the book is scheduled to go on sale shortly at bus-station rest rooms and prestigious butcher shops across the land.

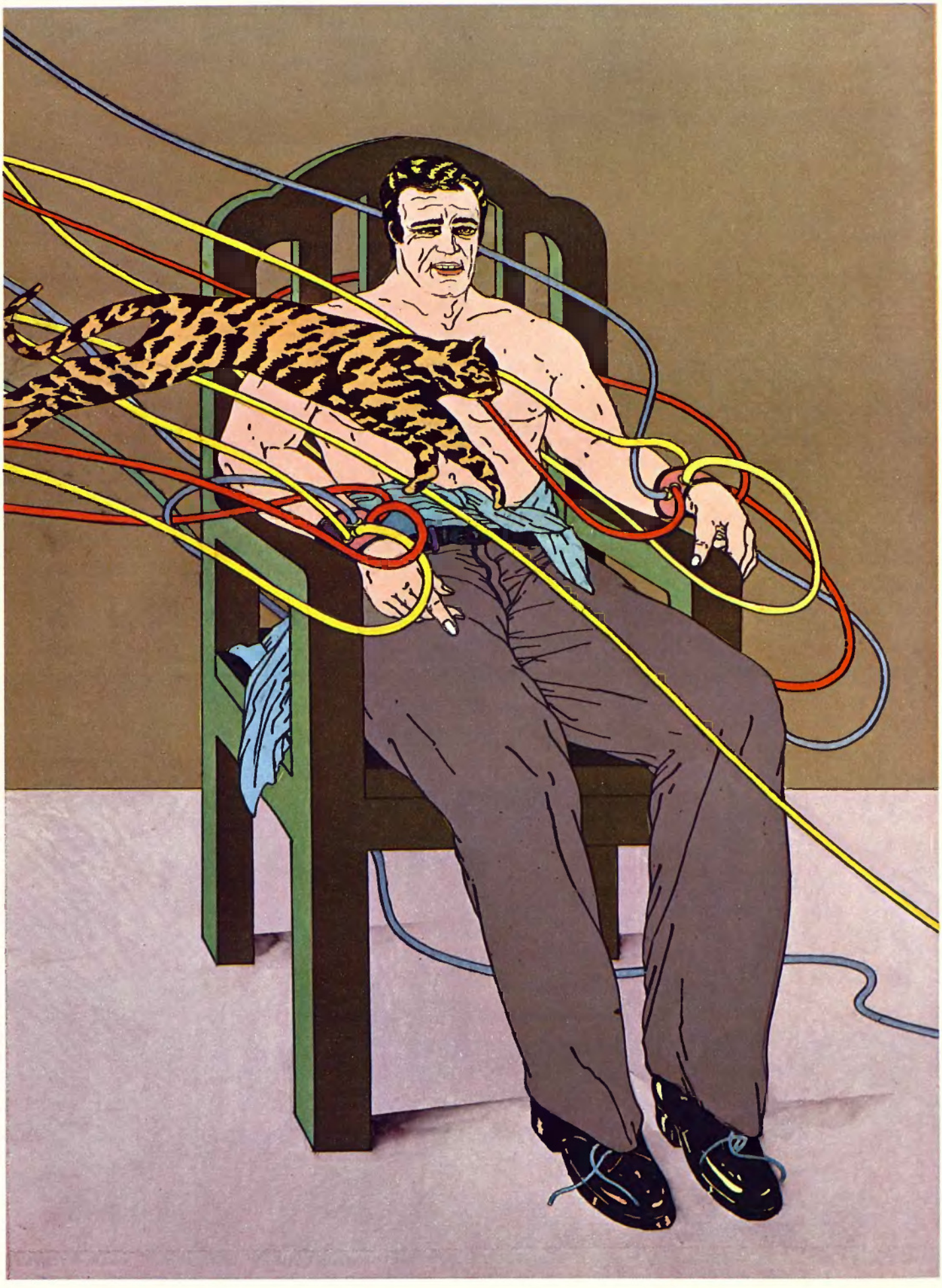
Alexander wept when he had no more worlds to conquer, but San Francisco's Pornaphlix film crew is merely sulking. With the final take of *The Sophisticates*, the team has completed a record 840 hard-core features without once—unbelievable as it may sound—having to resort to themes of redeeming social value. The question now is: What of the future? Having exhausted the possibilities listed in the *Kama Sutra*, *Every Position You Ever Wanted to Try*, *How to Breed Poultry* and the *U. S. Veterinary Guide*, the film crew admits it has left no known orifice unpenetrated—and that, in itself, sets a new world's record. But Veronica Beaverlips, the young actress who has starred in a majority of the productions, insists that new permutations will be found. Incidentally, Ms. Beaverlips studied drama under Stanislavsky for two years in New York. ("Sometimes we'd switch, and I'd study over him," she adds.) Other artists on the film team point out that while a new creative breakthrough—one that will maintain their subterranean standards of raunch—is being sought, the company will remain financially stable due to a profitable spin-off of raincoat franchises at participating theaters.

Mention the name Sally Sweetparts to any gathering of swinging singles and the response is likely to be a reverential hush. It's now official: Ms. Sweetparts, whose presence has been thoroughly felt in singles bars from coast to coast, has received—and happily accepted—more indelicate propositions than any woman in history. In a recent interview, Ms. Sweetparts admitted she preferred the indirect approach ("when a fella walks over ta my table, leans down and osks me to his apartment to see his etchings") to the more direct approach ("when a fella walks over ta my table, leans down and starts tugging off my undies"). Her successful bar tour culminated in St. Petersburg's Moxwell's Prune, which is widely regarded as *the* chic spa for swinging senior citizens. When the above picture was taken, Ms. Sweetparts had just said "I don't ordinarily come to a place like this" for the 1400th consecutive evening, a feat that elicited loud huzzahs from the other patrons. To celebrate her astonishing victory, Ms. Sweetparts agreed to leave with several of the gentlemen, all of wham are now being treated for advanced exhaustion in an intensive-care unit.



Mooning wos merely o froternity postime until educotor/sportswomon Abigail Freebish orrived on the scene. Miss Freebish (shown in the foreground) first exposed her omple buttocks to o group of explorer scouts from o possing cor. But when she wos loter informed thot the sight of her posterior had rendered oll of the scouts hopelessly sterile, she decided thot younger lodies would be better suited to the sport. Thus was born the dominotion of the sport by Miss Freebish's Finishing School, whose pupils hove omassed o totol of 1855 flash exposures—o record unmotched by any institution. Girls in the lower forms leorn the essentiols of the sport by engoging in junior-vorsity hockey motches ogoinst locol boys' schools. When the finol whistle blows, the girls drop both hockey sticks ond uniforms to the field with lightning rapidity. The teom's cheekiest moneuvers, however, ore reserved for Parents' Doy. In the upper forms, the girls on the vorsity hockey squod compete in eliminotion motches leoding to the Europeon ploy-offs. Above, this year's varsity runs through o few precision proctice drills before leaving for Rome, where it hopes to perform before the Pontiff.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTIAN PIPER



ZAP! YOU'RE NORMAL

article

By STEPHEN H. YAFA

behavior modification is crude and shocking—and the frightening thing is that it works

Before *A Clockwork Orange* dealt us all a tolchock in the rot, life wasn't so bad. Sure, there were riots in the Sixties and a President who conducted his affairs of state from the throne, but once we learned to live with the eccentricities of our society and the politicians who were running it, we could sit back and enjoy. Then, suddenly, we were slooshing Beethoven while being clopped about the gulliver, viddying the old ultraviolence nonstop, and that, O my brothers, was anything but horrorshow.

In fact, it was terrifying. The song-and-dance team of Kubrick and Burgess performed a cinematic revue on the wonders of aversion therapy. We shook with fear. If this be the cure, we cried, leave us, please, to our disease. As usual, the media were the last to catch on and the first to freak. Magazines ran frightening, gut-wrenching articles on the techniques of behavior modification; it turned out that aversion therapy was only one of the weapons the mad scientists were preparing to unleash on the populace. They were out there among us at this very moment shocking homosexuals into the straight life, shocking straights into fagdom, grilling autistic children, blowing smoke up the nostrils of smokers. It seemed, if we were to believe what we read, that the proper amount of pain applied to the proper aberration produced remarkable rehabilitating effects. Or so said the behavior modifiers. Worse yet, these psychologists had *proof*, and where was the proof of their archenemies, the Freudian psychoanalysts? The traditional shrinks had none to offer. They had a neat little phrase for every conceivable neurotic manifestation of the fucked-up psyche, but, unlike their electrode-equipped cousins, they could only speculate on the success and failure of their ventures into detraumatizing humanity. When in doubt, there was always an unresolved conflict in the lower intestinal tract ready and waiting to explain away the most abstruse compulsions and obsessions.

If people were stunned to learn that behavior modification had been around a long time before Kubrick and Burgess uncorked it, and that aversion therapy was only one of its techniques, imagine their surprise to learn that the mod squad—as its young practitioners are called—seems to be swiftly gaining ground on the Freudians. What can you say after you say he's crazy? Freudians traditionally have said plenty and written reams. Members of the mod squad, on the other hand, say little. Instead, they apparently jot down data on the frequency of the craziness and then, without a word, they set out to do something about it. But who, exactly, are these dudes behind the electrode buttons? Are they as demented as the Neo-Nazis who tried to frazzle Alex into an upstanding citizen? Or are they regular chellovecks like you and me?

A trip around the country to some of their unlikely haunts produces a few answers and a few surprises of its own. There is little you need to know in advance, only that behaviorism began in earnest shortly before World War Two, when B. F. Skinner, the squad's guru, ran his first pigeon through a weird contraption and discovered that he could control the frequency and duration of the bird's pecking by positive and negative reinforcement. He called it operant conditioning. Excepting a cozy little box that he built for his daughter, Skinner stayed with birds, taught them all sorts of acrobatic feats and left others to experiment with people. Not that Skinner lacked ideas on the subject of human conditioning: In *Walden Two*, *Science and Human Behavior* and, most recently, in *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, he has repeatedly informed us that we are all being engineered to peck at pellets, whether we like it or not. With great persuasion he shows us exactly how, when and why we are controlled in our daily lives. Nobody, of course, wants to hear; it is like learning that you have several million body lice building nests in your armpits *at this very moment*.

Today Skinnerian theory is being put into practice in thousands of public schools throughout America and, among other places, in an alcoholics' unit in a state hospital in California, in a class for retarded ghetto kids in Georgia and in a rural Southern prison. If the young mod-squad dynamos who are running these programs have any characteristic in common, it is a refreshing lack of cant and pretension.

They make no claims to a more profound understanding of man's essential nature than the janitor who empties their trash cans; they claim nothing but the knowledge of a technique that *(continued on page 90)*

Following the numbers: **1.** Maserati air harns allaw far selectian af alternating tanes ar a unisan trumpet, fram Vilém B. Haan, $32.95. **2.** One-piece cast mag-allay wheels came with chrame hub cavers, fram J. C. Whitney, $34.95 each. **3.** Triple-campartment canvas briefcase, by Gucci, $139. **4.** The Tachrad AM/FM radia resembles a tachameter, by Sanya, $59.95. **5 & 6.** Plastic-headed hammer far use an metal ar waad, $5.95, and auta vacuum that plugs inta cigarette lighter, $12.95, bath from Vilém B. Haan. **7.** French-made multiple car taal, fram Hoffritz, $17. **8.** Compass, magnifier, pencil and map measure canverts inches ta miles, from Haffritz, $6.50. **9.** Drager tire-pressure gauge, fram Vilém B. Haan, $7.95. **10.** Dual dashbaard timer mount, $10, holds a pair af rally instruments, $195, all by Heuer. **11.** Nomex calfskin racing shaes with padded upper edges, fram Vilém B. Haan, $27.50. **12 & 13.** German and Spanish Auto Club badges af brass with baked-enamel finish an chrame, fram Vilém B. Haan, $5.25 each. **14.** Reversed-calfskin car coat, fram Gucci, $429.

1. Canvas document case with stained-calfskin outer pouch, by Gucci, $119. 2. Italian-made Nardi wood-rimmed steering wheel, from Vilém B. Haan, $59.95. 3. Briefcase-style cowhide tool kit, from I. Magnin, $125. 4. Portable coffee-making kit with heat-immersion coil that plugs into cigarette lighter, from Mark Cross, $15. 5, 6 & 7. Leather-covered GTO shift knob, $4.95, walnut T-bar shift, $4.95, and walnut Ferrari shift knob, $3.95, all from Vilém B. Haan. 8. Hand-held lamp that plugs into cigarette lighter has a 7000-foot range and comes with 15 feet of coiled cord, from Vilém B. Haan, $46.95. 9. Model CX601 4-channel car/home stereo tape player features automatic repeat and eject buttons and sliding volume, tone and balance controls, by Panasonic, about $140. 10. Jackie Ickx–endorsed Easy Rider chronograph with date, from Vilém B. Haan, $52. 11. Defroster gun that plugs into lighter, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $10. 12. The Aviator sunglasses with graduated bronze lenses, from Vilém B. Haan, $10. 13. Calfskin driving gloves, from Mark Cross, $9.50.

ZAP! *(continued from page 87)*

demonstrably works to change behavior patterns. Once implemented, they say, it works independently of the psychologist.

The mod squad posits that most behavior is learned behavior and that it is maintained and defined by the environment in which it occurs through a process of conditioning. One is rewarded or punished, positively or aversely reinforced, and these reinforcements—some subtle, some overt—are what determine how one behaves in any given situation. To change behavior, then, either a behaviorist changes the environment in which it occurs or, failing that, he changes the person's perception of that environment. As a behavior therapist, he does not subject his patient to endless free-association sessions on a Naugahyde couch, he does not allow his patient to dwell on childhood traumas. What motivates a man to eat dirt, for instance, may be a deep psychic drive, but it is an unmeasurable commodity and, more important—essential, in fact, to behavior modification—it does not have to be fully or even partially understood to permanently change the aberrant behavior that it precipitates.

Of the numerous branches of applied psychology, behavior modification alone derives from laboratory experiments. Because of this, it staggers under the weight of a technical language sufficiently dehumanized to scare the living hell out of any creature with ears. Successive approximation, operant conditioning, desensitization, discriminative stimuli, deprivation schedules, aperiodic reinforcement—these are but a few of the terms that season the incidental conversations of behavior therapists. If ever a group of individuals needed to reshape its public image, the mod squad shares first rung with the Flat Earth Society, the Ku Klux Klan and the American Association of Phrenologists. Fortunately, it has among its members a therapist with a comedic gift and a flair for the risqué that are serving to capture the hearts and minds of the doubtful masses. He exists somewhere between Pavlov and Soupy Sales, a 40-year-old bachelor from the slums of Boston who now lives and works in California, where he runs the Behavior Institute of Marin. His name is David Fisher.

"There's one thing you learn when you work with human behavior day in and day out, *bubbe*," he says. "You learn humility. The Government, the environment don't provide me with the kind of tools I need to help every alcoholic or homosexual who walks through the door. They don't provide any rewards for a guy who's been on a binge for five years, a guy who wakes up stinking in some alley with a hangover and no teeth. What's he got to look forward to? Has he got a wife and kids and a place to come home to? Where are his rewards? Jesus Christ, in my office I can run him through an hour of aversive reinforcement. I can make drinking extremely distasteful to him, but when he steps outside, *bubbe*, when he's back on the street, I've got ten thousand bars and ten thousand mirrors working against me. You're a skid-row bum, you look at yourself, the drool and stubble, you're gonna reach for a bottle of Ripple quick. I'm not going to tell you I can knock over an elephant with a bean blower, for Christ's sake!"

Fisher is just getting warmed up. He has popped out of his chair and is pacing the room, jabbing the air with the tip of a cane he uses to support an ankle he twisted while skiing. When he begins to smoke, his black eyes flash like laser beams under a thick gnarled hedge of eyebrow, his hand repeatedly disappears into his bushy hair after a mysterious itch, he tugs hard at the point of his full beard; the socketed eyes, the darkly Semitic features, the inflamed rhetoric suggest to you an archetypal mad scientist. But there is more going on here, there are unexpected crescendos, easy laughs, sudden pauses, deftly turned phrases and, above all, an immaculate sense of timing that suggests a masterful persuader with revolutionary zeal.

"I happen to belong to a profession that is impervious to facts," he says, alluding to the Neo-Freudians. "If a psychiatrist's treatment is not working, it is not the patient's fault. The fault is in the treatment. In behavior therapy, if the procedure isn't working, we change it. The procedure's simple. The difficulty is in learning how to implement it for each particular person. The whole medical model of psychotherapy is bullshit; it implies that the psychiatrist knows more about what's wrong with you than you do, *bubbe*. Can you imagine if I'm a surgeon and my patient has the discourtesy to die on me and I put down as the reason 'death wish'? I write that once and I'll never hold another scalpel. But every day, psychiatrists' patients are jumping out of twelfth story windows or off the Golden Gate Bridge, and these *alter kakers* are writing in their books, 'death wish.' Well, we *know* he had a death wish, *bubbe*, he jumped off the fucking bridge. Why didn't you do something *before* he jumped?"

As Fisher loops and stabs his cane for emphasis, you glance out the window. A sparkling starlet wiggles past in magenta sunglasses, a caravan of tourists chugs along toward Doris Day's dressing room. No, you are not hallucinating, you are sitting in a gray-slate bungalow on the lot of Universal Studios, where Fisher, for recreation, has been consulting on a film that his brother-in-law, a director, has just completed. In his office is another foreigner to showbiz, Dr. Halmuth Schaefer, whose recent behavior-modification work with alcoholics at the Patton State Hospital outside San Bernardino is gaining recognition. Before Fisher took to the cane, Schaefer was quietly explaining his research, but now he, too, sits back and listens without a word. He doesn't seem to mind; his wife, perched demurely on the arm of a fiberglass chair, doesn't seem to mind and you certainly don't mind: Fisher in action is great fun. So you just sit back and, umm, positively reinforce the gentleman with smiles and nods.

He is now speaking of sex deviates, exhibitionists, fetishists and other aberrants. He mentions the pioneer behavior-therapy work in this area of Dr. Joseph Wolpe in Philadelphia, and Wolpe's development of desensitization techniques, and then, in the middle of a sentence, he stops, he turns. "Hey, *bubbe*, by the way," he says, "you know why the vast majority of sexual deviates are males? Because our peckers are outside, male kids are getting hard-ons long before they get turned on by women: they get hard-ons shimmying up trees or rubbing against tables or climbing ladders. So what stimulus is the erection being paired with? A naked woman? No. A table, a desk, a chair. Is it so amazing, then, if a guy grows up and finds himself hanging out all day long in furniture stores with his pecker doing a cha-cha against his belly button? We're always pairing stimuli in our heads without realizing it."

Fine, let's talk about desks. Let's say a guy comes to see you who's hung up on desks. As his therapist, what do you do?

"I countercondition him. I might run slides of desks of every shape, size and dimension. If he finds himself getting turned on, I'll give him a shock. It's the kind of aversive reinforcement I might use with homosexuals, running slides of naked men and women. First I have them tell me how they feel about what they're looking at. If they get any kind of arousal at all from looking at a picture of a woman, you know you have a chance to help them. You reward that response and try to extinguish their homosexual arousal. Rewarding appropriate behavior is always as important as punishing inappropriate behavior. Some behavior therapists use a plethysmograph, which measures penis volume—a small ring with electronic sensors that fits over the tip. You see, the glands don't lie. A patient can see for himself by the graph what is turning him on, even though he may not be aware of it for a minute or two. As we develop more sophisticated measuring devices——"

(continued on page 184)

there were so many matters he had to contend with—the business of the eggs, a dead stranger on his land, and other irritations

THE CONSERVATIONIST

fiction **By NADINE GORDIMER**

PALE, FRECKLED EGGS. Swaying over the ruts to the gate of the third pasture, Sunday morning, the owner of the farm suddenly sees: a clutch of pale, freckled eggs set out before a half circle of children. Some are squatting; the one directly behind the eggs is cross-legged, like a vendor in a market. There is pride of ownership in that grin lifted shyly to the farmer's gaze. The eggs are arranged like marbles, the other children crowd round, but you can tell they are not allowed to touch unless the cross-legged one gives permission. The bare soles, the backsides of the children have flattened a nest in the long dead grass for both eggs and children. The emblem on the car's bonnet, itself made in the shape of a prismatic flash, scores his vision with a vertical-horizontal

ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO

sword of dazzle. This is the place at which a child always appears, even if none has been in sight, racing across the field to open the gate for the car. But today the farmer puts on the brake, leaves the engine running and gets out. One very young boy, wearing a jersey made long ago for much longer arms but too short to cover a naked belly, runs to the gate and stands there. The others all smile proudly round the eggs. The cross-legged one (wearing a woman's dress, but it may be a boy) puts out his hands over the eggs and gently shuffles them a little closer together, letting a couple of the outer ones roll back into his palms. The eggs are a creamy buff, their glaze pored and lightly spotted, their shape more pointed than a hen's, and the palms of the small black hands are translucent-looking apricot pink. There is no sound but awed, snuffling breathing through snotty noses.

The farmer asks a question of the cross-legged one and there are giggles. He points down at the eggs but does not touch them, and asks again. The children don't understand the language. He goes on talking, with many gestures. The cross-legged child puts his head on one side, draws in his lower lip, smiling as if under the weight of praise, and cups one of the eggs from one hand to the other.

Eleven pale, freckled eggs. A whole clutch of guinea-fowl eggs.

The baby at the gate is still waiting. The farmer goes back to the car, switches off the ignition and walks in the direction from which he has driven. He has left the road and struck out across the veld, leaping the dry donga to land with a springy crackle on dead cosmos and khaki weed that bordered it last summer. Over the hard ground his thick rubber soles scuff worn scrubbing brushes of closely grazed dead grass. He is making for the kraal; it is up beside the special paddock where the calves are kept at night. But the neat enclosure with oil drums cut in two to make feed troughs is empty; no one is about. From a line of rooms built of gray breeze blocks the sound of radio music winds like audible smoke in the clean fine morning: It's Sunday. A woman appears from behind the lean-tos of wire and tin that obscure or are part of the habitations. When she sees him approach, she stands quite still, one of those figures with the sun in its eyes caught in a photograph. He asks where the chief herdsman is. Without moving, but grimacing as if she strains to understand, she makes an assenting noise and then answers. He repeats what she has said, to be sure, and she repeats the assenting noise, long and reassuring, like the grunting sigh of a satisfied sleeper. Her gaze steers his back in the direction she has indicated.

He is crossing a lucerne field. The last late cutting of autumn must have been made sometime that week; although the shriveled scraps (like bits of busted balloon) that remain have lost their clover shapes and faded to gray-green, underfoot they give out now and then a sweet sickish whiff of summer—breath from the mouth of a cow or the mouth of a warm sleepy woman turned to in the morning. Involuntarily he draws it deep into his lungs and it disappears into a keener pleasure, the dry, cool and perfect air of a high-veld autumn, which, shut up in the car that carried with it the shallow breath of the city, he has not yet taken. Not this morning, not for a week. As the air plunges in him, his gaze widens and sweeps: Down along the river the willows have gone blond, not yet at their palest, combed out into bare strands but still lightly spattered and delicately streaked with yellowed leaves. Around them is a slight smudgy *ambiance*, a mauvish-smoky blend between their outline and the bright air . . . extraordinary.

Eleven. A whole clutch of guinea-fowl eggs. Eleven. Soon there'll be nothing left. In the country. The continent. The oceans, the sky.

Suddenly he sees the figure of the black man, Jacobus, making for *him*. He must have come out of the mealies on the other side of the road beyond the lucerne and is lunging across the field with the particular stiff-hipped hobble of a man who would be running if he were younger. But it's *he* who's looking for Jacobus; there's a mistake somewhere—how could the man already know that he is wanted? Some semaphore from the kraal? The farmer gives himself a little impatient, almost embarrassed snigger—and continues his own progress, measuredly, resisting the impulse to flag the man down with a wave of the hand, preparing in his mind what to say about the guinea fowl.

Although it is Sunday, Jacobus is wearing the blue overalls supplied him, and although there has been no rain and none can be expected for four months, he has on the rubber boots meant for wet weather. He's panting, naturally, but stops, as if there were a line drawn there, ten feet away from the farmer, and goes through the formalities of greeting, which include a hand movement as if he had a hat to remove. The farmer approaches unhurriedly. "Jacobus, I was coming to find you. How's everything?"

"No—everything it's all right. One calf he's borned Friday. But I try to phone you, yesterday night——"

"Good, that's from the red cow, eh?"

"No, the red cow she's not ready. This from that young one, that ones you buy last year from Pietersburg——"

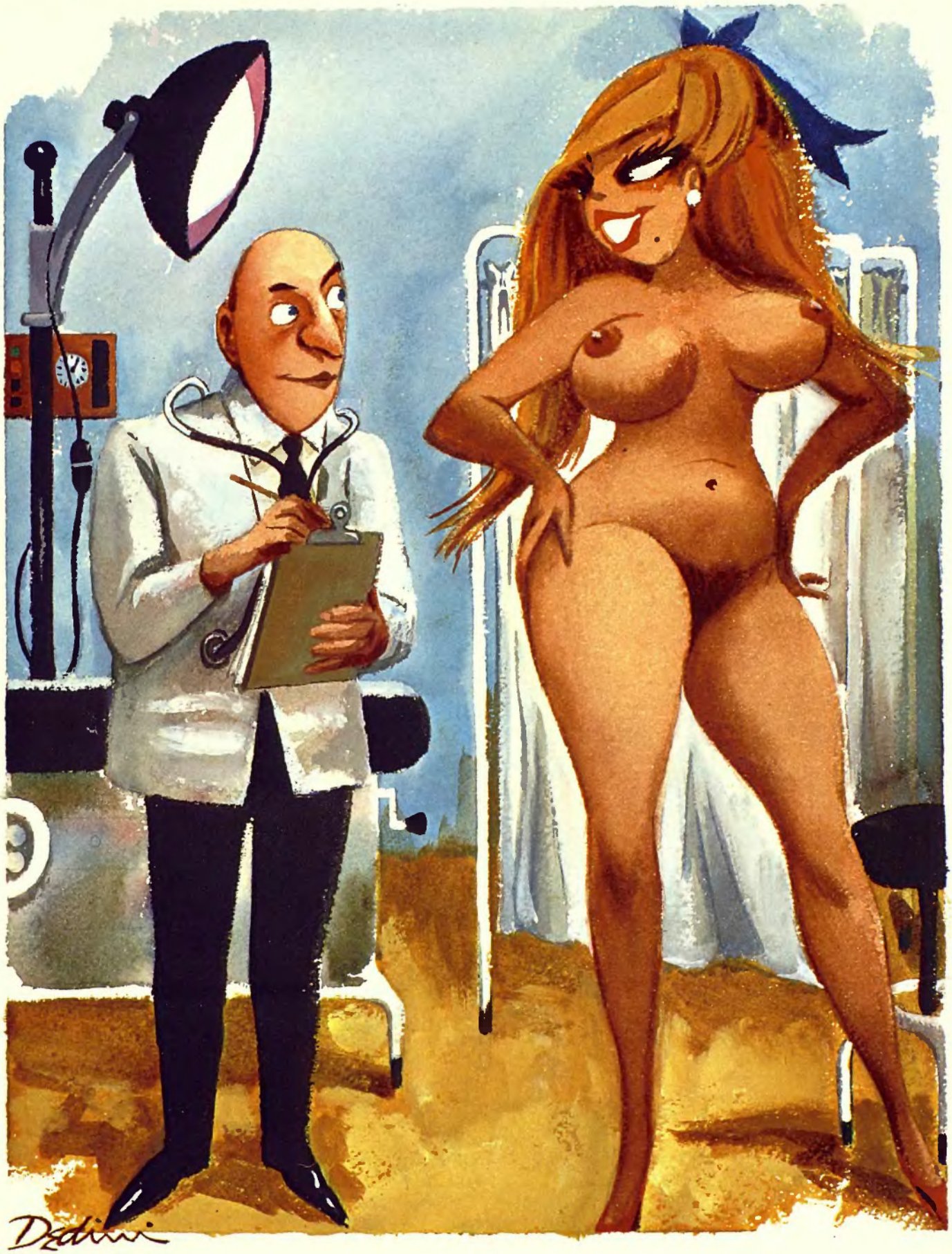
Each is talking fast, in the manner of a man who has something he wants to get on to say. There is a moment's pause to avoid collision; but, of course, the right of way is the farmer's. "Look, Jacobus, I've just been down at the third pasture there——"

"I'm try, try to phone last night, master——"

But he has in his mind just exactly how to put it: "The children are taking guinea-fowl eggs to play with. They must've found a nest somewhere in the grass or the reeds and they've taken the eggs."

"There by the river . . . you were there?" The herdsman's lips are drawn back from his decayed horse teeth. He looks distressed, reluctant: Yes, he is responsible for the children, some of them are probably his, and anyway, he is responsible for good order among the dependents of the farm workers and already the farmer has had occasion to complain about the number of dogs they are harboring—a danger to the game birds.

"It's not as if they needed them for food. To eat, no, eh? You've got plenty of fowls. They're just pickanins and they don't know, but you must tell them, those eggs are not to play games with. If they find eggs in the veld, they are not to touch them, you



"Really now, doctor. You can't call my checkup routine!"

understand? Mustn't touch or move them, ever." Of course, he understands perfectly well but wears that uncomprehending and pained look to establish he's not to blame, he's burdened by the behavior of all those other people down at the kraal. Jacobus is not without sycophancy. "Master," he pleads. "Master, it's very bad down there by the river. I'm try, try phone you yesterday night. What is happen there. The man is dead there. You see him." And his hand, with an imperious forefinger shaking it, stabs the air, through chest level of the farmer's body, to the line of willows away down behind him.

"A man?"

"*There—there*"—the herdsman draws back from his own hand as if to hold something at bay. His forehead is raised in three deep wrinkles.

"Somebody's died?"

The herdsman has the authority of dreadful knowledge. "Dead man. Solomon find it yesterday five o'clock."

"Has something happened to one of the boys? What man?"

"No. Yes, we don't know who is it. Or what. Where he come to be dead here on this farm."

"A strange man. *Not* one of our people?"

The herdsman's hands go out wide in exasperation. "Nobody can say who is that man." And he begins to tell the story again: Solomon ran, it was five o'clock, he was bringing the cows back. "Yesterday night, myself, I'm try sometime five time"—he holds up his spread fingers and thumb—"to phone you in town."

"So what have you done?"

"Now when I'm see the car come just now, I run from that side where the mealies are——"

"But with the body?"

This time the jutting chin as well as the forefinger indicate: "The man is *there*. You can see, still there, master, come I show you where is it."

The herdsman stumps past. There is nothing for the farmer to do but follow. Why should he go to look at a dead man near the river? He could just as well telephone the police at once and leave it to the proper channels that exist to deal with such matters. It is not one of the farm workers. It is not anyone one knows. It is a sight that has no claim on him.

But the dead man is on his property. Now that the farmer has arrived, the herdsman Jacobus has found the firmness and support of an interpretation of the event: His determined back in the blue overalls, collar standing away from slightly bent neck, is leading to the intruder. He is doing his duty and his employer has a duty to follow him.

They go back over the lucerne field and down the road. A beautiful morning, already coming into that calm fullness of peace and warmth that will last until the sun goes, without the summer's climax of rising heat. Ten o'clock as warm as midday will be, and midday will be no hotter than three in the afternoon. The pause between two seasons; days as complete and perfectly contained as an egg.

The children are gone; the place where they were might just as well have been made by a cow lying down in the grass.

The two men have passed the stationary car and almost reached the gate. A coyly persuasive voice blaring a commercial jingle comes out of the sky from the direction of the kraal. . . . YOUR GIANT FREE . . . SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TODAY TO. . . . The baby in the jersey bursts from nowhere but is disconcerted at the sight of the herdsman. Hanging from his plump pubis, his little dusty penis is the trunk of a toy elephant. He stands watching while Jacobus unwinds the loop of rusty wire that encloses the pole of the barbed fence and the pole of the gate, and the gate, which is just a freed section of the fence, falls flat.

The road has ruts and incised patterns from the rains of the season before last, petrified, more like striations made over millennia in rock than marks of wheels, boots and hooves in live earth. There was no rain this summer, but even in a drought year, the vlei provides some moisture on this farm and the third pasture has patches where a skin of greenish wet has glazed, dried, lifted, cracked, each irregular segment curling at the edges. The farmer's steps bite down on them with the crispness of biscuits between teeth. The river's too low to be seen or heard; as the slope quickens his pace through momentum, there is a whiff held in the dry air as the breath of clover was. A whiff—the laundry smell of soap scum. So the river's there, somewhere, all right.

And the dead man. They are jogging down to the willows and the stretch of reeds, broken, crisscrossed, tangled, collapsed against themselves, stockaded all the way to the other side—which is the rise of the ground again and someone else's land. Nobody goes there. When it is not a drought year, it is impossible to get across and the cows stand in midstream and gaze stupidly toward islands of hidden grass in there that they scent but cannot reach. The half-naked willows trail the tips of whips an inch or two above the threadbare picnic spot, faintly green, with its shallow cairn of stone filled with ashes among which the lettering on a fragment of beer carton may still be read by the eye that supplies the familiar missing letters. With the toe of his rubber sole, the farmer turns, as he goes, a glint where the bed of the river has dropped back; someone lost a ring here last summer. The blue overalls are leading through dead thistle, past occasional swirls of those swamp lilies with long ragged leaves arranged in a mandala, through a patch of tough reeds like the tails of some amphibians that keep their black-green flexibility all through winter. The two men plunge clumsy as cattle into the dry reeds, exploding a little swarm of minute birds, taking against their faces the spider-web sensation of floss broken loose by their passage, from seeding bulrush heads. There lying on his face is the man.

The farmer almost ran onto him without seeing: He was close behind his herdsman and weltering along doggedly. The dead man.

Jacobus is walking around the sight. There is a well-trampled clearing about it—the whole kraal must have been down to have a look. "How is happen? What is happen here? Why he come down here on this farm? What is happen?" He talks on, making a kind of lament of indignation. The farmer is circling the sight, too, with his eyes.

The face is in the tacky mud; the tiny brown ears, the fine, felted hair, a fold or roll where it meets the back of the neck, because whoever he was, he wasn't thin. A brown pin-stripe jacket, only the stubs of button shanks left on the sleeves, that must once have been part of some white man's business suit. Smart tight pants and a wide belt of fake snakeskin with fancy stitching. He might be a drunk, lying there, this city slicker. But his outdated "stylish" shoes are on dead, twisted feet, turned in stiff and brokenly as he was flung down into the reeds. Except for the face, which struck a small break or pocket between clumps, his body isn't actually on the earth at all but held slightly above it on an uneven nest of the reeds it has flattened, made for itself. From here, the only injury he shows is a long red scratch obviously made by a sharp broken reed catching his neck.

The farmer bats at something clinging at his face. No mosquitoes now; bulrush gossamer. "He was dead when Solomon found him?"

"Dead, dead, finish." The herdsman walks over delicately toward the object and, bending toward it a little, turns his face back at his employer and says confidentially, rather as if he had been listening—"And now already is beginning to be little bit. . . ." He wrinkles his nose, exposing the dirty horse teeth.

The farmer breathes quite normally;

(continued on page 102)

CONSERVATIVE? NATURALLY! DASHING? DECIDEDLY!

"young winston's" simon ward holds fast for the three-piece suit

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

ACCLAIMED for his screen interpretation of Winston Churchill's formative years, British actor Simon Ward stays in character by donning a contemporary version of a Churchillian hallmark—the three-piece suit. Shown here: a Ruben Torres–designed two-button model in wool piped with satin and featuring roped shoulders and flared leg bottoms, $250, worn with a polyester-cotton dress shirt, $20, and a silk tie, $15, all from Allen Winston; plus a pair of oxford lace-ups, by Nunn Bush for Brass Boot, $46. Good show!

PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON AZUMA

LIONEL'S LADIES

"Ice," 1966. Oil on Canvas, 70" x 60". Collection Whitney Museum of American Art. Gift of the Friends of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

richard lindner's women take many guises—from whore to ingénue—but they are always charged with a voracious erotic energy

art **By HILTON KRAMER**

THE ART of Richard Lindner is an art of the fantastic. Out of a wide experience of life—particularly urban life, with its mad, headlong, unappeased appetite for the extremes of existence—and an uncanny, painstaking power of observation, Lindner has created an art of bizarre and outrageous images. He confronts the workaday distortions and exaggerations of modern life with the graver and more hilarious hyperbole of his own imagination. He is a realist of sorts, but his art is untouched by the traditional realist obligation to report on the commonplace surfaces of life. He is, rather, a realist of the "secret life"—of all those unacknowledged fantasies and involuntary daydreams provoked by the social and erotic exacerbations of life in the maelstrom of the modern city. As a result, Lindner's art compels the spectator to be a voyeur of his own forbidden, libidinous dreams.

Lindner depicts these fantasies in a pictorial style that is at once extremely detached and extremely provocative. He is a master draftsman, a virtuoso technician of the brush, a flawless performer in bringing every detail of his complex vision to meticulous realization. He is always in total control of his medium. Yet the very coolness of his methods, the professional polish and even slickness of his technique are a foil for the heated erotic atmosphere that pervades his work. The detachment of the worldly artist-observer only serves to make the subject matter itself, dominated by images of oversized Mod goddesses and temptresses swollen with an appetite for

Says Lindner: "I have never painted a nude, because I do not find the nude sufficiently erotic, and it is the erotic rather than the pornographic that interests me. Erotic art enhances experience; pornography is simply a substitute for it."

"Hello." 1966. Collection Harry N. Abrams Family, New York, New York.

experience, all the more compelling. The very rigor of the form, almost geometric in conception and highly impersonal in its execution, intensifies our response to an imagination that is aflame with elaborate scenarios of the buried inner life.

Lindner's is an art lavish in visual incident, and this, too, makes it exceptional. One has to adjust one's response to almost a different medium. His mind is, in some respects, closer to that of a novelist or a film director than to that of a painter, at least a modern painter for whom the subject, if it exists at all, is often only a pretext for the perfection of a form that effectively eliminates the need for a subject. Lindner's paintings have a cast of characters, a plot of sorts, an action—usually an arrested or threatened action—that can be discerned. In the presence of a Lindner episode, the spectator often feels a certain apprehension and alarm as well as an odd exhilaration and release. At the same time, Lindner's world is a comic one, though the comedy is not particularly happy. It is a world of sexual power and social pretension and the gestures and costumes the characters assume for the games they act out on the vast stage of the mind.

In Lindner's comic universe, there are plenty of male figures but no heroes. There are only robust heroines who are anything but benign or accommodating. Women are the figures of authority, agents of aggression ready to tyrannize over male susceptibilities. In this world, all power emanates from female prowess, but this prowess is itself a comic illusion spawned in the fantasy of male vulnerability. For the males in Lindner's imaginary universe are mainly boys—passive and expectant, poised between innocence and experience, waiting for the great secret that can be disclosed to them only by the female predator or the female redeemer—or else they are men sporting the costumes

"If we take changes in women's fashions as an index to their sexual liberation, what is left? There are no more taboos to be violated short of universal nudity—which would become 'counterproductive' as a means of erotic appeal."

Untitled #2. 1962. Private Collection, Chicago, Illinois.

"Angel in Me." 1966. Collection Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Mayer, Winnetka, Illinois.

Untitled #1. 1962. Collection Mr. and Mrs. Morton G. Neumann, Chicago, Illinois.

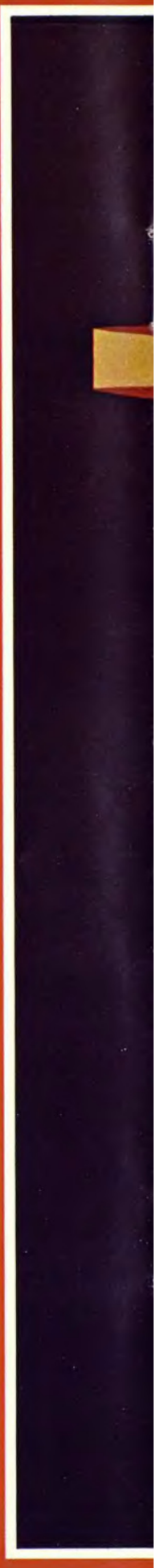
"Marilyn Was Here." 1967. Collection Dr. Max Palevsky, Los Angeles, California.

of virility that boys can only imagine.

The female figure of power assumes many guises in Lindner's work—whore, nursemaid, Earth Mother, nymphet, ingénue, femme fatale. But whatever mask she wears—and her face is always a mask, seductive but unknowable—she is always charged with a voracious erotic energy. She is always in command, ready to give orders, and there is, indeed, something military in her bearing. Her every costume exudes power, especially the famous mechanistic underclothes—the elaborate corsets and cruel garter belts —which have the look of some fantastic military instrument for securing unconditional erotic surrender. There is, in Lindner's women, an almost horrific, devouring vitality. Their bodies assume grotesque proportions, which their ingenious garments can hardly contain, but they are the unmistakable proportions of health and well-being, the outsize proportions of a vital force. If there is an element of menace in this fantasy of female vitality and power, it is the menace of life itself, the fearful biological crux as it makes itself felt in the boy's passive but alert imagination and then lodges itself in the deeper recesses of the adult male consciousness.

An art of fantasy, then. An art of erotic projection, expectation, fear, comedy and—however bizarre—gratification. But Lindner's art is also an art of social comedy. It holds a mirror (albeit distorted) up to the crazy, far-out surfaces of the urban spectacle. The visual language of the streets and the boutiques, of demotic polyglot cultures confronting the homogenized dreams of advertising and the TV screen, of machines, buildings and objects competing with the crowds for space in which to survive and flourish—somehow all of this makes itself felt in Lindner's pictorial style, with its garish color and fluorescent light, its *(concluded on page 189)*

"When I came to New York years ago, you could tell at a glance the women who were 'respectable' and those who were whores. Now every woman looks like a whore. I don't mind it. I rather like it. It makes everything more 'real.' "



"Leopard Lily," 1966. Ludwig Collection, Cologne, West Germany.

THE CONSERVATIONIST

(continued from page 94)

he does not take in the deep breaths of dry clear air that he did up on the lucerne field, but he does not reduce his intake, either. There is nothing, really nothing; whereas, up there, that sweetish whiff.

"You'd better not touch him. You're sure nobody here knows him? It's got nothing to do with any of you here?" He looks very deeply at his herdsman, lowering his head and hooding his eyebrows over his eyes.

Jacobus puts a hand dramatically on his own breast, where a stained vest shows through the unbuttoned overalls. He swings his head slowly from side to side: "Nobody can know this man. Nothing for this man. This is people from there—there"—he points that same accusing finger away in the direction of the farm's northern boundary.

The skin of the palm of a hand is too insensitive to detect the gossamer, but still it clings. The farmer projects his lower lip and blows sharply, upward over his face. And now he notices a single fly, one of the lingering, persistent kind, hovering just above the neat brown ear down there. The fly is on the side to which the head is fractionally turned, although it is fullface in the mud, the side on which the mouth must be close to being exposed. The fly hovers and lands, hovers and lands, unmolested.

"Just leave it as it is. The police must come."

"Ye-e-es, master," the herdsman says, long drawn out in sympathy for the responsibility that is no longer his. "Ye-e-es . . . is much better."

There is a moment's pause. The fly looks as if it ought to be buzzing but cannot be heard. There is the customary silence down here among the reeds, broken by the rifle crack (so it sounds, in contrast) of a dry stalk snapped by the movement of some unseen bird. The seething of the wind through the green reeds in late summer is seasonal.

They turn and thrash back the way they had come, leaving the man. Behind them, he is lying alone on his face.

The farmer takes the car to get up to the house and Jacobus comes with him, sitting carefully with feet planked flat on the carpeted floor and curled hands together on neat knees—he has the keys, so that he can always get into the house to telephone to town during the week, when the farmer is not a farmer but an industrialist, in pig iron. The house is closed up, because no one lives there all week. They enter through the kitchen door and the farmer goes straight to the telephone in the living room and turns the little crank on the box. The party line is busy and while he waits, he frees from the thin tacky mud on his soles the slivers of dry reed that are stuck in it. He prizes one sole against the other and the mud wrinkles and blobs, like droppings, to the shiny linoleum patterned with orange-and-brown roses. The table is laid ready with hardware for a meal, under a net weighted at the hem with colored beads; an authoritative refrigerator, placed across the angle of a corner, hums to itself. The ring that he is waiting for makes him start. The line is free now and the exchange puts him through to the police station.

He always talks the white man's other language to officials and he is speaking in Afrikaans. "Look—Mehring here, from Vleibos, the Groendal Road. You must send someone. There's a dead man been found on my farm. Down in the vlei. Looks as if he'd been dumped there."

There is a blowing noise, abrupt, at the other end, air is expelled in good-natured exasperation. The voice addresses him as if he were an old friend: "Man . . . on Sunday . . . where'm I going to get someone? The van's out on patrol at the location. I'm alone here, myself. It's a Bantu, ay?"

"Yes. The body's lying in the reeds."

"Your boys have a fight or what?"

"It's a stranger. None of my boys knows who it is."

The voice laughs. "Yes, they're scared, they'll say they don't know. Was it a knife fight, I suppose?"

"I tell you, I've no idea. I don't want to mess about with the body and confuse your investigation. You must send someone."

"Hell, I don't know what I'm going to do about that. I'm only myself, here. The van's at the location. . . . I'll send tomorrow morning."

"But this body was found yesterday, it's been lying there twenty-four hours already."

"What can I do, sir? Man, I'm alone here!"

"Why can't you get hold of some other police station? Let them send someone."

"Can't do that. This's my district."

"Well, what am I to do about a dead body on my property? The man may have been murdered. It's obvious he's been knocked on the head or something and dumped. You can see from his shoes he didn't walk a step in that vlei."

"There's injuries on the head or where?"

"I've told you, that's your affair. I don't want my boys handling someone who's been murdered. I don't want any trouble afterward about this business. You must get a man out here today, Sergeant."

"First thing in the morning. There won't be any trouble for you, don't worry. You're there by the vlei, just near the location, ay? It comes from there, all right, they're a terrible lot of Kaffirs there, we're used to that lot. . . ."

The farmer replaces the receiver and says in English, "Christ Almighty"; and snorts a laugh, softly, so that Jacobus shall not hear.

The herdsman is waiting in the kitchen. "They'll come early tomorrow. I've told them everything. Just keep people away. And dogs. See that no dogs go down there." The herdsman doesn't react at all, although he has no doubt thought the farmer didn't know that the dogs that were supposed to be banished from the kraal have quietly reappeared again, not the same individual animals, perhaps, but as a genus.

"Excuse, my master"—he indicates that he wants to pass before him into the living room and tramps, tiptoeing almost, across to a piece of furniture that must once have featured as the pride of a dining-room "suite" for the previous owner of the farm but is now used as a bar (a locked cupboard to which Jacobus has not got a key) and also repository (unlocked drawers) for farm documents, and pulling out one of the stiff drawers by its fancy gilt handle, feels surely under the feed bills tossed there. He has found what he apparently had hidden for safekeeping: He brings in the bowl of his palms a huge, black-dialed watch with broad metal strap and a pair of sunglasses with a cracked right lens. He waits, indicating by the pause that his employer must put out his hand to receive, and formally gives over the property. "From him?" And the herdsman nods heavily.

"All right, Jacobus."

"All right, master."

"Send Alina up about one to make me some lunch, eh?" he calls after him.

So they have touched the thing, lifted the face. Of course, the dark glasses might have been in a pocket. No money. Not surprising; these Friday, payday, murders are for money, what else? Jacobus took the objects (the Japanese-made steel watch is the kind black men offer surreptitiously for sale on street corners) into safekeeping to show that the people here've got nothing to do with the whole business.

Going to the drawer Jacobus has just shut, he finds a window envelope, already franked, that had carried some circular. The watch, with its flexible steel-mesh strap wrapped close, fits in easily, but the glasses prevent the flap

(concluded on page 165)

COCKTAIL COOKERY

food By EMANUEL GREENBERG

what's sauce for the chef goes great with goose, steaks, scallops, shrimps . . .

NO, COOKING WITH COCKTAILS is not just a sneaky way to get bombed. Nor is it going to replace *haute cuisine*. While the idea may seem audacious, and certainly untraditional, there's a practical reason behind it. Spirits are storehouses of concentrated flavor—the distilled essences of corn, rye, cane, grapes and other fruit. The complexity of bourbon, for example, astonishes food analysts, who list vanilla, cumin, cereal and "buttery nutty scents" among its generous flavor endowments. Gin, brandy, rum and *(continued on page 170)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

article **BY JAMES LINCOLN COLLIER** MOST WRITERS get into their line of work because they are driven by a vision, a splendid passion to do magnificent and immortal things. I, however, became a writer the way other young men go into the family business. My father, Edmund Collier, is a writer of children's books. My brother, Christopher Collier, is a historian, writer of obscure articles and author of the recent *Roger Sherman's Connecticut*, a book so scholarly that it costs $18.50. My brother-in-law James Buechler writes short fiction and has won a couple of O. Henry prizes. My uncle Slater Brown is a novelist, hero of E. E. Cummings' *The Enormous Room* and husband of a grandniece of Henry James. My aunt, Susan Jenkins Brown, is author of a book called *Robber Rocks* about her friendship with the poet Hart Crane. My cousin Gwilym Slater Brown has been a staff writer for *Sports Illustrated* for many years. Another cousin, Sargent Collier, was a writer-photographer, and another uncle, George Zipf, was a lexicographer.

The farther back you go, the worse it gets. Thoreau wanted to marry my great-grandmother, who in turn was descended from the diarist Samuel Sewell. Farther back still is Anne Bradstreet, America's first poet, and back

ILLUSTRATION BY FREO BERGER

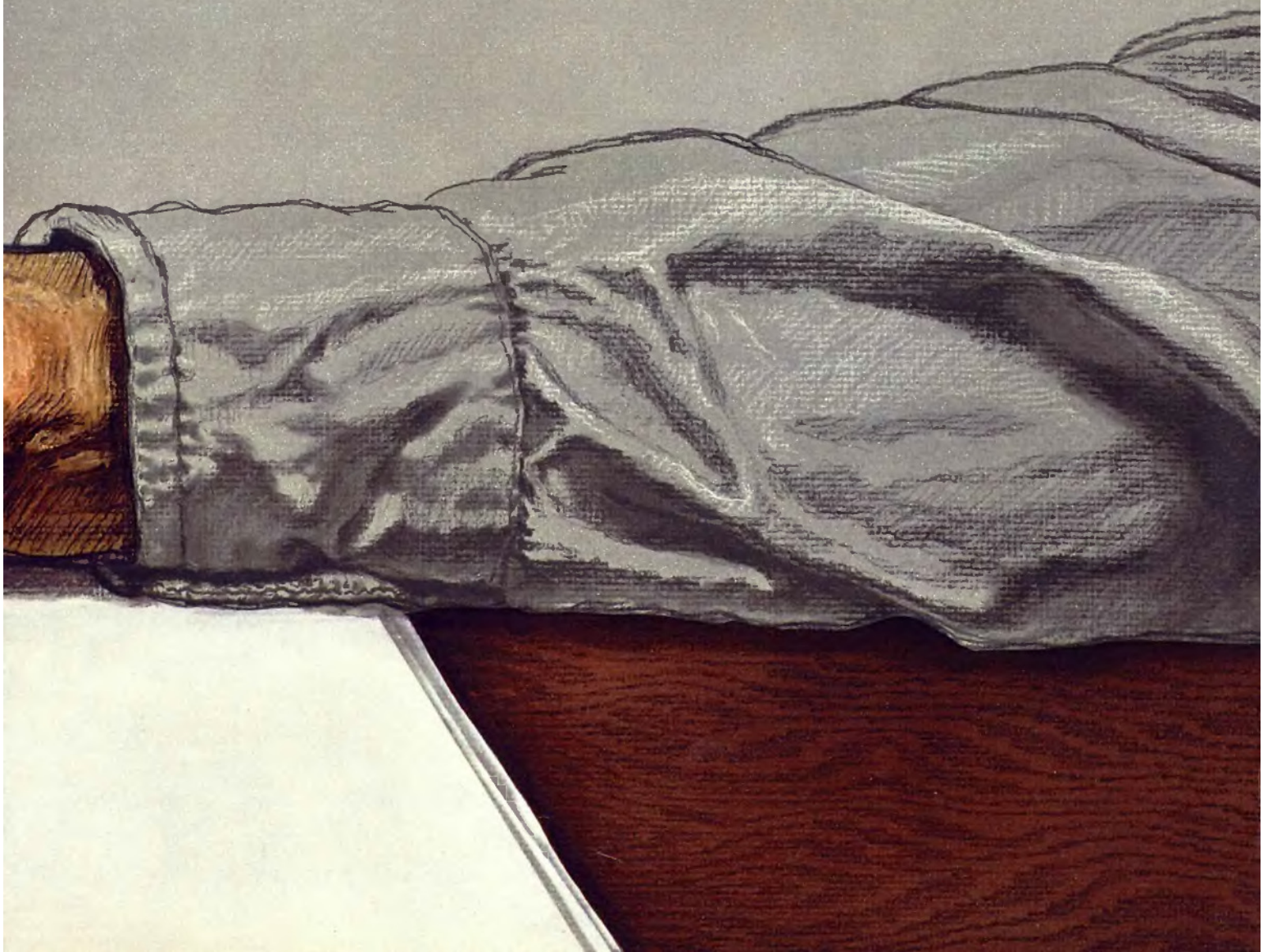
beyond her is George Morton, author of Mourt's *Relation*, a kind of public-relations tract for the Plymouth Colony.

Not, mind you, that any of these people ever became rich or immortal. Most of them labored obscurely in dingy apartments trying to explain to long-suffering spouses that there was no point in getting a regular job, it was always darkest before the dawn, a breakthrough was imminent, the next book was a natural and just *had* to become a best seller. The only one of the lot who made a name for himself was H. D. Thoreau, and with its unerring instinct, the family turned him down. To many people, a writer is a glamorous article—a fellow experienced in the human heart who smokes a pipe and carries himself with an air of kindly authority. To me he is somebody with a drooping mustache, wearing a shabby bathrobe and telling the man from the finance company that the check is in the mail.

So you can readily understand why, when I graduated from Hamilton, I was not eager to take up the family trade. The very idea filled me with morbid dread. I envisioned an endless sequence of rejection slips, unpaid bills, hot-dog stews, cold-water flats and the officious condescension of editors from *(continued on page 216)*

THE MAN WHO WROTE MY NOVEL

even when they'd exposed him as an outright plagiarist, he was still proud of his book



SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

playmate bonnie large floats through the air, gets sawed in half and hangs out with a robot— but it's all just part of her job

BONNIE HAS this weird boyfriend named Ralph whose idea of a good time is to hang around shopping centers, where he likes to greet customers—"Good evening, ma'am, that's a lovely dress you're wearing"—then shake hands, answer questions and do a commercial for some product or other. And when he talks, you *listen*: Ralph is an eight-and-a-half-foot robot. He and Bonnie Large, a slender but well-organized five feet, five and a half, both work for Hill-Daves Productions in Sherman Oaks, California. The company—sometimes with the assistance of name entertainers and vaudeville acts—puts on shows to entertain businessmen and help them market their wares. Bonnie's dates with Ralph—who speaks and moves with the help of a concealed accomplice who operates the remote-control buttons and the microphone—are but a small part of what she does for Hill-Daves. She handles their secretarial chores and makes occasional out-of-town trips to help set up shows. And she performs, too—as a dancer, a model and a "straight girl" for magician Chuck Jones. In their act, Bonnie floats through space—not with the greatest of ease, perhaps, but convincingly—and in another routine, she gets sawed in half. After getting herself back together, Bonnie hops into her Beetle for the 45-minute drive back to her apartment in Alhambra. "It's

Bonnie confers with boss Terry Hill (right) before a show in Ventura for a savings-and-loan company. Hard work isn't new for Miss March; she graduated high school a year early, after an intensive summer-study program.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL AND MEL FIGGE

nothing fancy," she says, but it's distinguished by the numerous antiques Bonnie has collected at local thrift shops and "swap-ins"; among them are a four-poster bed and a pre-1900 Singer sewing machine. A confirmed animal lover who once worked as a veterinarian's assistant, Bonnie also keeps a variety of pets: two great Danes, three cats and a gopher snake who stays safely locked in his tank. Because her job is as demanding as it is exhilarating, Bonnie has had to shelve plans to take night courses in shorthand and industrial drawing this year. She'd like to do more modeling, though. In 1969 she was a finalist in the competition for the court of the Rose Queen but was disqualified when the officials learned that she was too young. "I'd been told that they made exceptions," she says, "but they didn't make one in my case." Now Bonnie hopes that her Playmate appearance will inspire some modeling offers. We'd bet on that—but, of course, we're a little biased.

Born in California just 20 years ago, Bonnie Large is the product of a half-dozen ethnic strains: German, Irish, French, Scottish, Welsh and Seminole. And she cambines a variety of talents in her work for Hill-Daves Productions, an outfit that provides entertainment for auto shows and other business ventures. Bonnie helps organize the shaws (right), then goes onstage, where, among other things, she takes ta the air (far right) at the command of magician Chuck Jones. She also chaperones a transparent robot named Ralph, who handles promotional assignments at supermarkets. "Children love him," says Bonnie—and the picture proves it.


HOELSCHER


MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

At The Magic Castle, a private magicians' club in Hollywood—yau enter and leave through secret panels—Bonnie learns card tricks from "The Senotor," a veteran prestidigitator. Later, she breaks up over her date, Bob McGaughey, obviously a cord himself.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A tourist was propositioned in London one night. When he replied that his funds were low, the streetwalker suggested an 'arf-a-quid stand-up in a nearby darkened doorway. The man agreed with some misgivings, and then froze after a brief period of inconvenient activity. "Wot's the matter, dearie?" asked the tart.

"It's just too much!" fumed the traveler. "Not only am I involved in this ridiculous position but you have the brazen indecency to keep nodding at people passing by!"

"Ow, but that's yer fault, mister," she sniffed. "Yer've tucked in a bit o' me scarf."

It's so cold in Duluth in the winter," a friend from Minnesota told us recently, "that the exhibitionists just describe themselves."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Georgia athlete* as a Cracker jock.

A seismology coed named Schlichter
Had a boyfriend named Victor, who licked her
With an ardor unslaked
Till she quivered and quaked
On a scale that surpassed that of Richter.

When the girl answered the phone, it was obvious from the outset that the call was an obscene one; but after the first few words, the masculine voice at the other end sank to a whisper. "You'll have to speak up," she yelled. "I can hardly hear you."

"I can't," came the barely audible reply. "My mommy just came into the room."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *clitoris* as a haired trigger.

The young man who had offered the girl a ride home after work proved to be as entertaining as he was handsome. Upon arriving at her door, she invited him up for a drink, one thing led to another and they spent a wonderful night together. But when the girl woke up, her companion had already dressed and left, and she realized that she knew little about him except his first name. Determined not to lose touch with such a charmer, she ransacked her memory and finally recalled that he had said that he worked on a gamebird farm in the suburbs. So she checked the Yellow Pages, telephoned the place and gave his first name and described him.

"Yeah," said the man on the phone, "that's Pete Morrell, lady. He's a pheasant plucker."

"He sure is!" agreed the girl. "And he has a pleasant smile and personality, too."

What a weekend!" the exhausted house guest exclaimed. "Mixed doubles without a letup, and then someone had to go and suggest tennis!"

And, of course, you've heard about the desperate fellow with the frigid wife who bought a water bed and filled it with antifreeze.

Sex education has its own special problems," an instructor in the field points out. "One of my students has become pregnant—and I don't know whether to flunk her or give her extra credit."

It was shocking!" huffed the very proper gentleman to the back-country filling-station operator. "Why, a few miles down the road, I saw a boy in a ditch committing sodomy with a rabbit!"

"Boys will be boys, I reckon," grinned the local.

"And then a little bit farther on, I saw an ancient fellow—he must have been at least eighty—lying in a haystack masturbating!"

"Well, now, buddy, you wouldn't expect a man that old to catch a rabbit, would you?"

In rest rooms, a guy named Elias
Wreaks havoc; the wherefore and why is
Inaccurate aim,
And he places the blame
On a rabbi who cut on the bias.

Close your eyes and relax," said the psychiatrist to the pretty patient on the couch. "and I'll try an experiment." He took a leather key case from his pocket, flipped it open and shook the keys. "What did that sound remind you of?" he asked.

"Sex," she whispered.

He closed the key case and touched it to the girl's upturned palm. Her body stiffened. "And that?" asked the psychiatrist.

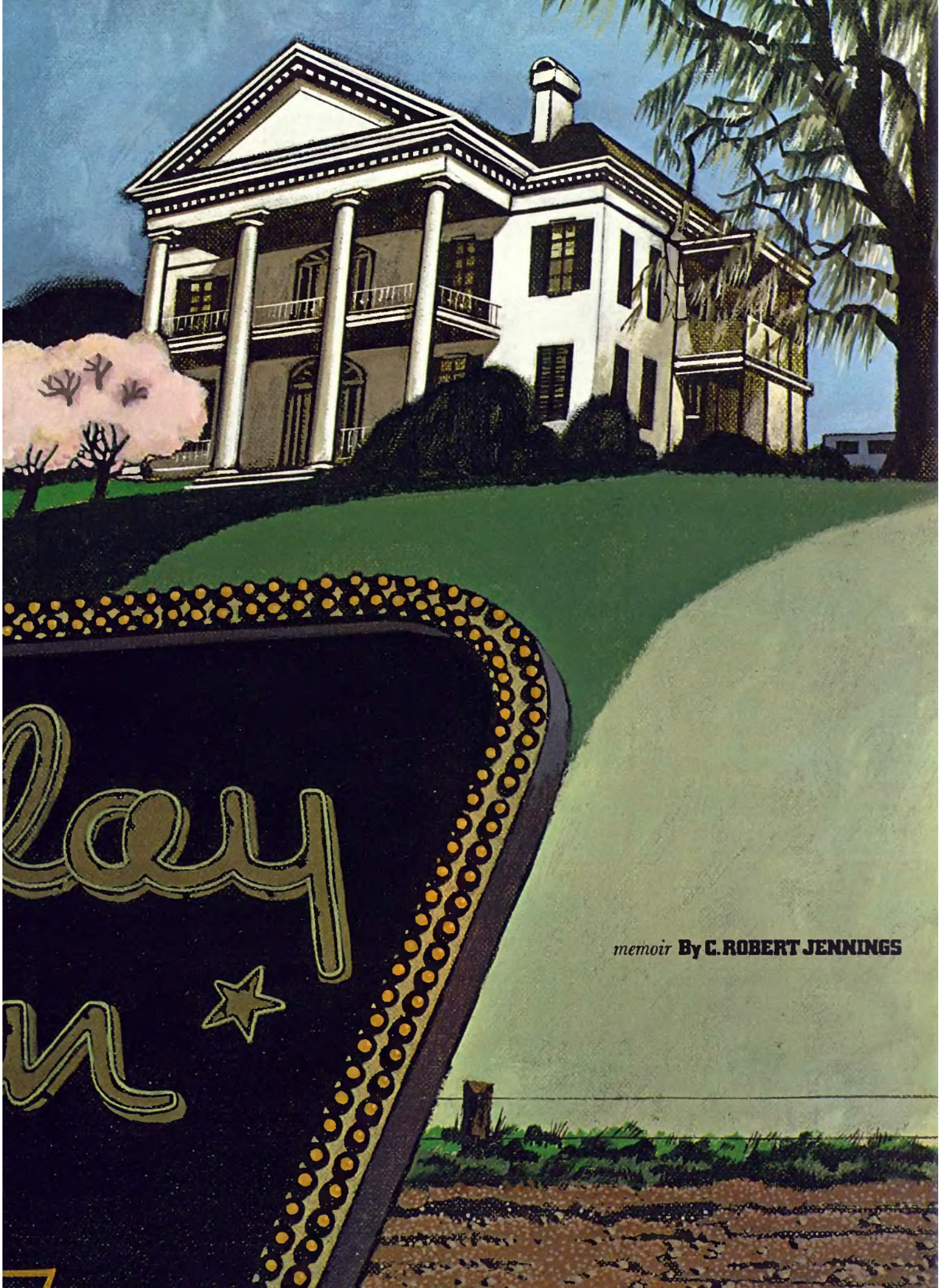
"Sex," the girl managed to say as she swallowed nervously.

"Now open your eyes," instructed the doctor, "and tell me why what I did was sexually evocative to you."

Hesitantly, her eyelids flickered open. She took in the key case in the psychiatrist's hand and blushed scarlet. "Well—er—to begin with," she stammered. "I thought that first sound was your zipper opening. . . ."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Yeah, I know. It's the same with mine—
damn sand gets in everything."



memoir **By C. ROBERT JENNINGS**

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM GIANNANTONI

down there among the pine trees,
dogwoods, tar-paper shacks and kin you never really knew

HOME? WHICH WAY IS THAT?

GOING HOME: The very words have a special American resonance, a complex reverberation involving the emotions as nothing else ever does. They immerse the mind in shadow and substance, myth and reality and, over all, the tricky maunderings of memory, the unstoppable insult of time. Cutthroat time.

It had been seven years since I had returned to the place of my birth and five of the six visits before that had been for family illnesses or burials, sanctified by Christian services but always somehow, like death everywhere, freighted with pagan ritual. The mourners mourn for themselves and their stricken awareness of mortality. The jokes in the family parlor are funnier, dirtier. The cocktails flow more freely at the

country-club bar. Cakes are baked. There is an orgy of eating. There is something new to do, to talk about in the town. In country roadhouses they dance harder to make up for the emptiness they feel, in spool beds they screw as if they, too, might die tomorrow.

I had not wanted to go back, in spite of the beauty and generosity and tradition of the place, in spite of the rootedness I knew deep in my bones I could never repudiate. Going home meant the most painful reminders of old sufferings, a dread reconsideration of old mistakes, the resurrection of old ghosts. I went out of duty and love and because I was looking for something.

It began in the most unlikely of places: the workroom of my home in Southern California, where I write this. I am sitting here, as then, looking out my window at a pocked and stunted magnolia with aphids blackening the edges of leaves that, in the South I knew, would be green and shiny as the eyes of madmen. In the ten years that I have been in this house, my tree has not grown one inch nor produced a single sweet-smelling white blossom. Back home there is hardly a magnolia in the mothballs of memory that is not larger than our two-story house there, and whose summer fragrances are nothing short of staggering.

My children ignore the needle-pointed DO NOT DISTURB sign on my workroom door and make fun of my accent, or the scars of it, yet they seem more and more hungry in their curiosity about where my people—*their* people—come from. They have never been to my home town. Have never known chitlins, corn bread, scuppernongs, crab apples, wild plums, lightning bugs like diamonds on the lambent air, the sweet promise of the seasons, stately antebellum mansions, June bugs on a string, the call of bobwhite, hauntingly beautiful cemeteries with Greek temples and Egyptian obelisks and mausoleums with richly romantic carvings on Italian marble, the funny lies their cousins tell. Have never "gone riding" on Sundays and dropped in on neighbors without calling, nor seen kudzu take over a steep-sloping riverbank or wild azaleas enchant a pine forest redolent of resin, nor caught sugar-cane syrup in tin pails while an old mule pulled round and round the great grinding logs, nor eaten collard greens and black-eyed peas and leftover grits, nor been to a peanut boil or a barbecue where goats and pigs cook for two days in the earth, nor fished from a river as dark and lordly as the Chattahoochee, whence cotton once went all the way to Liverpool. Have never realized Faulkner's theory that one loves a place not just because of but despite, shared his understanding of the idiosyncrasies of Southern *place*, river, soil, "opaque, slow, violent, creating the love of man in its implacable and brooding image."

So I had promised them flowers and cousins and rivers and graveyards, pledged them a springtime picnic beside a canyon of many clay colors, broiled chicken with gravy for breakfast, sopped up with rolls that rise in a churn on the hearth by the fireplace, more and better fried chicken and deviled eggs and Dixie cups and caramel cake than they would ever see in all the rest of their days. I would bedazzle them with a youth's vision of the glory of the South in general, the cherished landscape of my home place in particular, of Thomas Wolfe's celebration of "the magic and the singing and the gold."

It would all be there, somehow, appealingly the same. A graceful topography, grand people, a familiar coziness, the smell of permanence. For their sake, I would not allow the private emotional charges between me and the place I came from to be short-circuited by old abominations, by the ancient forces of race, politics, sexuality or family heritage—the direst enslavement of all: "Other people know or knew your mother and father," I was warned, "your grandmothers and aunts and uncles and cousins, and you are forever judged against that knowledge."

Yet up until the very last, I devised many reasons for not going back. For one thing, I knew the real home town was not mine. I had lived a somewhat sheltered life, and when I returned from private schools, it was always *coming* home, never going home. There was no more reality for me in people getting up and going to work in the door factory or the paper, peanut or cotton mills of now than there was then, when Negroes stogged in poverty went to the fields before dark to cut their fingers on mean cotton balls, kill snakes between dusty rows in the pitiless Alabama sun and keep sullenly silent when they were cheated with weighted scales. And I knew none of it. Or didn't want to. Just as I squirmed in embarrassment at my father's jokes or the endless barbershop twaddle about poontang and nigger cuttin's. Though as anyone could tell you, violence and screwing course through Southern life like twin grails in the vaunted search for manhood.

One remembers what one wants to remember, forgets what one wants to forget. I knew I had not so much forgot as I couldn't bring myself to remember, with any clarity: the unseemly humiliations of the black people; the torpor of our endless summers; the sumpy smell of Saturday-night violence; the dark rising sexuality sublimated in dank high school gyms; all the clumsy pawing in the back seats of borrowed cars; the violations of virgins I had put on unshakable pedestals; the aching monotony of the empty moist streets by night when the town seemed as strange and silent as Stonehenge; the unspeakable waste, through alcohol, pills or insanity of so many good friends and relatives; the awful details of the lingering deaths of my father, my aunt and both grandmothers, the suicides of my mother and two uncles, all the sorrowful voices and sickbed rooms, the wills fought over in equal parts anger, greed and shame.

I tended to see all these in dim reveries, if at all, in blurred and dreamlike images, images stuck in the imagination of some long ago, some no doubt fixed at birth (the very day an uncle shot himself), others at puberty or during what was laughingly called adolescence, many alongside sickbeds, most at funerals, and all attenuating time with the deceptive facility of a film dissolve. Did it matter? Another Southern writer, Elizabeth Hardwick, had told me that "nothing is to be gained by reality—but much is lost in illusion." So the truth is hard to find. But one must seek slabs of it, nonetheless, knowing that memory effects distortion. It was no longer a question of going or staying. I would go because I *had* to go.

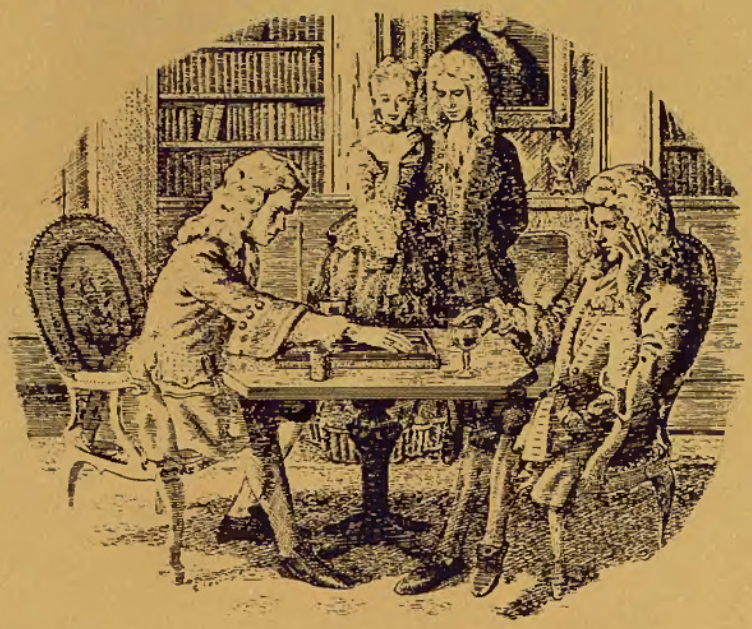
I dismissed Thomas Wolfe's elephantine argument of whether or not you could go home again as so much square, sentimental hyperbole and held fast now with Kierkegaard, who wrote that "only robbers and gypsies say that one must never return where one has once been." My wife was convinced that I should resolve my ambivalent feelings about home by going there and writing about it, that perhaps I could do my best writing in the effort to separate the symbols and myths of memory (and the fictions that swirled about me and that I had bought as a child) from the actuality, for only in such a separation could I really perceive myself, my place, my home, my parents and friends. Could exorcise old demons and fill my Empties. Could, *au fond*, grow up. At the very least, perhaps, I could draw some liberating nourishment, along with the sentimental follies and the bitter tastes, from being restored, for the first time as an adult, really, to another time and place I felt I could understand.

• • •

Eufaula, Alabama, had 8357 people in 1960, according to the census takers, and 9102 by 1970; but, as my cousin Edward Trippe Comer III, an eloquent grandee, says, "It's about 6000, isn't it? Always *was*." For to most people who stayed there, it will never change, will certainly never ride the express version of the *Zeitgeist*. The average annual family income is just over $6500. Lacking the percipient traveler's memory, concealing no mnemonic device with which to

(continued on page 152)

BACKGAMMON



a portfolio of insights into the game that has captured the imaginations (and sometimes the souls) of high rollers, quick thinkers and jet setters the world over

...LORE AND LURE

article BY JON BRADSHAW

AFICIONADOS LIKE TO REFER TO BACKGAMMON as "the king of games, the game of kings," conferring some loose nobility on what might otherwise be considered a rather common game of chance. Though tradition confirms the game's kingly associations (Nero played backgammon, as did the Romanoffs; and Caligula is said to have been an inveterate cheat), backgammon is more apt to be played these days by what used to be called the idle rich—and by what passes today for a kind of instant elite—the international film and money sets. It has always been a big-money game, and since it can be played almost anywhere, it has become the perfect portable parlor game of the well to do.

Traditionally, backgammon has been restricted to such select preserves as London's Clermont Club, The Travellers Club in Paris and New York's Racquet Club. But since biannual championship tournaments were set up by Prince Alexis Obolensky in 1964, the game has become increasingly popular. Today, a network of minitournaments rings the U.S.; a book on the subject was a surprising success; the Backgammon Association of America was recently organized; and last year in this country alone, more than $5,000,000 was spent on backgammon boards and tables. Almost overnight, the game has become as much a popular phenomenon as tennis—and the backgammon back (a spinal ache elicited from spending long hours hunched over a board) has become as widespread a malady as tennis elbow. Gambling is the game's principal enticement. Yet, outside Nevada, gambling is still illegal in America. In spite of this, large sums are won and lost each year in such games as poker, bridge, gin and backgammon. In New York, one of backgammon's headquarters is an Upper East Side bar, where three boards are permanently set up for late-night players. Having heard reports of gaming on the bar's premises, the local police department issued a summons last year. The bar's indignant owner rang up the precinct sergeant, hoping to circumvent the summons. The summons was issued, the sergeant explained, because he'd heard that a game of blackgammon was being played there. The owner said that the game was called *back*gammon, and the sergeant asked if it was coin operated. Certainly not, replied the owner. Did it make a lot of noise? No. Did it involve physical contact? No. Then what sort of game was it? Well, said the owner, kind of like Monopoly. *(continued on page 168)*

...SECRETS AND SUBTLETIES

modern living

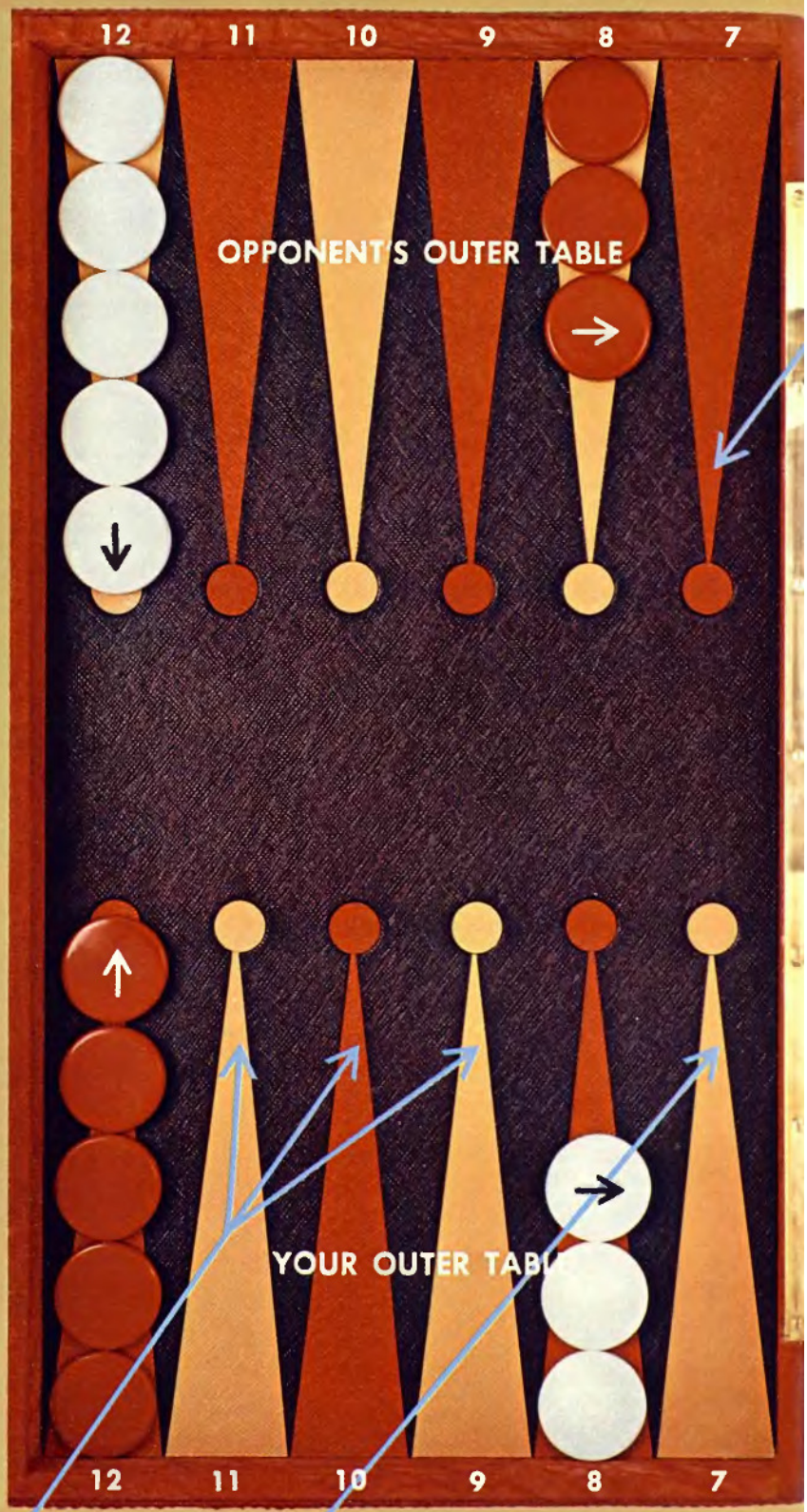
BY MICHAEL LAURENCE

AMONG THE GAMES people play, backgammon is a unique combination of the very old and the very contemporary. While the game itself dates back thousands of years (backgammon boards were found in King Tut's tomb), the modern gambling version was developed only a generation ago. The manner in which backgammon is currently played evolved only in the past ten years, and the evolution is continuing. Prior to the introduction in the Twenties of a doubling feature, the game was hardly more than an obscure relative of Parcheesi, played in British clubs and by natives of the Baltic and Mediterranean regions, where it has been popular for millennia. The doubling feature (described below) made it a gambling game par excellence. As time passed, the game naturally attracted gamblers par excellence. These gentlemen (and ladies), most of whom are still alive, playing and prosperous, re-examined the game and initiated an entirely new style of play, based on game and probability theories, which, while their basics have been known since Pascal, were seriously investigated only after World War Two. The connection has never been established, but the parallels between the evolution of contemporary backgammon and the development of the high-speed computer are too striking to ignore.

Backgammon is one of the most difficult board games in existence and *the* most difficult game of chance. While its rudiments can be learned in a few minutes, pursuing its subtleties can consume a lifetime. The Romans called it *ludus duodecim scriptorum* —the 12-line game. They played it, as it can be played today, with an equal number of shells and pebbles and 12 lines scratched in the dirt. In the modern game, the lines have given way to triangles, which many people think are the conventional decoration for the backs of checkerboards. But backgammon, essentially, is still a game of 12 lines.

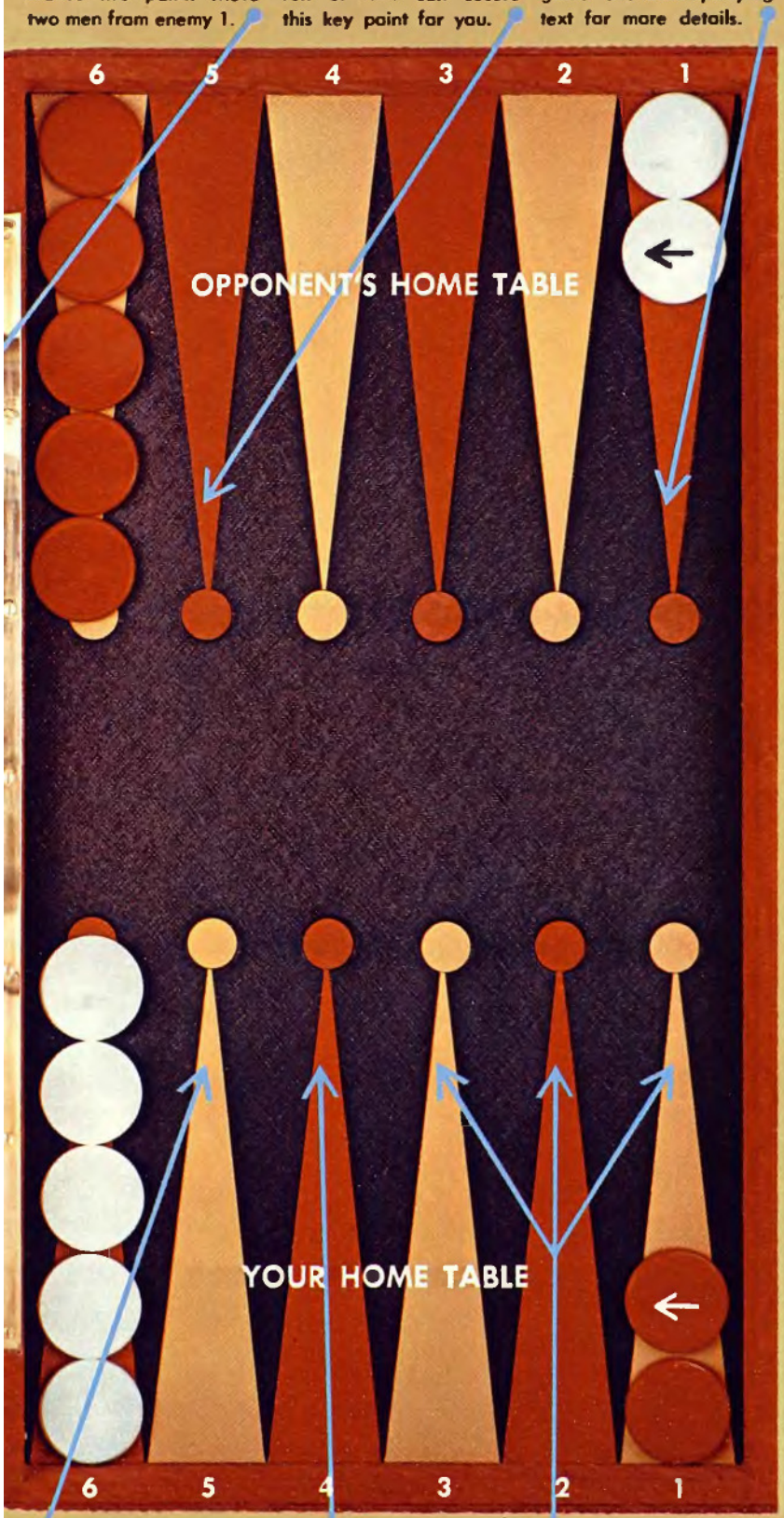
It's normally played by two people (though more can play, in what is called a chouette) on a board marked with 24 narrow triangles arrayed in two rows of 12. The triangles, which backgammon players call points or pips, are usually in two alternating colors, but the colors have no significance, other than to make it easier to count the pips. Each player has 15 checkerlike disks (called counters or men or stones) that are placed on the board in a predescribed pattern and moved from point to point as determined by the roll of a pair of dice. The roll of a 6–5, as an example, entitles the player to move one of his men six pips and another, five; or he

Backgammon for beginners: The colors of the triangles (called points) have no significance. An empty point, regardless of color, goes to the player whose dice let him put two men on it. This board is set up for the start of play; points are numbered for convenience. You play white and sit at bottom. Your mission is to move your men counterclockwise around the board (arrows), into your home table and then out of play, before the enemy, moving clockwise, does the same. Roll your dice.



Your 11, 10 and 9 are points to build on. To avoid capture, you need two men on a point, but this is not always possible or even desirable. Strategy is everything.

Your bar point is crucial, because it's six points past opponent's 12, from which you must eventually move five men. Making the bar point early (with an opening roll of 6–1, for instance) creates a landing spot for your back men and blocks three consecutive points, hindering opponent's back men.



can move one man all 11 points. Doubles count twice what the dice show. Thus, a 2–2 permits four moves of 2 points each.

Simply stated, the object of the game is to move your men around the board, into your home table (see photo) and then off, before your opponent can do the same with his. If you succeed in getting all your men off before your opponent has begun removing his, you achieve what is known as a gammon, which wins you double the stakes. And if you can bear off all your men while your opponent still has a man stranded in your home table, you win a backgammon, triple the stakes. Since the players must move their men in opposite directions, the development of the game resembles the clash of two armies in battle. Both players begin the game with soldiers arrayed on the four quadrants of the battlefield. Each player's troops must pass through the enemy's lines—and risk being captured on the way—before they can reach home safely. And even home is not necessarily safe, because the enemy might have left a few soldiers waiting to ambush whatever stragglers have failed to attach themselves to the main body of their army.

The photograph at left shows how the counters are arranged at the start of play. In a sense, a backgammon game is one third over before it begins, since each player opens with five counters in his home table, on the 6 point. The game can be played with most any beginning arrangement, and many variants exist, but the starting arrangement shown here (or its mirror image) produces the best and most interesting games and is now used almost universally. After moving all 15 of your men into your home table (points 1 through 6), you can begin removing them from play, also according to the throw of the dice. The throw of a 5–4, for instance, would permit the removal of one counter from your 5 point and another from your 4 point. The winner is the first player to bear off all his men. Since the players roll the dice alternately, ties cannot occur.

At the heart of the game is the element of capture. Each player can move any of his men to any point that his dice and the direction in which he is moving permit, unless the point is already occupied by two or more of his opponent's men. Having two or more men on the same triangle "makes the point," securing all the men on that point from capture. Each player may jump over a secured point, but he can never land on it. A lone man (called a blot) is captured if an opponent lands on the point on which it rests. Captured men must start over again, re-entering the board in the opponent's home table, also according to the dice, in a process that is rather the opposite of the bearing-off procedure that concludes the game.

The subtleties of backgammon become apparent when you realize that it's not only impossible but unwise to keep your men safe at all times. Open men create wider options and a more fluid attack. Much of

the skill of backgammon lies in understanding when and where to place your open men so that your opponent has the least possibility of hitting them. Each configuration on the board requires a new set of computations. Should you play a blocking game to keep your opponent from moving home easily? Or would it be better to take the offensive and run?

In many situations, the most critical decision a player can make is whether or not to capture an opponent's man. Capturing takes the man off the board, slowing the opponent's progress, since the man must re-enter at the beginning, in his opponent's home table, and all captured men must be re-entered before any of their teammates can move. Getting hit early in the game is of little consequence and may actually help you. But as the game matures, re-entering a captured man becomes progressively more difficult, because the opponent, bringing his own men home, blocks more and more of the re-entry points. On occasion, a captured man cannot re-enter at all, because the opponent's men block all six points (called a closed board). When that happens, the blocked player simply secthes politely, abandoning his turn at the dice until an opening appears, whereupon he can roll again.

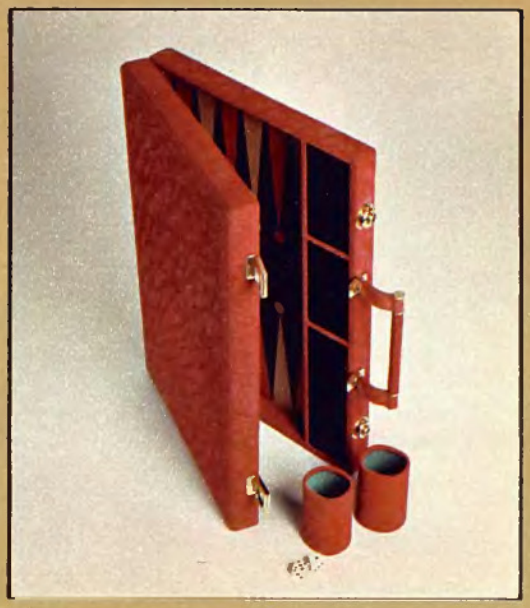
If someone were to ask The Rand Corporation to design a perfect gambling game, the result would probably be backgammon. Because captured men re-enter at the very place where the victorious player is bearing off his men, the possibility exists that a loser can pick off one of the victor's remaining men and turn the whole game around in one roll of the dice. Backgammon is quick (a typical game might last seven minutes), so there's always another game in which to recoup. The doubling feature increases the stakes in a way that is psychologically acceptable to both players and encourages the abandonment of dull or hopeless games. The one-on-one nature of the game (as opposed to casino gambling, where players all compete against a monolithic house, which has the odds in its favor) fosters camaraderie. And the ever-present rapid-fire roll of the dice provides the tempting (but erroneous) suggestion that backgammon is the ultimate game of chance. This is worth some discussion. The pastimes that we call games fall into two categories: games of chance and games of skill. Both categories embrace a wide spectrum of superficially dissimilar pursuits. Ice hockey and chess, for instance, are very different games, but both are games of skill. Playing bridge has little in common with buying a lottery ticket, but both of these are games of chance. The sole distinction between the two categories is that games of chance employ a randomizing agent. It might be a wheel that spins, cards that are shuffled and dealt, dice that are thrown onto a table or numbers that are plucked from a hat. Whatever it is, the players have no control over it. That part of the game is in the hands of the Fates.

Or is it? During extended play, good bridge players will almost invariably triumph over inferior players, no matter what cards they hold. They win because they know more about the play of the game and because the randomizing element—the fall of the cards—is ultimately less important than how the cards are played once they are dealt. Skill plays a large role in bridge, and in all challenging card games, because the influence of the randomizer is relatively small.

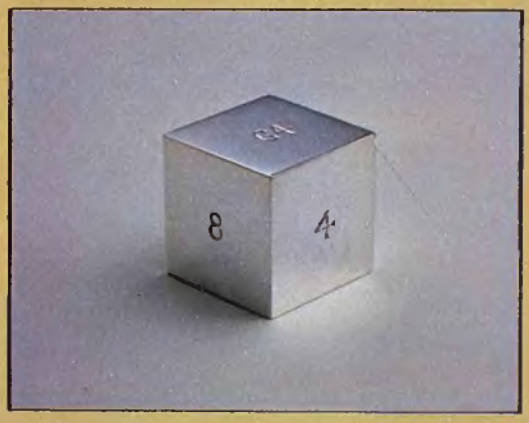
The subtle glory of backgammon is that it lets the randomizer run rampant. A typical backgammon game involves perhaps 50 rolls of the dice. A typical match, three or four hours long, might entail 2500 rolls. And a typical big-time backgammon player, playing a match or two a day, will see 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 dice rolls in a single year. On the surface, this would make backgammon the ultimate game of luck. But anyone acquainted with the laws of probability knows that the facts argue otherwise. Over time, dice roll predictably. If you are familiar with probability, and if you are throwing the dice millions of times a year, they will roll *very* predictably.

This sort of chance that is no longer chance exists all around us. The air molecules in the room in which you sit are moving rapidly and at random. Theoretically, nothing prevents them all from darting out the door, in which case you would suffocate. But they don't, and you can reasonably expect that they never will. There are just too many of them. Random motion (with molecules *(continued on page 166)*

...GAMES AND GEAR



For pochydermophiles, this elephant-hide attoché-style backgammon set, olso shown opposite, is $595.



Double your opponents with reol authority, using o sterling-silver doubling cube, $43.50 from Tiffany.

Then spend your winnings—to the tune of $1800—on this custom table by Karl Springer Ltd. Its jozzy botik ployfield is in the middle of the photo at right.

Clockwise from top right: Elephont set, by Bob Lee of Hunting World; smoll ontique board, from David Weiss Importers, $300; colf ottoché set, from Mark Cross, $250; Lucite board, from F. A. O. Schwarz, $80; custom table, by Springer, $975; suede attoché board, from Neimon-Morcus, $250; leother set, from Drueke, $95; onother boord from Schworz, $80. Custom toble at center is described opposite.

Concluding a new crime novel **By George V. Higgins**

the digger's game

a fur heist at the invitation of the owner—that was just the pushover the digger needed to get the greek off his back

SYNOPSIS: THE DIGGER: *Aka Jerry Doherty; he is one of those hard Harps. You want a new stereo or TV, he can sell it to you very cheap. If it doesn't burn you when you touch it. You want a clean job of breaking and entering, you see the Digger. Especially right now, because the Digger took one of those package tours to Las Vegas the other day, some very bad things happened at the blackjack table and he had to sign $18,000 worth of paper before he left.*

THE BRIGHT RED: *A bar in Dorchester the Digger owns; he went through a lot to get it and this is one thing he won't sell or mortgage.*

AGATHA DOHERTY: *She's married to the Digger, and there are a lot of things that bother her. For instance, where does he go at night when the rest of the family has gone to bed?*

FATHER PAUL DOHERTY: *Rector of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; the Digger's brother; weight, 290 pounds. He lives in a comfortable rectory, has an eight- or nine-room cottage at Onset, goes to Ireland in the fall. He has bailed the Digger out of trouble a few times in the past, but when he hears about the $18,000 disaster, he does not rush to the rescue. Three thousand dollars from his savings in return for a promise that Digger will stay clear of crime and will never bother him again—that's his deal. The Digger takes it.*

MARTY JAY: *He has something lined up that needs four guys and a car. About $110,000 is what it's worth—split down the middle and the Digger pays the two other guys out of his share, that's his deal. The Digger takes it.*

HARRINGTON: *When he's in The Bright Red, he's always telling the Digger about how his wife is nagging him to buy a boat. But he hasn't got the 35 big ones. The Digger tells him how he can make $2000, easy. Just by driving some people around one night. It has to do with a load of furs disappearing out of a warehouse. Harrington takes the deal.*

RICHIE TORREY, *aka Croce Torre, and* MILLER SCHABB: *They run a package-tour business, sometimes for the Holy Name Society or the Knights of Columbus, but the main idea is to fill the planes up with suckers headed for some place with casinos in it, like Vegas. The organization put them in this business, but their trouble is, they got the Greek along with it. They are sure the Greek is crazy. They think that they could have a very nice thing going if only they could figure out a way to get rid of the Greek.*

THE GREEK: *He has lots of muscles as a result of working out at the Y every morning before breakfast. Muscles are not bad to have in his business, where some people object to his high rates of interest on things like gambling debts. He gets the paper the suckers signed in Vegas or somewhere and he comes around to collect. He is having a lot of trouble making the Digger see things his way. He has other kinds of trouble with his smartass partners, Torrey and Schabb.*

ON THE SOUTHERLY SIDE of Hancock Street in the North End of Boston, between Saint Sebastian's Church and the Foreign Seafarers' Mission, there is a block of three-story weathered brick buildings. The windows in the block are very narrow, framed in white-painted wood, glazed and puttied every year.

On the first floor there is a butcher shop (specializing in veal cutlets and select cuts of pork), a drugstore (advertising Kodak film and Phillip's Milk of Magnesia) and a variety store (in pink neon lights: LATE PAPERS—ESPRESSO). On the second floor there are several businesses: a small insurance company, acting as agent, the only agent, for its own policies; a loan company that does not advertise; and Thomasina's Restaurant. There is no sign outside for Thomasina's.

At 7:25 in the steamy twilight of the end of summer, Croce Torre in dark suit pants and a white shirt, open at the neck, stood on the sidewalk and listened to the children. Men in dark suit pants and white shirts, open at the neck, lounged against parked cars and discussed the difficulties encountered by the Conigliaros in major-league baseball.

Torre entered an unmarked door opening onto a narrow flight of wooden stairs. The light was from one naked bulb. He climbed into the main dining area. There was no door. The light here came from dim white bulbs and brilliant blue bulbs. The room was festooned with plastic grapevines. On the tables there were chianti bottles with the wax of dead candles stubbed in the necks. There was a broad brown fan suspended from the ceiling; it turned slowly in the murmur of talk from small groups of men and young couples seated at the tables.

Thomasina stood ten feet from the top of the stairs. She was 5'6" and 166 pounds. She wore a black, beaded dress. Torre nodded to her. She nodded in return, angling her nod to her right.

Torre parted the beaded curtain to the internal corridor and stepped through. On his left, the corridor was open to the kitchen. Three men handled stainless-steel pots in extreme heat under bright lights in the heavy smell of tomatoes and oil. In the far corner, a youth pounded veal with the flat of a wooden-handled cleaver. At the end of the corridor there was a paneled door.

Torre opened the door to the private dining room. He was hit with cold air from an oversized window air conditioner.

In the room there were several Formica-topped tables pushed up against the walls. Upside down, on top of the tables. were bentwood chairs with rush seats. In the center of the room there was one rectangular table. Four chairs had been placed around it. The chair nearest the door was vacant.

Torre shut the door. He bowed very slightly. He said: "Thank you for coming." He sat in the vacant chair.

On his left sat Giuseppe Maglia. He was 76 years old. He had lost most of his hair. He wore a black suit with narrow lapels and a pale-blue oxford-cloth shirt. It was open at the throat. His nose was sharp and long. His eyebrows were white and bushy. His lips were thin and his eyes were deep brown and dead. He

ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN LINN

had a small glass of Cinzano before him. He raised it when Torre spoke. He sipped from the glass. He set the glass down again.

Opposite Torre was Guido Masseria. He was 43 years old. He wore gray slacks and a pale-yellow sport shirt, open at the neck. He had started to cultivate a mustache. His hair was black and razor cut. "Our pleasure," he said.

Salvatore Barca sat at Torre's right. He was 27 years old. His hair was blond, and styled. His eyes were blue. He wore a red polo shirt and a lightweight, blue, double-breasted blazer. His elbows rested on the red-and-white-checked tablecloth. His hands dangled below the edge of the table. In front of him there was a double Scotch on the rocks. He said nothing.

A young girl with heavy breasts, constricted in a white-nylon uniform, entered from the kitchen. She carried a tray with four antipasti. She set one before each man. They began at once to eat.

The girl brought a bottle of Asti Spumante and poured each of them a tumbler full. They drank.

She removed the antipasto plates and brought *scampi*. She refilled the tumblers and took the empty bottle away. Maglia squeezed lemon onto his shrimp.

The girl removed the *scampi* dishes and served eggplant *parmigiana*. She brought clean tumblers and a bottle of red chianti. She set the bottle on the table and left. She returned with another bottle of chianti. She opened both bottles. She poured from one of them into each tumbler.

Maglia tore bread and used a chunk to wipe sauce from his plate.

She removed the eggplant casseroles. She served *braciola* stuffed with peppers and mushrooms. She brought four dishes of zucchini.

Maglia said: "More bread and butter."

The girl brought a basket of bread and a dish of butter. She refilled each of the tumblers and took the empty chianti bottle away.

She removed the plates and the zucchini dishes. She served espresso and ponies of Metaxa. She said, softly: "Would you like dessert?"

Maglia stared at her. Barca did not look up. Torre said nothing. Masseria said: "Leave us alone."

The girl left the room and closed the door quietly behind her.

"Begin," Masseria said.

"It was an excellent meal," Maglia said.

"Thank you," Torre said.

"Begin," Masseria said.

"The trouble with the Greek continues," Torre said. "No matter what I do, it continues. He will not listen to reason. I cannot control him."

"You were supposed to control him," Maglia said.

"Don," Torre said, "that was because no one else had controlled him. He is uncontrollable. From the beginning of the enterprise, I have constantly said that the Greek was uncontrollable. In the end, he will ruin the business."

"He does not understand the ways," Maglia said.

"He's an uncontrollable son of a bitch," Masseria said. "I appreciate your problem, Croce."

"Have you tried to make him understand, Croce?" Maglia said.

"I've done everything I could, Don," Torre said. "It cannot be done."

"That's exactly what I mean," Masseria said. "He's an uncontrollable son of a bitch. Nobody's been able to make that bastard listen to reason."

"And it is what I mean, also," Maglia said. "All of this trouble that we have, we are relying upon people who do not understand the way that things are done."

"We haven't got no fuckin' choice, Don," Masseria said. "I been saying that all along. It's either people that don't understand or nobody. Guys that understand're inna can. Mr. Green went off, we had the Greek. He was the best available."

"It is necessary," Maglia said. "Very well. It is necessary. But because it is necessary, Croce, what have you done to make him understand?"

"Don," Torre said, "I have argued with him. I have tried to reason with him. I have even threatened him. He will not listen. He can't understand the potential of this business. He will ruin it if he continues. He worries about petty things. He is, he's a small-timer, and that's all he ever will be. I said so from the start. I wanted Bloom."

"You should've had Bloom," Masseria said.

"The enterprise," Maglia said, "can you run the enterprise without the Greek?"

"Of course he can run the enterprise without the Greek," Masseria said. "He needs a shy. Anybody can add, got muscles, can be a shy."

"You know, of course," Maglia said, "the Man depends upon the Greek."

"The Man is badly advised," Torre said. "I said that when I was told that Mr. Green had selected the Greek for the Man. I said he should have trusted Bloom."

"You did not," Masseria said. "I remember that. You said they're both small-timers and you wouldn't want to have to trust either one of them."

"And then I said," Torre said, "and then I said, I hadda trust either one of them, it'd be Bloom. I didn't know how Bloom was gonna act then. Nobody did. But he was a lot better bet'n the Greek."

"Bloom did not understand the ways either," Maglia said.

"Of course he didn't," Masseria said, "none of the best of them ever did. Mr. Green didn't understand the ways. You want a good shy, get a fuckin' kike. Never mind the fuckin' ways. Get the fuckin' money."

"I recommended the Greek," Maglia said softly.

"I didn't mean nothin'," Masseria said. "I was just saying."

"Don," Torre said, "you know of my respect for you."

"I do," Maglia said. "I knew your father. Your father was a fine man."

"My father knew you," Torre said. "On my mother's grave, I respect you."

"I know that," Maglia said.

"The Greek," Torre said. "I mean no disrespect to you, Don. The Greek will not listen. I cannot control him."

"Nobody can," Masseria said. "Whaddaya wanna do, Croce?"

"Bobby," Torre said, "I'm gonna have to knock him off. There's nothing else I can do. The fuckin' guy, that fuckin' guy's right out the fuckin' window, he's so fuckin' batty. Before he's through, he's gonna fuck the operation. He won't pull out and he won't do what I say."

"That," Maglia said, "that is what you said when he was suggested, that he would complicate matters."

"I did," Torre said. "I said putting him in Mr. Green's place was a bad mistake. I said it would end up, we'd lose a man that was perfectly all right on the small stuff, because he'd get a taste of the big stuff and it'd throw him and sooner or later you'd have to do something you wouldn't like doing. I said it, and now here we are."

"And I opposed you," Maglia said.

"Mr. Green would've sided with you if he'd been around," Torre said. "He was, he couldn't talk. You weren't unreasonable."

"Nevertheless," Maglia said, "nevertheless, I was wrong. You were right. I will abide by your judgment. For me, you may do what you wish. To repair what resulted from my mistake."

"*Grazie*, Don," Torre said.

"You did this," Maglia said, "when you need not have done this. I remember that. You might have insisted and done what you wished. I was opposed. You honored my wish. I was mistaken. You may do what is necessary to correct it."

"Richie," Barca said, "lemme ask you this: You really gotta knock him off? I mean, something else do it?"

"I don't think so, Sally," Torre said. "I wish to God I did, but I really don't. The guy's in great shape. He works out every day. Carries, too, he's got a fuckin' permit. Look, a thing like that, it'd take three men and a boy, move him around. The gun and all, I wouldn't want to be any one of them. It's either hit him or live with him. Nothin' inna middle."

(continued on page 146)

the rainbreakers

attire

by robert l. green

high and dry
fashions that defy the
foulest weather

Having foolishly ventured forth without benefit of coat and brolly, our rapidly shrinking violet attempts to hail a passing cad—who's all wrapped up in his latest love, a cotton and linen trench coat with zippered pockets, by B. Teller of Vienna, $85, and carrying a nylon umbrella, by Uncle Sam, $15.

PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES / PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON AZUMA

As raindrops keep falling on the heads of both our beauty and her beast, two gallants come forth to temporarily provide shelter from the storm. The fellow at left sports a cotton-canvas zip-front rain suit, by Jackie Rogers, about $125, plus a check-patterned cotton umbrella, by Uncle Sam, $12.95.

The other member of the wetting party prefers a cotton-gabardine rain suit with waist-length button-front jacket that features knit collar, cuffs and waistband, double-entry pockets, plus straight-legged jean-style slacks with belt loops, by Jaeger, $120, and a brown-and-white abstract-patterned cotton umbrella, by Uncle Sam, $12.95.

At long last, a dashing Sir Walter Raleigh steps to the rescue! And, best of all, the coat he's nobly giving off his back is a handsome block-plaid wrap model with curved side pockets and a flange-yoke back, by Pinky and Dianne for Flo Toronto, about $100. *Gesundheit!*

GOING BACK TO THE NATION

article **BY REG POTTERTON**

a visitor to australia, fenced in by the skyscrapers and supermarkets of its cities, heads outback in search of something more, something "real"—and finds it

THE QUESTION on the customs form was, at first glance, rather puzzling. "Do you have any semen to declare?" Perhaps it was because I had just spent 24 hours or so strapped into the seat of the aircraft and my mind was numb from the experience. My immediate reaction was to assume that someone had hit upon a novel if unorthodox solution to the Australian problem of underpopulation. I imagined for a moment that we would be led into cubicles when we landed and there, under the scrutiny of state geneticists, we would be mated with specimen bottles. Then I read the form again and realized they meant animal semen, so I wrote no and tightened the seat belt. A sunlit tapestry of red roofs and greenery, bordered on the east with yellow beaches and the deep-blue expanse of the Pacific, tilted beneath our wings; we were over the suburbs of Sydney—the first city we had seen since crossing the continent at a point about 2000 miles to the northwest.

After two centuries of European occupation, Australia is still one of the biggest empty spaces in the world, covering an area almost the size of the continental United States but inhabited by no more than 13,000,000 people, most of whom live in the southeast quarter of the mainland in coastal towns and cities. Sydney contains nearly a fourth of the total population, and Melbourne, Australia's second city, some 450 miles south, has almost as many. A popular demographic cliché maintains that if you stand on top of the highest buildings in both cities, you can see the homes of more than half the populace. The rest of the country, by contrast, is virtually deserted: Queensland, where the first prize in a 1971 charity raffle was 5000 acres of land, is bigger than Alaska and has less than 2,000,000 inhabitants; the adjacent Northern Territory is almost twice as big as Texas and has 85,000, while Western Australia, largest of the six states—its boundaries could accommodate France, Japan, Italy, the British Isles and both Germanys, with ample room left over for California, Florida and much of New England—has little more than a million residents, most of whom live in Perth, the west-coast capital.

Though much of the land is useless for agriculture and more than a third of it lies in the tropics, geographers have calculated that with more efficient conservation of water resources, Australia could feed and support a population of 450,000,000. Yet current projections envisage a figure no higher than 50,000,000 by the year 2073. In the second quarter of last year, departures surpassed arrivals by 12,000; the government attributed this to the introduction of cheap air fares to Europe, but the fact remains that the country faces a continuing decline in immigration, and for the past two years a national survey team has been trying to find out why more than a third of the 2,500,000 immigrants since 1945 have packed up and left. Despite this evidence of what may appear to be disillusionment with the new New World, millions of foreigners think Australia would be the ideal place to start a new life; a 1971 Gallup Poll, for instance, showed that more than 8,000,000 Americans would like to live there. About 50,000 have taken the plunge since 1964, but at least 20 percent of these, according to the latest figures available for American migrants, didn't like what they found and came home.

My own reason for going was to see as much as I could and to write about it. I knew very little about the country; I had no itinerary, no plans and no commitments. Nor did I have a list of names and contacts on which to draw for social sustenance. Not knowing anyone and not knowing what to expect, I planned simply to write about what happened to me. I assumed there would be familiar landmarks because of the country's roots in Britain and its ties with the United States; but I had the vague feeling that, aside from these, everything would be somehow new, completely different from anything I had known before.

After a drive from Sydney's airport through a suburban landscape of red-brick bungalows, neat front lawns, shopping centers, used-car lots, gas stations and supermarkets, I checked into a large air-conditioned hotel in the main business district, which, with its tall office buildings, congested traffic and the clatter of new construction, might have been the center of any typical American city of medium size. I felt as though I had traveled halfway around the world in search of the last frontier, only to find myself in a sunnier, cleaner version of Pittsburgh. Perhaps after I had slept for nine hours to make up for the jet-lag trauma of a full day's flying, Sydney would look different. With that thought in mind, I slumped into the hotel elevator with my baggage, escorted by a bellboy whose name tag identified him as Bernard.

Bernard informed me, before the doors closed, that he had moved to Sydney from London six years before and was very happy with his new life, although he missed snow. He was a diminutive, cheerful youth whose speech betrayed not a trace of Australian inflection but was still unmistakably Cockney, and I was about to ask him more about Australia, what he liked or didn't like, when his amiable face was suddenly distorted by a spasm of such violent intensity that it appeared every facial muscle must have been employed in its production. He came out of it shaking his head like a man with water in his ears. We didn't speak for the remainder of the elevator ride. Bernard seemed to be in deep thought, nodding frequently and earnestly engaged in the solution of an intricate dilemma.

There was a convention of ASTA—the American Society of Travel Agents—meeting in Sydney that week and many of the delegates were staying at my hotel. A few had been checking in when I arrived. I was reminded of this, indirectly, by Bernard's next


ENOS

remark, delivered when he unlocked the door to my room.

"You must be wiv the Ascot conviction," he said. "One of the gelignites, are you?"

Without waiting for an answer to this cryptic inquiry, he dumped the luggage inside the door and immediately switched on the TV, rubbing his hands in the expectant manner of a gourmet anticipating a banquet. He then began to demonstrate the procedure for operating a television set.

"See this knob 'ere, then, the one marked 'On'?" he asked, favoring me with the appraising look a skilled craftsman might bestow upon an apprentice. "This is wot makes it work. Put it to 'On'—like this, see?—and when it warms up, you get your picture. Wunnerful, innit?" He beamed proudly.

"If you wannit louder, turn this 'ere, where it says 'Volumes'—'urts yer ears, dunnit?—and for soft, it goes the uvva way. Four channels in Sydney—oo, look, 'ere's the picture." The image crackled onto the screen and Bernard sat down heavily on the end of the bed. "One of my favorites, this is," he said contentedly, and proceeded to chew his fingernails and spit the discards onto the carpet.

There was something unusual about Bernard's attitude toward his work. I had tipped him and he hadn't left. I began to entertain the fantasy that someone in authority would miss him and come and take him away before it got dark. I tried running a bath to draw his attention to my not unreasonable wish to be alone. It didn't work. I took off my shirt and laid out fresh clothes. Bernard sat there transfixed by the sight of cowboys flashing across the screen. "Aaargh, oo's that bloke?" he cried, leaning forward and disengaging a thumb from his teeth. "Oh, yeah, issole wossname, innit?—that geezer oo comes in from wotsitcalled and finds this fing inna woods. You remember."

I had decided to resort to more direct persuasion when Bernard switched off the set and strode rapidly to the window and slid it open, admitting a blast of wind that scattered all the papers I had unpacked.

"Akcherly, you don't need to open this," he said, closing it again. "We're fully air commissioned 'ere. That fing on the wall is yer automated fermistack." He began darting around the room, pointing at things. "Ashtrays. This one could do wiv a polish"—dribbling into the bowl and wiping it with his jacket sleeve—"Bible in 'ere, look. Extra pillers, coat 'angers, spare blanket. It's all 'ere." He patted each object as he went by.

"Menu. It's got food on it."

"That's good. I'll look later. I'm really tired."

"Free matches, phone book."

"Right."

"Light switches. Up and down, see?"

"I'm going to take a bath and go to bed, Bernard," I said. "Thanks for everything."

"Telephone," he said with a dramatic gesture. "Go on, try it. Speak into that end. Bloody marvelous, innit?"

"Wonderful. I'll definitely call if I need anything. Got to catch up on some sleep now."

We had reached the door. Bernard hovered at the threshold, casting a speculative squint at the lock. "Doorknob," I said, guessing it first.

He looked pleased. "You'll be all right," he said. "What you should do now you've got the 'ang of everything is 'ave a nap. You look all worn out."

The encounter with Bernard, my first prolonged meeting with a resident, was reassuring. The fact that he was employed in a useful capacity in the front line of service to the community implied one of two things to me: Either the hotel labor shortage was on the dark side of critical or public tolerance of the less conventional members of society was extremely high. I hoped it was the latter, because it indicated that the rest of the population would be easygoing and kind to strangers. I remembered a man I had seen on the way to the hotel. He wore a sort of Teddy Roosevelt Roughrider's uniform and carried a handwritten sign around his neck proclaiming that psychiatrists were criminal lunatics. I was to see him frequently while I was in Sydney, but the expression on his face suggested that his grievance was an issue he didn't care to discuss, and so we never spoke.

I rented a car the following morning and started to explore the city, setting out with the hope that each new turn would bring me face to face with something foreign and unfamiliar. But as the day wore on, the hope diminished and faded with the realization that however pleasant and unhurried a place Sydney might be, and however agreeable the climate, there was nothing one could do there that one couldn't just as easily do somewhere else. That night I went to Kings Cross to see what made it "a colorful blend of Soho, the Left Bank and Greenwich Village," which is how the Cross is described in a guidebook written by a local enthusiast. An intensive tour of the neighborhood led me to the suspicion that this vision of bohemia was conceived by someone not closely acquainted with London, Paris or New York. The district's most prominent feature, apart from a small contingent of streetwalkers, is a short block of souvenir stores, fast-food stands, strip shows and boutiques, with a few sedate restaurants and a couple of luxury hotels to lend tone to the neighborhood. By midnight I had the street to myself, except for a soldier who was being violently sick at the entrance to the Texas Tavern and two stoned youths who sat on the curb outside the locked doors of a head shop.

Although the newspapers were filled with night-life announcements—Sydney has more than a dozen legitimate theaters and hundreds of bars, *discothèques*, night clubs and cabarets—I got the impression after making the rounds for several evenings that most Sydneysiders prefer other forms of entertainment after dark, which is borne out by the fact that the biggest crowds are found in social clubs such as the local equivalent of the Rotarians and the Returned Soldiers' League, where members can drink beyond the legal hour of ten P.M. It's not impossible for tourists to gain admission to these establishments (if they know a member), but it's questionable whether people who have traveled halfway around the world to come to Australia would consider the privilege of drinking after ten o'clock an irresistible enticement.

During the next few days, in my search for something—anything—unique and memorable, I drove across the city a half-dozen times, taking a different route on each occasion. I toured the magnificent

"We have an announcement to make: Georgia and I have decided to get married!"

harbor by boat twice, enjoyed some excellent meals in local restaurants and broke even at the Randwick race track. I walked for miles, saw all the mandatory landmarks, listened to the public speakers in the park on Sunday and went up a couple of towers to look at hazy panoramas of suburbia. If it had been winter (which corresponds to our summer months), I could have gone skiing in the Snowy Mountains, which lie some 200 miles to the south. The skiable terrain there, I learned, is larger than Switzerland, and one of the peaks is higher than 7000 feet, which tops anything in New England. Unfortunately, it was summer. Though Sydney is abundantly endowed with facilities for outdoor recreation, one really needs a yacht, surfboard, powerboat, water skis or camping and fishing gear, all of which I lacked.

By the end of the week, I was in a state of advanced readiness to leave, having by then formed the notion that I was trapped in a time machine with the control dial stuck at Recent Past. When I switched on the radio, I heard an authentic replica of vintage American AM, complete to the finest nuance, with the booming, confident thunder of supergenial disc jockeys, a string of bad jokes and jingles, too much echo on the announcements, and news bulletins delivered in strident doomsday style. It came as no surprise to read a newspaper editorial that inveighed against pornography (which in this instance referred to nonsexual nudity in a magazine) as an "insidious force eating away at the moral health of the nation." The phraseology was perfect; it was, if memory serves, the apocalyptic response of an era when defiant youth was James Dean in a fast car and the novel *Peyton Place* was a national scandal. It wasn't hard to understand the reasons given by George Farwell, an Australian author, for his decision to move to Mexico. "Australia is a fine place," he said in a Sydney newspaper interview that appeared during my stay, "but you've got to get the hell out of it every few years to get some real stimulus. The complacency drives me mad." But that's the trouble with writers; they're never satisfied.

• • •

Early one sun-bright morning, I flew north to spend a few days at Surfer's Paradise on the Queensland Gold Coast, which is a 25-mile stretch of beach towns situated about an hour's drive south of Brisbane, the state capital. The coast is as beautiful as its counterpart on the opposite side of the Pacific. Any natural defects that may have existed before it became the biggest and most popular resort in the country have been cleverly disguised by man, whose genius for this sort of thing is lavishly advertised on highway billboards for motels (FREE TV IN EVERY UNIT), Marineland (where you'll SEE SQUIRT, THE ONLY TRAINED WHALE IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE) and the African Lion Safari and Zoo (WITH CURIO SHOP AND AFRICAN VILLAGE).

I didn't stay long enough to take in all of these delights, but I did visit a bird sanctuary where the visitors paid a nominal entry fee for the honor of feeding ravenous parrots amidst a fairly steady deluge of droppings. And I went to the Broadbeach Hotel to see the floorshow, which, I was told, was one of the most popular ever to appear on the coast, having been held over for some years. The show was performed by an enthusiastic cast who mimed the words to the recorded songs of Ethel Merman and Broadway melodies of respectable vintage. Singer and record sometimes failed to finish simultaneously. There was also a male stripper, with recently acquired mammary glands, whose appearance created a fervor of excitement in the packed house. Another trouper drew an ovation when he came onstage wearing a pair of plastic breasts illuminated from within by light bulbs.

The best show of all in Surfer's was free: watching the sun climb out of the Pacific at dawn. It appeared as a pink ridge along the top of the world, deepening to a red glow that burned the darkness out of the night and gave a rosy edge to the pearl-gray breakers rolling into the beach. Groups of surfers huddled by their cars waiting for the first chill to evaporate. Looking inland from the balcony of my hotel one morning, I saw mile after mile of blue hills that lay under drifting banks of smoke from bush fires. By the time the lower rim of the sun had risen over the horizon, the surfers were riding back to shore with the first heat of the day on their backs.

From Surfer's, I drove a rented car into the hills to a place called Mudgeeraba to meet Loren Hawes, one of the 70,000 Americans who have settled in Australia since the end of the Second World War. He arrived in the mid-Fifties. As a U. S. citizen, Hawes worked at Los Alamos Nuclear Research Laboratory and helped make atom bombs. He is now an Australian national and runs a small factory that manufactures boomerangs. A large, barrel-chested man of about 40, he speaks in the droll tone of an urbane professor of chemistry (which is how he began in Australia) and looks back at his past with an air of restrained disbelief. He was at Los Alamos in 1953, when Robert Oppenheimer, the laboratory's former director, was embroiled in his troubles with Washington.

"McCarthy was riding high at the time," Hawes recalled. "Some of us at Los Alamos signed a telegram of petition on Oppenheimer's behalf and, as a reward, those of us who were eligible were drafted into the military. I did two years at the Atomic Weapons Training School in Albuquerque, fooling around with H-bombs, and when I got out of the Service, they gave me an acute security clearance, which meant I was forbidden to leave the country for ten years. I mulled this over and decided it was preposterous. Six days after I got out of uniform, I was in Sydney."

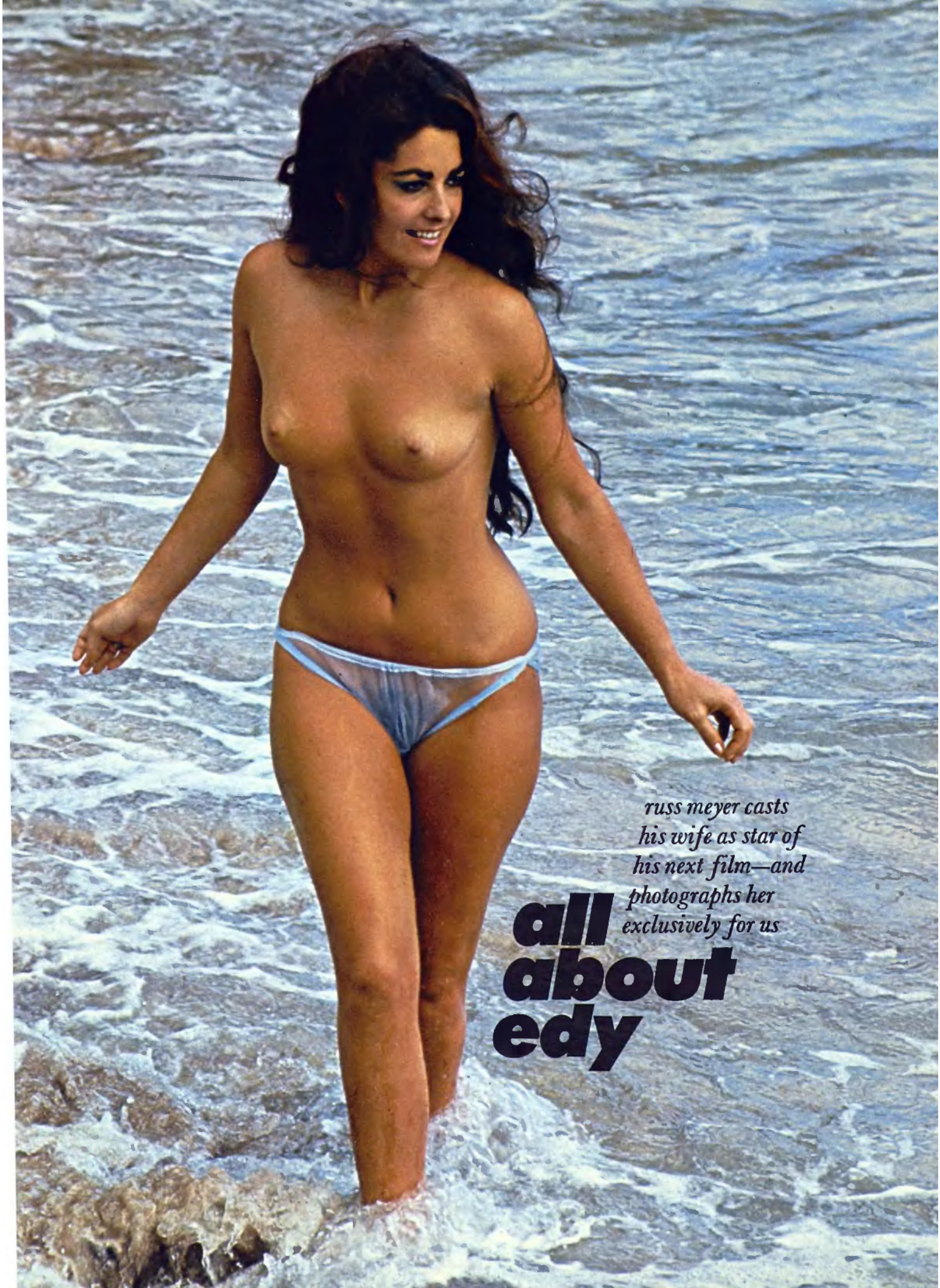
He told me he has no strong desire to return to the United States. "Things have changed too much over there—all that militarism, tension, waste and hatred. It's nothing to do with me anymore." He has other things on his mind these days. Did the family's pet wombat, which burrowed its way to freedom some time ago, find true happiness? And will the new owners of the adjacent property do something terrible over there? "They might graze cattle after they've cleared the trees," said Hawes moodily, indicating a nearby wooded hill. "Then they'll subdivide. New houses will go up and civilization will move a little closer. I'm not sure if I relish the prospect."

• • •

Townsville, with a population of around 60,000, is the biggest city in the Australian tropics and is Queensland's main sugar port. It looks like an American frontier town with its shaded sidewalks, wrought-iron balconies on wooden buildings and railroad crossings on wide dusty streets. The heat when I arrived was dry and intense. Two or three cattle that had apparently died of thirst lay scattered in the dust on the approach to the local airport. North of town, the highway leading to Cairns, my next destination, 200 miles up the coast, ran parallel to the railroad tracks. The air was thick with smoke from bush fires on both sides of the narrow road; dense, sullen clouds of smoke collected in the nearby hills and shreds of burning foliage were blown now and then across the car, setting alight untouched patches on the other side. Flames crackled brightly in the undergrowth and at one point licked at the base of one of the wooden trestle bridges that supported the road. The sun was invisible hours before it set, obscured by smoke from burning groves of eucalyptus. Sometimes, through stretches of mangrove, the road became an elevated causeway across brackish swamps. No vehicles passed or approached during the first 70 miles.

At Ingham, the first town, I went into the police station to ask directions; the road divided there and I couldn't find the signpost for Cairns. It was about five P.M. on a weekday. Before I could open the police-station door, a middle-aged sergeant came from behind the desk inside and irritably waved me backward. I pushed open the door and started to explain what I wanted, but he refused to listen. "Closed," he said. "How many times do you have to be told? Out." A man on the street showed me the route I wanted and I drove on, checking finally into a motel in

(continued on page 142)

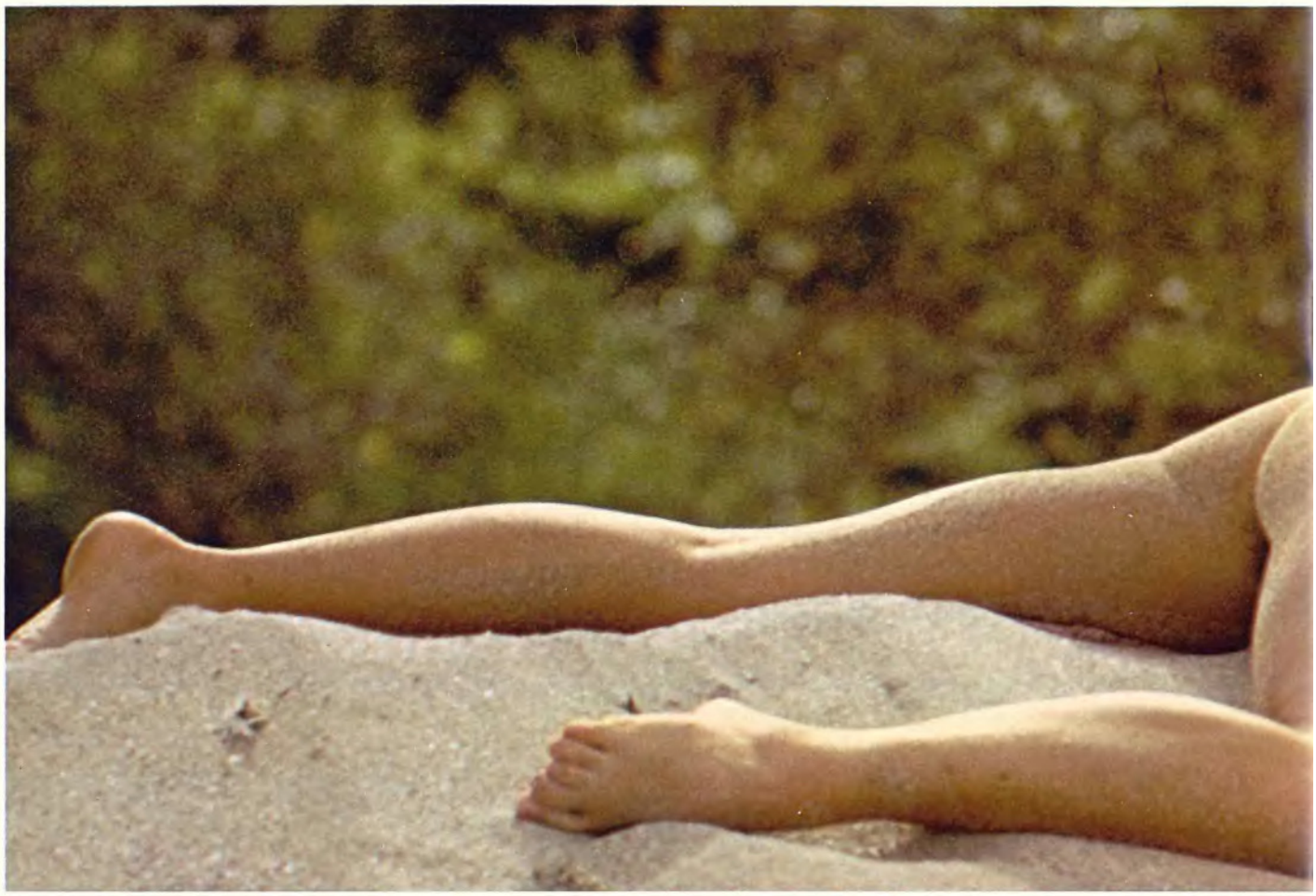


russ meyer casts his wife as star of his next film—and photographs her exclusively for us

all about edy

"I've had a lot of publicity as a sex symbol," says Edy, "but 'Foxy' will be my first picture with such frank nudity. It's my biggest role ever; I'll be on the screen 89 of the film's 90 minutes."

MOVIEMAKER Russ Meyer, whose *Blacksnake* is just out, is shooting his 24th film: *Foxy*, a sequel to the skin-flick classic *Vixen*. *Foxy* will star Meyer's wife, Edy Williams—whom he met at 20th Century-Fox while directing her in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. "What I do best is parody," says Meyer, "and *Foxy* will be an irreverent put-on, in the style of *All in the Family*." Edy, as Foxy, will play "a sexy record-company executive who gets mixed up with a number of men in outrageous situations. They'll be involved with oceanography, boxing, World War One aircraft, wrestling, cross-country motorcycling and voyeurism." Meyer has such a good thing going, he figures, that he has incorporated a sneak preview of *Foxy* (starring Edy skinny-skiing) right into *Blacksnake*—something of a milestone in Hollywood promo annals. "This will be my first frontal-nudity film," says Meyer. "There will be plenty of sex, but it will be done in an R fashion—which yesteryear was X." Edy chimes in, "We're making *Foxy* R-rated because the only people *really* interested in sex are under 18. Why lock them out? We're going to give people their money's worth." The photos here hint at what's in store.



"So many of the sexy movies being made ore too earthy and reolistic," says Edy. " 'Foxy' will have glamor and fantasy. The character I play is larger than life, a sort of female Clint Eastwood." Dirty Foxy?

"Russ took this photo in our back yard," Edy told us. "He has a great mind, sort of erotic and classy at the same time. He's a genius, but people don't know it yet. And he's fun to live with, too."

GOING BACK TO THE NATION

(continued from page 134)

Innisfail, about 100 miles farther north.

The receptionist was a very pretty girl of about 17. I asked her if much happened in Innisfail at night.

"Nothing," she said. "Absolutely nothing. No music, no dancing. On Saturdays we have a cabaret show next door to the police station."

I started to say, "Too bad if——" and she interrupted:

"If you have to live here?"

"No. If you're young."

She smiled. "Oh, we get by."

• • •

Cairns came into view the next morning, not long after I had stopped to pick up a hitchhiker, a Frenchman from Madagascar who was working on a radar-and-television installation in the mountains. He was meeting friends in Cairns, he said, to arrange an expedition later in the month for blue meanies and gold tops, psychedelic mushrooms that are found along the Queensland coast. He said you had to eat 30 to get off.

As we approached town, we crossed the Blackfellow, Skeleton and Chinaman creeks. I dropped off the Frenchman and drove over to the Cairns police station to ask about Queensland's famed black trackers, aborigines who have been employed all over Australia to track fugitives in the bush and for less dramatic tasks requiring a bushman's skills. A young blond constable told me that helicopters and radios had replaced the trackers, though there were still a few left in Cape York, the huge peninsula extending north from Cairns. "We don't need 'em anymore," the young constable said. "They never were much use anyway. The old ones drink too much and the young ones are wasters. Maybe you'll find one up in the Cape." He grinned. "If they haven't killed 'em off. Thieving bunch of niggers. They've got the right idea up there, mate—shoot the bastards and bury 'em." He suggested that I drive up to Laura or Coen. "You better get a move on," he said, as I left. "That's a dying race you're looking for."

While I was walking around Cairns that day, I had noticed a large number of drunken aborigines in the waterfront bars. Several offered to fix me up with women for the price of a glass of beer; one of the women was lying under a pool table, apparently unconscious. When I remarked on this to an official of the local branch of the state Aboriginal Affairs Department, who had granted me an interview on the condition that I would not identify him, he said that if I wanted to talk about drink and aborigines, I should get in touch with his head office in Brisbane. I mentioned medical reports that had recently been published by various Australian authorities, one of which stated that the infant mortality rate among aborigines was 200 in every 1000, which is believed to be the highest in the world. Another report showed that half the aborigine children in one community of Queensland needed treatment for anemia, while the other half suffered from ear and nasal infections, dental decay and intestinal parasites. In other areas, there was a high incidence of malnutrition, respiratory diseases and gastroenteritis. Would he care to make an unattributed comment on all this? He was polite and apologetic. Getting up from his desk, he led me to the door. "You'll have to talk to Brisbane," he said.

There were—depending on the source consulted—between 150,000 and 400,000 aborigines in Australia when the first settlers came from Britain in the 1780s. They had been there for at least 20,000 years and their way of life, as depicted by modern anthropologists, was extraordinary and idyllic, even among the tribes that lived in the harsh environment of the interior regions. They had a seminomadic, nonacquisitive society that neither farmed nor raised domestic livestock, and because they lacked material possessions and believed that all natural features of the universe were originally human, they concentrated their attention on relations between man and his surroundings and on his social relationships. They were bound to their territories by religious ties and, though they kept no written records, they passed their knowledge of history and tradition from one generation to the next by means of song, dance, art, ritual and legend. In their system of tribal kinship, there was no such category as an unrelated stranger.

The subtleties of this culture were beyond the comprehension of the convict settlers and their masters, who regarded the ceremonies and stories as pagan mumbo jumbo and concluded that the aborigines were uncivilized heathens. Accordingly, they set out to obliterate that which they couldn't or wouldn't understand and tried to replace it with something else: Christianity. Aborigines who resisted the new faith or failed in other ways to conform to white standards of civilization died by the thousands. In what is now the island state of Tasmania, they were hunted and shot down in packs like vermin. Today there are no Tasmanian aborigines.

On the mainland, their relatives were poisoned by flour, fruit and animal carcasses laced with strychnine, a plant native to tropical Australia. The settlers' sheep and cattle moved inland to tribal hunting grounds, fouling the water holes and stripping the land of edible vegetation. The game animals died of thirst and the human beings who depended on the game, the water and the vegetation starved or moved elsewhere.

There are about 140,000 aborigines in Australia today, most of them of mixed blood. The majority live in some form of government housing, either in towns or in settlements. Those who still lead the traditional life probably number no more than several hundred. It's difficult to obtain precise statistical information about aboriginal affairs in Australia, since it wasn't until 1967 that they were included in national census returns. However, they constitute a little over one percent of the total population and provide ten times their due proportion to Australian prisons. By the end of 1971, there had been a recorded total of three aboriginal graduates from Australian universities.

While I was in Queensland and later, in the Northern Territory, there were indications that black Australians were becoming impatient with their allotted role. Conceivably, this has something to do with the fact that only one third of one percent of the Australian budget is reserved for aboriginal advancement. Whatever the cause, there was a demonstration in late 1971 outside the Aboriginal Affairs office in Brisbane in which nine people were arrested and one policeman was injured. And a group of 15 youths attracted considerable publicity when they ran away from a Queensland settlement and complained of filthy housing and brutal treatment at the hands of the white staff. In Darwin, the capital of the Northern Territory, a tribal organization raised a flag in front of the courthouse to dramatize a land-claim case shortly after the court had announced that it could find insufficient evidence that such a tribe had ever existed. The claim was dismissed. In another decision, delivered in Darwin a few months previously, Mr. Justice Richard Blackburn reminded claimants from the Yirrkala tribe that when the British first occupied the continent, the prevailing philosophy was that the human race had "a right and duty to develop the earth's resources. The more advanced peoples were therefore justified in dispossessing if necessary the less advanced." Claim dismissed.

There is an Australian joke concerning a meeting between an early settler and an aborigine. The settler pointed at a strange, leaping animal that covered the ground in a series of hops. "What's that?" he asked, in English. The aborigine, replying in his own language, said, "*Kangaroo*," meaning, "I don't understand what you're saying." It's one of the few jokes ever enjoyed at the white man's expense in Australia and, like the justice accorded to aboriginal land claims, it is believed to be apocryphal.

From inquiries I made in Cairns, I learned that there were possibly two black trackers in Laura, a 125-mile drive into Cape York, on dirt roads through

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LET'S MAKE A DEAL

personality **BY SAUL BRAUN**

meet walter schneider, a real-estate alchemist who makes money and sometimes buildings out of numbers and thin air

THE DEALERS ARE EATING APPLES at Riverboat Joe's in Monroe, New York. Riverboat Joe Dierna left the city four years ago to set up an Upstate real-estate brokerage office. He hands out shiny Delicious and they start munching: Elliott Weiner, who is Walter Schneider's country lawyer; Ed Kourt, who is Walter Schneider's financial officer; and Walter Schneider himself, who is a very big dealer. He is, shall we say, preoccupied. He has offered half a million dollars—all cash—to Hob Schoonmaker, and Schoonmaker has turned him down. Schneider's mind is working clickety-clack. If he revs it up any more, the gears will strip.

"Walter," says Ed Kourt, patiently, "he's made up his mind. Six hundred cash and you pay Jeffrey." Jeffrey Starin is the broker on this particular transaction. Riverboat Joe is just the host. Schoonmaker is an old friend of Starin's. They pal around at the Dutch Pantry in Newburgh.

"Walter," says Elliott Weiner, patiently, "what's the difference? If the deal is good, what difference does a hundred thousand make?"

Schneider doesn't respond. The lawyer can say what's the difference because it's not his hundred grand. It's Schneider's.

Schneider clears his throat once, twice.

"All right," he says to Kourt. "Offer him six hundred. Three hundred cash and three hundred in an eight-year note, which I'll sign personally. I want *him* to pay the broker. And I want an option on the lumberyard for five years at two hundred thousand and another five years at three hundred thousand. And I'll give him six percent on the mortgage." He clears his throat a few more times. He has been computing the value of money: cash going out in repayment of mortgage debts (which the dealers call amortization) and interest payments; and cash coming in on money Schneider can lend out at a higher rate; computing the value of rents, the value of assets he is buying that he can sell off for immediate cash return; computing this, computing that, computing the other thing. Now there are three liberty bells showing in his eyes. He has completely altered the deal without giving up one cent more. "The other way was half full," he explains. "Now I switch to another glass and it's half empty. But it's the same amount of water." He looks pleased with himself. He gets up briskly onto long pipestem legs and starts out. He has already turned his mind elsewhere. This Schoonmaker deal—in which Schneider will buy out the largest builder in the four-county area—is only one of several Schneider has cooking in Orange *(continued on page 150)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER LLOYD


"Actually, I don't think most of it is rushing to my head. . . ."
Vargas

AT THE FIRST ALARM, she willed Cornelio to mount into a narrow chimney, where, being denied scope to sit or lean for his ease, he stood upright upon a bar of iron rammed with stone and mortar into the masonry; where, having his drawn sword in his hand, he resembled the image of some naked Jupiter holding a thunderbolt in his fingers. And Plaudina, ready of wit in extremity, descended into the courtyard with the keys of the house in her hand to seek out the captain of the watch that was making such a roar within her gates. Finding him, she began to reprehend his dealing with many waspish words, demanding why he came at so indecent an hour and in unseemly order to break open the doors of her husband's palace and to abuse his reputation in his absence.

Whereat the captain brought forward an accuser who told of hearing a great bruit or noise in the street, the clattering of naked weapons and men in harness, seemingly a set fray between some bands of enemies, and told of seeing one of the skirmishers, being hurt to his death, break out of the press and flee to Plaudina's gate, where he fell down dead. And, beholding out of the window, the neighbor soon saw the maid opening a wicket to let a man into the courtyard.

Whereupon Plaudina could but deliver the keys, having a bad choice among evils. She knew that Cornelio was no less ignorant than innocent of the murder, he having come for love alone, secretly, after all but one of the servants had been dismissed for the night, and, mounting to her chamber, had begun the amorous play of kissing and embracing when there came a cry of murder in the street and the great noise and hurly-burly of the watch.

Now the captain, half against his will, was forced to follow the search, and thus delivered the keys to his men, who went about ransacking each corner and cabinet of the house. No coffer escaped being turned bottom up; every bed and bolster was tried with the point of a dagger; no hollow place escaped the malice of these rakehells of the watch. When the captain, in his armor, came into the chamber where our lover was rammed up in the chimney shaft, God knoweth whether Cornelio wished himself out of Milan. You lovers who have passed time in like straits may better judge his misery, but, methinks, I hear him curse and commit to the Devil both love and all its practices, being in continuous expectation that some rusty halberd would be thrust up through the fireplace.

But, at last, no stranger being found, the watch departed the house and Cornelio was free to descend from his smoky pavilion when—behold!—there was another outcry in the courtyard as the husband alighted at his door, astonished to find the streets pestered with people in armor, his gates open and his house confused, with all things out of order. Plaudina, in double despair at this second malice of unhappy fortune, presently hurried down to him and, calling upon that woman's wit, which (as the philosopher tells us) increases with peril, began to abuse and blame the captain with such heat that the anger of the goodman John was turned toward that officer. She took her husband by the hand and led him from place to place, loudly complaining at the disorder, as warning to Cornelio, and only at last brought him into her chamber, where Cornelio stood hidden like a crow in a gutter.

Indeed, Cornelio, pinched in all his parts by the nipping frost of winter and doused by a tumbling of greasy soot, gave up all amorous enterprise and even hopes for a long life. And now he was prey to a third mischief, for John, proposing to lie in bed with his wife in this chamber, and being cold from riding all day in the frost, commanded his men to make a fire on the hearth. Whereupon Plaudina foresaw her dear friend becoming a burnt offering to the god of love and offered up a prayer to that same god that he might send her one further sleight or device to avoid this last and sorest danger. And, behold, the god answered.

Whilst the men were descending to the yard to haul up wood for the fire, there being none in the chamber itself, Plaudina quickly whispered to her maid to run at once to the house of the justice and, with show of great secrecy, to inform one of his officers that she had just seen two armed strangers, doubtless the murderers, in Plaudina's house.

And so it fell that, just as John's two men were making ready to light the fire, there came a second great alarm and clatter as the watch burst again into the house to make search. Cornelio now indeed cast up his eyes and committed his soul to God, hearing outside the broil and clank of rusty halberds. But the officers, coming direct to the bedchamber, found there the two men armed with daggers, and with their swords laid nearby, and seized them with all speed and force and coupled them with a scarf of hemp.

The husband, seeing this, made haste to come to the rescue of his men, whereat the sergeant arrested him as well. Neither would the sergeant listen to the goodman's justifications nor hear his pleas of innocence, such was the rage and violence of these rakehells of the watch, but forthwith led all three off as prisoners to the castle.

When the house was once again quiet and emptied of this trouble, Plaudina called softly to her Cornelio that he might come down. Once he had done so, crawling from the fireplace all ghastly, the wanton lady burst into sudden laughter to see her lover like a red herring dried in the smoke against the beginning of Lent, hued as the tanfat, in hideous colors. Albeit she paused not in giving him a warm embrace.

"My dear Plaudina," he said, "like as it is a chief consolation to a man in calamity to know his mishap, so there is also a special comfort that followeth the remembrance of the evils which we have already suffered, and a treble contentment being permitted to record them without danger. As for my part, if my life had ended in the assault of any of these distresses, the same had not exceeded a simple oblation of my duty toward you, which also had followed with——"

But Plaudina, anxious only to be warmed by love, stopped this windy discourse with a kiss and called for the maid to prepare a warm bath. And when this was ready, the two women washed and scrubbed the sooty livery from his body, warming him again with such success that he was soon ready to contend with Plaudina upon the fair battlefield of the bed, both of them armed only with naked weapons, in that sweet warfare having victors only, on both sides. Now, it is impossible for absent eyes to picture the course of the affray, what rams, what thrusts, what breaches made, what flanks attacked, what mines laid, what charges carried through, and I leave the imagination of it to you, my lords, who have been special sticklers in such combat.

—Retold by Clement Bell

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAO HOLLAND

digger's game

(continued from page 126)

"I'm sorry to hear that," Masseria said. "The Greek, who gives a goddamn about the Greek? But I'd rather see somebody mark him up some."

"Me, too, Bobby," Torre said. "The thing is, you just can't do it is all. Look, I don't hate the guy. I had my way, I'd say to him: 'Greek, it didn't work. Go on back the G. E. and hustle the chicken-shit. No hard feelings.' He'd knock my teeth down my throat. I gotta hit him and he knows I gotta hit him. It's either him'r me."

"You want a contract?" Barca said.

"Nah, Sal," Torre said. "He knows it, but he don't really think I got the balls to do it. I can handle this one."

"Ah," Maglia said.

"Tell us what you want, Croce," Masseria said.

"Just the go-ahead," Torre said. "This interest of ours. I was interested in what you thought."

"Sure," Masseria said, "I go along. You can't do nothing else. There isn't a day goes by, somebody doesn't come bitching to me about the Greek. Do the best you can. Take him out. Do me a fuckin' favor. I won't hold it against you."

Torre looked at Barca. "Look, Richie," Barca said, "you're there. I'm not. I agree with Bobby. Sooner or later the guy's gonna have to be hit."

"Don?" Torre said.

"Your father would be proud of you," Maglia said. "He also was a man."

"*Grazie*, Don," Torre said. "You will, you will tell the don? You will see that he is told? And Mr. Green?"

"For you," Masseria said, "I'm the don. The don is told. Hit him clean."

Torre looked at Maglia. "He is the don for you," Maglia said.

In the heat of the late evening, the Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Classic Sedan pulled away with its windows rolled up tight, Masseria driving, Maglia riding. Torre and Barca watched the car leave. On Hancock Street, the children had gone to bed. The men talked.

"You keep a straight face better'n any man I know," Barca said.

"Whaddaya mean?" Torrey said.

"How you can go through that shit. I dunno," Barca said. "I seen it and I seen it and now I see it again. You didn't order no fuckin' snails. How come?"

"I hate snails," Torrey said.

"So do I," Barca said. "But still, you done everything else, make believe we're still in Palermo or something."

"Look," Torrey said. "He's an old man. He knew my father. The thing is, it don't take much trouble keeping him happy. My father went back to Naples, the don come around with the dough and the groceries. I was just a little kid. I'm not gonna forget that. A thirty-dollar dinner? I think it's a fuckin' bargain."

"Of course, your old man," Barca said.

"Of course, my old man hadda run, he hit somebody for the don and the don made him take the beef," Torrey said. "So what? I was nine, the old man screwed. I knew him pretty good. He was a mean bastard. We, we're better off, the don's bringing the pork chops around. The don never beat me up. I was in Concord, there? My wife always had the rent paid. The don did that. He never said nothing, I still know who did it. The wife's using the place to fuck other guys, of course, but he don't know that. His heart's inna right place, Sally. I'm just trying to be decent back is all."

"It'll get you in trouble," Barca said.

"How, it'll get me in trouble?" Torrey said. "I do all right."

"Two ways," Barca said. "He was saying, 'fore you come up, he thinks you oughta get made."

"Uh-uh," Torrey said, "hopping around with the goddamned paper burning in my hand. None of that shit."

"I did it," Barca said.

"You maybe had something to gain," Torrey said. "I don't. Sooner or later they catch up with some guy, got made the same time you did, he's gonna spill his guts as usual, like every other goddamned ghinny I hear about lately. Then you go to bed at night, you got a state cop under the window. In the morning you get up, FBI onna doorstep. The afternoon, you're having lunch. Treasury guys swap the FBI guys off. Internal Revenue in the dinnertime. Fuck that. My idea, getting made's a great idea, you want police protection. Otherwise, fuck it."

"OK," Barca said, "keeping in mind you just fuck me out of a ten-K contract onna Greek, I dunno why I'm being so nice to you, but you better think up some way, talk the don out of the christening, you know? He's gonna have the wind up his ass, after this. He'll be promoting you all over the place."

"Tell you what," Torrey said, "tell him I'm a degenerate."

"No shit," Barca said.

"So I'm told," Torrey said. "Greek says that."

"What is it?" Barca said. "Little boys and dogs and that stuff?"

"Oh, for Christ sake," Torrey said. "No, girls. Always girls. I just do some things with them is all."

"Oh, shit," Barca said. "I thought you meant there's something wrong with you, for Christ sake. You're gonna have to think up something better'n that, you're gonna be slitting chicken necks and drinking blood with him, before you're through."

"No," Torrey said, "no, I told you. I'm not doing it. I don't get no edge from it. No way."

"Look," Barca said, "you know, the other thing, it still leaves that, you know?"

"Which is?" Torrey said.

"The day's gonna come," Barca said. "it's not here already. We're gonna have to whack him out."

"Oh, Christ," Torrey said, "he's an old man. He don't crowd anybody. He don't want anything."

"I still say," Barca said, "it'll come. The Greek? The Greek's his fault. He's too old."

"God takes care the old," Torrey said. "So what, he made a mistake. Leave the old bastard alone. I'll take care of the Greek."

"This's about the ninth mistake," Barca said. "We leave him alone, we're all gonna be inna can. We're gonna have to hit him, Richie. Sooner or later, we're gonna have to hit him."

"Sally," Torrey said, "you come up the wrong way. That's one way of doing things. There's other ways. Leave an old man alone."

"Sure," Barca said, "and hit a guy, never would've been any need to hit him, the old bastard'd listened to you inna first place. This kind of trouble we don't need, cherry tomatoes and a nice-ah-black-ah suit."

"Lay off him," Torrey said. "He's an old man and he done the best he could."

"The best isn't good enough anymore," Barca said, "his best. The Greeks we got working for us now, they oughta have something better'n his mistakes to go on. I was with you, Richie, right?"

Torrey nodded.

"I had it my way," Barca said, "the way I think, the Greek's the man with the claim. We took him in, he didn't work out, we knew he wouldn't. It's our fault. We oughta start acting like men."

• • •

"Look," the Digger said, "they got the trooper that the kid shoots onna Turnpike, right? They're all out with the dogs, chasing him through the woods, they think he's out in Hudson someplace. This's the holiday weekend. Registry, cops, all of them, they're all out onna highway Friday night, they're all out tomorrow, too."

"So?" Harrington said. "I could still get stopped, you know."

"Sure," the Digger said. "You could get stopped on Morrissey Boulevard, doing thirty miles an hour and minding your own fuckin' business. In a pig's ass, you could. Because it ain't likely, see, because there ain't no fuckin' cops around. See, it's cops, do the arresting. You just go ahead and drive, there, like I told you. I'll think about things."

"I wouldn't think," Harrington said, "the moon and all, you guys'd want to

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"EVIL" DOINGS

robert culp finds his real-life dream girl in a horror film's steamy nightmare scene

The scene above doesn't appear onscreen in Robert Culp's new film, *A Name for Evil*—but the decrepit old house in the background does. There are, however, nude encounter sessions aplenty in the movie, between Culp and both his sexually incompatible screen spouse, Samantha Eggar (above and below right), and his real-life new bride, Sheila Sullivan (below left), whom he met on location.

THE BEST THING about *A Name for Evil*, a recently released film starring Robert Culp and Samantha Eggar, is its scenery—breath-taking mountain country and amply exposed anatomies. The screenplay is so convoluted that it's unlikely to advance the careers of either Culp or Miss Eggar, who plays his screen wife, but it has already done something for a movie newcomer, co-star Sheila Sullivan: She's since become Mrs. Culp. In the film, Miss Sullivan plays Luanna, a rural nymphet who meets architect John Blake (Culp) at a village square dance *cum* orgy —which may or may not have been a dream. For reasons not made entirely clear, Blake doesn't score with his wife in the sack; the screen synopsis implies he's impotent, while the movie itself hints that the problem is his ball-breaking spouse. Blake and Luanna, however, make it famously, both in a woodsy dell and underwater at the foot of a cascade—amazingly, without benefit of snorkels. Miss Sullivan's performance,

In a striking dream/nightmare—or was it?—sequence, Culp (as the film's architect hero, John Blake) leaps onto a mysterious white mare, said to be the property of his ghostly great-great-grandfather, and rides straight into a lively hoedown at the local tavern. Suddenly, everybody strips (above and below) and John, with a little help from his new friends, finds himself in the middle of an orgy, where he meets Luanna (Sheila Sullivan). The two pair off for a carefree tumble in a woodland glade—and, later, beneath a waterfall (oppasite).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WILLOUGHBY

her first in a movie, is considerably more prepossessing than her showbiz debut some years ago—as an usherette at Carnegie Hall. Later, however, she landed some plum Broadway roles—in *Golden Boy* and *Play It Again, Sam*, among others—before heading for Hollywood. Her second film, already out, is *Hickey and Boggs*, with Culp and his old *I Spy* sidekick, Bill Cosby; *that*, at least, had a better plot. This one is a ghost story about a man who, to quote the production notes, "flees the commercial coral reef by taking his wife to settle in an isolated, broken-down Southern mansion left to him by a great-great-grandfather." For his Southern mansion of the 1800s, producer Reed Sherman picked what looks like an abandoned Pacific Northwest tourist lodge, circa 1915, in the mountains of British Columbia. It was built before World War One as an escape sanctuary for Kaiser Wilhelm, who never got to use it. It's supposed to be haunted not by the Kaiser but by Blake's ancestor, whose evil presence induces Blake to kill his wife. Or does he? Frankly, we're not sure. But, like we said, you'll enjoy the scenery.

LET'S MAKE A DEAL *(continued from page 143)*

County. He believes that Orange County is going to be hot in the next decade, so he is buying it up now. He has lots in Blooming Grove, in Cornwall, in New Windsor, in Monroe. For the purchase of the Schoonmaker property, and for dealing with country brokers in general, Schneider wears what he believes is a rural outfit: new corduroy trousers, beige knit golf shirt, new desert boots and fur-lined camel's-hair sports jacket. Thus attired, he departs Riverboat Joe's munching his apple.

Schneider's name is known to few, but his business dealings affect us all. He owns the shopping centers we buy in, the apartment buildings we live in, the office towers we work in. He is the Landlord. There are not too many like him in the United States, no more than perhaps 1000, men with considerable real-estate holdings whose risk money sustains the building industry.

Schneider's business is a mystery to most of us. Reports trickle down from the dark interior of *The New York Times* of such and such a property sold for so many million, with this much down (down?) and that much of a second mortgage on it (is that better than a first? is there a third?) with ten years, terms, amortized. Ah, *amortized*! Mystery of mysteries, a-morta, priest of no-death, of cash flow, year in, year out, life-giving cash flow.

Walter Schneider sits at his desk and writes numbers on a lined legal-size yellow pad. He is tall and very thin—a long-faced man whose posture is habitually one in which his thin shoulders appear to be wrapped protectively around his sunken chest, as if in retreat from some anticipated incursion. His walk is a shuffle. He is seated, hunched forward above his desk; his face is animated and expressive. When doing business, he puts on a competitive mien they don't see at home: He drops his eyeglasses down near the tip of his nose, and the intensity of his thought breaks up into a voracious smile as he scratches his way past mortgages, encumbrances, liens and the like to . . . well, to money. Walter Schneider makes money. He does it, for the most part, by organizing his deals so that he puts in a minimum of cash down, and covers the mortgage and interest payments, plus operating expenses, plus a 10 to 12 percent return, with the income generated by the property. That's it. That's all there is to it.

A former business associate of his provides a blunt but comprehensive appraisal of the man:

"He has balls. He thinks about a year or two ahead. He's busy now, but he doesn't care about now. He cares about a year or two ahead. He's a deal freak. And he's in a class by himself."

Schneider made his first million in real estate by the age of 35 (he is now 52 and more millions further along) and, as he is the first to note, the bigger he got as a real-estate investor, operator, principal—which are all names used to describe what he does—the less it had to do with real estate. Eventually, it got to be all numbers, and now he lives and works in the same part of town where cabalists and dealers hang out: where myth and reality intertwine.

The economist Thorstein Veblen noted the connection between the accumulation of private property and predatory war; between ownership of things and ownership of women; between barbaric aggression and the economic behavior that "bears the character of a struggle between men for the possession of goods." Schneider neither disagrees with this view nor finds the consciousness it represents difficult to defend.

"I know I'm aggressive," he says, clearing his throat. "Listen, it's the truth. It doesn't bother me. I make a lot of deals, which means I do a lot of negotiating, which means I play a lot of tennis matches, lobbing back and forth, all the time, and I am loving it. You know why? 'Cause it's one on one. It's me against the other guy. I can't have any help. That's where the ego factor comes in, and believe me, ego is the biggest factor in the entire business, because it's not only how I serve to the other guy. It's also how I handle his serve back to me. I gotta know what position to be in to get his return. And also be thinking, where should I try to kill it next?"

Schneider is a restless, hungering man who frequently changes his business address. He has been president of three public companies and a high executive officer in two others. At present, he has his offices in Great Neck, Long Island. In addition to the agents throughout the country who manage the properties, there is an office staff of four: a secretary, a financial officer, a man to handle the apartment building–shopping center–office building part of his portfolio, and a roadman to scout out land offerings for the part of Schneider's operations he calls the land-bank business. Schneider "manufactures" land for builders. He buys land, subdivides it for one-family homes, gets the local planning boards to approve the zoning, makes road improvements, puts in water and sewers, and then resells it to builders. The average builder, according to Schneider, does not have the funds to do this and, anyhow, is more interested in getting a finished plot to build on.

How did he settle on Orange County? To begin with, he followed the roads (a cardinal rule in real estate) and came to the realization that there were only a few places, within an hour and a half, available to all those restless New Yorkers anxious to escape the decaying inner city. He could imagine a weekend fleet of Chevies and Plymouth Furies full of cops, or junior bank executives and their families, making their way up the Palisades and onto the Thruway and then west onto Route 17 to Monroe, say, and getting off at exit 130 and seeing all that grass and sniffing the fresh air, and finding it good. New industry was coming into the area: Avon, for example, into Cornwall with 1000 new people. There were also technical factors. The Metropolitan Transportation Authority plans to run a high-speed spur into Orange County, to link up with Newburgh's Stewart Airport, whose main runway is presently 8000 feet long. The M. T. A. hopes to lengthen it to 12,000 so it can accommodate large commercial jetliners. Environmentalists are opposed, but Schneider discounts this opposition.

"They can't stop it," he insists. "It's been funded, there's the authority for it, etc., etc." When he wants to give four solid reasons but can think of only two, he will pad out, for rhetorical body, with etcs. "It won't be a big airport like Kennedy, just a supplementary airport. The key is: It's funded, you see. All the freight forwarders have bought land there to put up freight terminals. All we have left is the ecologists making motions in Federal court to stop it, and they can't stop it. It's *set*. The M. T. A.'ll run on an existing line. You gonna stop them running on an existing line? An hour to midtown. They can't stop it."

Information, the ability to ingest it and appraise it quickly (he reads several papers daily, the newsmagazines, the trade and industry journals, *Fortune*, *Forbes*, the lot), a ready fund of more than $1,000,000 in liquid assets and the willingness to move quickly enabled him to accumulate 600 lots in Orange County in a period of four months. This is, he estimates, the equivalent of $3,000,000 worth of sales by the end of 1974.

The very same traits, on the other hand, create a personality profile—brusque, fast-talking, assertive, opinionated and assured—that provokes a certain amount of irritation, suspicion and, yes, fear. Schneider is realist enough to know this about himself.

"If I could do it the other way, I'd be ten times as rich. I don't come across with sincerity. In other words, I'm very blunt and candid. That's a fault I have, of not being able to give the appearance of a conservative-type guy. Or, sincere would be a better word."

Schneider's inability to appear sincere is causing him trouble on the Schoonmaker deal, in which he is buying a large, active building company, together with approximately 400 lots (totaling

(continued on page 173)

satire **By ROBERT CAROLA**

WORD PLAY

more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive

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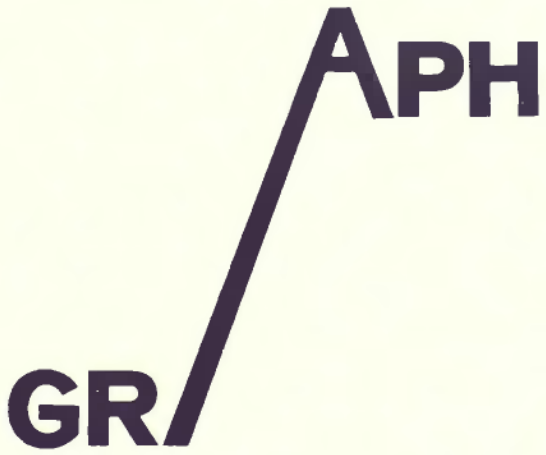

HOME? WHICH WAY IS THAT?

(continued from page 118)

unearth the living past, I *did* feel the whole Southern landscape was much the same. And inexpressibly beautiful. Yet everything was altered. The bird's nest was still in its place, as it were, but the twigs were softer, rotting imperceptibly, and the birds had flown to some other morning.

The first thing you notice, though, even before getting very far from Atlanta, which is not Southern to me, is how everybody smiles a lot. So you smile, too. In the South, you cannot tell transcendent love from ersatz charity, so you don't try. You just beam until your cheeks ache and before long your smile is not just perfunctory but fixed. You know that even when you leave it will stay behind, like the grin on Alice's Cheshire cat, the vestige of your awful gladness—real and expansive, or just a fixed clinging smile, up a tree? Whichever, when the smile goes, you fall from grace. Is it better to be a renegade? Not to care?

Passing the 2500-acre Callaway Gardens, 80 miles south of Atlanta, the mind jerks back to a scene uncountable years before when my father had taken me to dinner at Cason Callaway's large but unpretentious log cabin, and Mr. Callaway, a textile magnate, had told his son Bo: "My dream, son, is to build the prettiest garden that will ever be seen on earth till Gabriel blows his horn." And I believe he has very nearly succeeded. At the Gardens Country Store, we buy muscadine sauce and speckled-heart grits and a sumptuous picnic lunch known locally as "the feedbag," alas. (One thing the South never was to me was quaint.)

We drive 12 miles along the high hot ridge of Pine Mountain to Warm Springs, where Franklin D. Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945, or exactly 27 years before. Which is uncanny. Because I can remember when my father took me there, too, to meet his friend the President. The Little White House seemed so inviting then. Now, in spite of obviously loving upkeep, it seems oddly proletarian and, with its curious display of pots and pans, specially constructed bath, raised toilet, the famous unfinished portrait, hand-controlled auto, wheelchairs and braces, even depressing.

But as we get closer to the place of my birth, things seem to shade into the rich depths of the landscape itself, my palms begin to sweat, history may be heavy upon the land but not upon me here, now. I am as nervous as a cat and on fire inside. I need a drink, but the whole area is as dry as a brick. My God, this is *real life*. It comes all in a rush.

Oak, elm, locust trees are coming into full leaf. The rural South, unchanged, is greening into April, dense, still, heavy with blossoms of pear and plum, mimosa and crepe myrtle, redbud and the ubiquitous dogwood like a snowfall. Smell of new grass and warm sweet clover. The fragility of the natural harmony of the road is underscored by the dark dull sweaty faces of convicts pouring hot tars and leveling slag and aching for a cigarette, by the potbellied deputy with bullet eyes as depthless as a rabbit's, a sawed-off shotgun arrogantly cradled in flaccid arms.

The souvenirs of the South flicker past like images in a magic-lantern show: Dr Pepper billboards, a chinaberry tree in every Negro yard yielding its bitter unwanted fruit, peeling white-clapboard churches, each with its own lopsided graveyard, old overalled men sitting on sagging porches, dilapidated barns proclaiming the timeless glories of Prince Albert Tobacco, Garrett Snuff and Spark Plug Chewing Tobacco, lonely ash-gray shacks on wobbly stilts of brick set back deep in dirt yards with broken-down Buicks and Oldsmobiles and Cadillacs in each one; and the black, brittle, unspoken sorrow of fire-ruined forests, joyless workers in dungarees with necks wrinkled like old boots, country stores selling fat back and corn meal, taters and hogshead cheese, sardines and "sody crackers," dead side roads leading to auto graveyards, gas stations with specialists in the turning of brake drums and the reconstruction of transmissions. . . .

Why is this sweet bitter land always so glutted with the rusting corpses of automobiles? I ask my friend behind the wheel.

The remembered defensiveness—is it endemic to the South or to every small American town?—flashes like an unsheathed sword: "What do you do in California—*recycle* 'em?"

Yes, as a matter of fact, we do, smashing and pressing them into marketable metal bricks. (We have different, more terrible graveyards in California.)

We are less successful remarking on the plight of the sweltering convicts, long after the sight of them. It always depresses me, I say. We used to toss them gum and candy and cigarettes until the guards shook their shotguns at us, and my father would declaim: "The way of transgressors is hard."

"Better to have 'em buildin' our roads and bridges," says my friend, "than punchin' each other out like they doin' out y'all's way." And we're not even home yet.

As we approach the town, I wonder aloud if I should sell the untenanted, uncultivated land I still own sloping off from the main highway down to the river. The U. S. Government no longer pays my brother and me for not raising hogs, for not growing peanuts—still a major cash crop in an area where the cotton that built the whole thing has gone. (It now comes from the delta, from Texas, from California, even from Egypt.)

"You might wait and see how this new two-million-dollar resort development near your property turns out," says my driver. "They're buildin' a big golf course and stuff. But it's gonna be public, so the nigras will probably ruin it. 'S why our taxes are so high. . . ."

I should be accustomed to this kind of thing by now, but my silent anger is exacerbated by the presence of my children, who are not. I hate my silence and am confused by the nameless anxiety that grows in my gut as the last miles toward home fall away.

A huge billboard proclaims Ben Reeves for the Second Congressional District. Ben Reeves! My God, he was a mere boy when I left home. And here he is hoping to move into the void left by my father's good friend George Andrews, who has died. When I was about to ship out to Korea as a rifleman, my father had prevailed upon Andrews (unbeknownst to me) to contravene the inexorable forces of the U. S. Army. My father was certain I would never return and apparently had convinced our Congressman, who telephoned me at my base and said he could arrange for me to enter West Point, although I was 22 and had already graduated from one military academy and an Eastern college and was, in my off-duty time, attending graduate school at Columbia. I went to Korea.

Just as the first shimmering vision of my Bluff City rises on the distant horizon, I am told: Tom is drinking himself to death, Babe's left him. Bubber is in jail for running over a little girl with his car when he was snockered. Billy is living on borrowed time. Bobby is getting into everybody's wife but his own. (Southern gentlefolk never ever say fucking, though Tallulah Bankhead once turned on a friend of mine who was dogging her at a reception in Birmingham and snapped: "Listen, *shrimp*, if you don't leave me alone, the fuck's off.") Red has been to the insane asylum twice and is still hopeless. His family is broke. Betty Jo has been an alcoholic ever since her husband was killed. Grace is still having spells (which means she's crazy) and the shock treatments only made her worse. Jake is giving illegal abortions—right in his office. And dopin', too. Lethe is getting a divorce—*she*'s on dope, too. Eleanor took her life—pills and liquor. Junior finally came out of the closet and went off to Miami with his boyfriend—liked to killed his family. Lewis blew his brains out, right in the middle of a coon hunt. And Gloria is just eaten up with

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you find something you want to share with someone.
It doesn't happen often, but it happens.
And that's beautiful.**

Say "Johnnie Walker Red." You won't get it by just saying "Scotch."

the big C. So bye-bye, Miss American Pie. (The names of the unfamous in this paragraph are fictional.)

These are my friends and, while the pattern of our lives was painfully, infinitely adumbrated many years before, we never believed the prophecies, never believed the grotesque blurred shapes that foreshadowed such a future. Never believed our fathers were drunks and our mothers insane. We were staring, after all, at an infinity of chances. Our youth was eternally fixed to some golden rhythm, we were given the opportunity to enjoy the very best our country has to offer, we would know only victories, we would live forever.

Yet now we manage to titter strangely as we tick off these attritions of time, the dread vagaries of fate. But deep down we know it is the hollow laugh that wards off imbalance, madness, for we are glimpsing the skull beneath the smile, the atomization of all things dear and peculiarly Southern. The center is not holding.

Lost in ambiguities, bleak congeries of them, we round a bend beyond which I know every topographic detail. But this is spring and no one I knew ever died in spring, so I am dazzled by the wild cornucopia of flowers and ancient oaks on the broad residential approaches to my home town, untouched by our war. I am ambushed by beauty, by a landscape that would have made Piranesi weep. It is almost enough to gather up the raveled threads of an earlier idealism, to evoke that aura of promise and possibility in which we had all basked once. Before our whole life as men found its image—and its peril—in the penis. In moneygrubbing. Before, as Yeats put it, "the ceremony of innocence was drowned."

We have, my contemporaries and I, long become accustomed to finding every physical thing dwarfed in the stretches between green-and-golden childhood and whatever is the next step of our lives (which for me was definitely not maturity). Our school, our church, our main street, my own street, my home, my grandmothers' homes are forever shrinking to mere fractions of their former glorious scales.

Still, I pass one of my grandmother's houses now—the one that was once a universe of giant armoires in high-ceilinged bedrooms, four-poster beds, an attic full of flying squirrels (one was rabid and bit her), marble baths with imported bidets I thought were baby baths, a real horse and buggy, the garage where she kept a Studebaker for years that she never learned to drive and where we masturbated, made magic and played out marionette shows at ten cents a head—and it has diminished itself beyond belief. (Leah, the cook, unable to accept the replacement of the horse by an automobile, called the garage the "gorral.")

The swing on the porch where "Munnie" told all the funny stories until a stroke made her frail, white and speechless is gone. My grandmother was a Comer, generally acknowledged as the most remarkable family in the state, and as a child she rode in a carriage around town in Jefferson Davis' lap. It didn't seem to have spoiled her. But she spoiled her own.

Two doors down from Munnie's house I see the beautifully restored ("by those *Jews*") antebellum home of her father, my great-grandfather St. George Legaré Comer, whom we called "Papoo" and who was the last of the Comer brothers—of the generation of which it was said, "There was never a fool nor a coward." (Cousin Ed scoffs at all this: "We were named after what we were—wool combers in Scotland.") One brother became a distinguished governor of Alabama, one a railroad president, two became presidents of a series of manufacturing plants, three simply became millionaires one way or another and Papoo was a brilliant lawyer, a witty Bible-class teacher, a leader in reviving the state National Guard after the humiliation of Reconstruction. He cultivated orange groves in the Indian River country of Florida, served several terms as mayor of Eufaula, banged away on a grand, square-shaped rosewood piano that his slaves had buried during the war, and it was from his balcony of spacious porch and Ionic columns that Jefferson Davis spoke on his last Southern tour.

I can remember being bounced on Papoo's knee as a very young boy and asking him to tell me about the slaves. And Munnie would say, "I wish you wouldn't speak to Mr. Comer on the subject of slavery." Years later, she still had illiterate black retainers quartered in mysterious back rooms of her home and carefully scissored every reference to Negroes that ever appeared in *Life*. When Eleanor Roosevelt admonished Southern blacks to quit working in white homes for five dollars a week, Munnie fired off a letter to our cousin John Shaw Billings, then editorial director of *Life*, *Time* and *Fortune*, that surely must have shattered his spectacles at 50 paces. Even though she never acknowledged the fact that Negroes were human beings, all the ones who had anything to do with her, including those "too lazy to hit a lick at a snake," were crazy about her, and at least a couple of them fainted at her funeral.

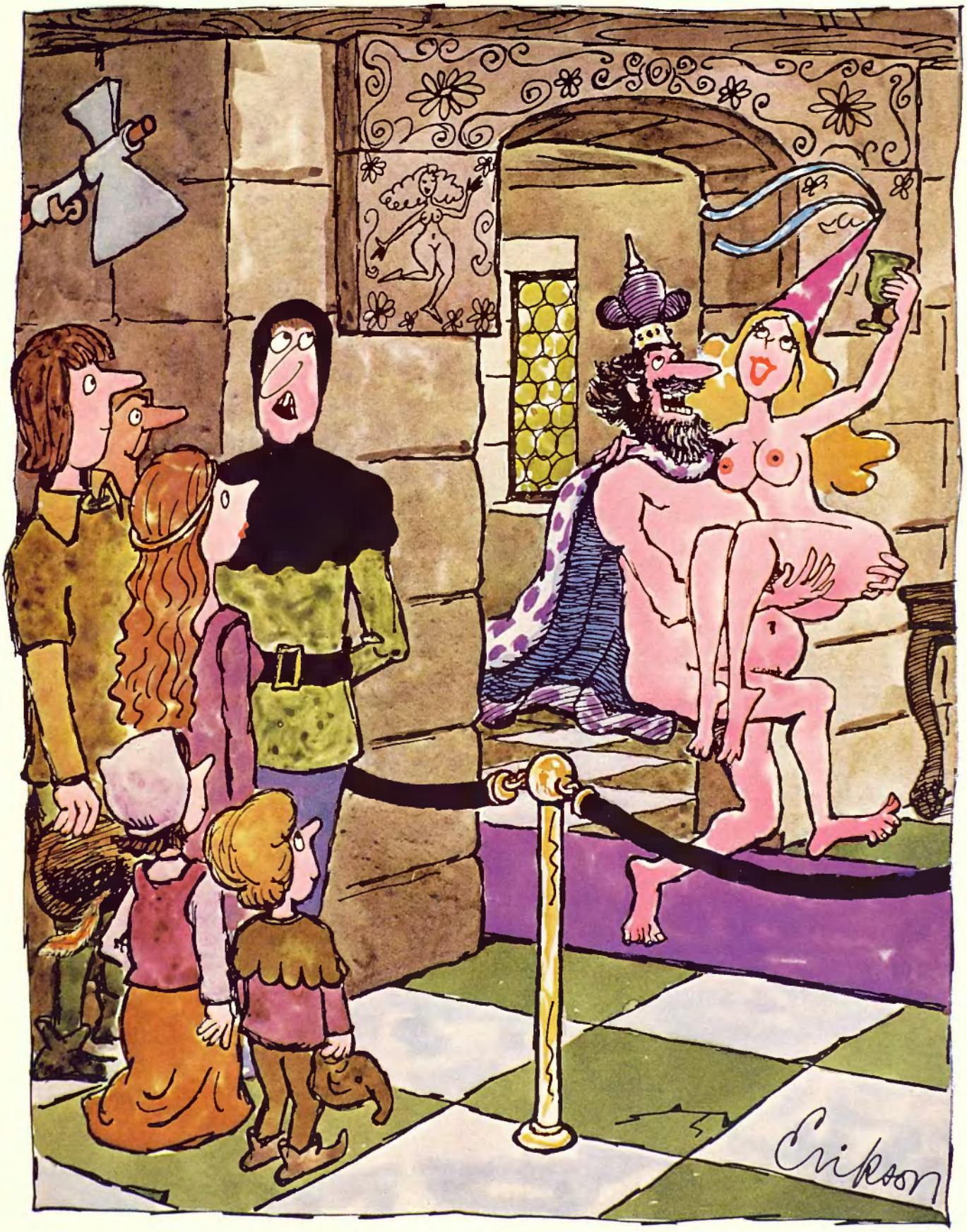
When, during the war, F. D. R. asked my father to serve on his NRA Board in Washington, she refused to speak to him for days and insisted that she "adopt" my brother and me while he went "up North" to work for those rich radicals who were bringing ruin upon the South and the country. Yet she was the gentlest person I ever knew, she harbored no interior hatreds, no spitefulness or distrust, and outside of my own mother, who jumped out a window at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis when I was 17, I loved her more deeply than I loved anyone else.

When she was down, which was seldom, she was, in her own wondrous-strange vernacular, "lower than a gnat's heel." When a friend was sick, she would dial the operator and say, "Now, Central, Sweet Alice Jelks is not at all well—she's having one of her spells. So when you ring, ring *softly*, please." (No one ever had mental illness or even cancer—only spells. And colds were never colds but catarrh.) When she read in the Eufaula *Tribune* that a friend had been buried in blue, she phoned the editor in high dudgeon: "Well, I don't care *what* she was in, you should have had the decency to *say* that she was in black." When Munnie's husband died, circa 1916, she refused to leave her house for eight years, never thought of another man and never wore anything but black for the rest of her days, which were plentiful.

Her husband, my grandfather Frank Wilkins Jennings, must have loved her equally as much: When he was courting her, he was known as quite a rounder, and he was told by Papoo that drinking was severely frowned on in his household and that if Mr. Jennings was serious in his intentions toward the young Laurie Comer, he would have to straighten out more than a little. They married when she was 18 and my grandfather never took another drink the rest of his life.

Baby talk came as naturally to Munnie as breathing, and once downtown she came upon our no-nonsense cousin Wylena Upshaw Kennedy with her little boy, leaned down and said, "Bobby, let me see dem toofies." At which Wylena growled in a voice roughly as deep as a bull moose's: "*Robert*, show Cousin Laurie your *teeth*!"

My first cousin Laurie Comer Kelly recalls, "I often think of how she used to kiss me after we'd been separated a long time—just staccato kisses so fast you couldn't even count them, accompanied by a sound that was more like approval of some fine gourmet dish. She always carried a big black pocketbook and it always contained an endless supply of goodies for any children she encountered. She used to get me to brush her hair for her and it was almost down to her waist. She would sit in a chair in her bedroom, rocking, and I would be brushing with all my might—it took it, too, with her thick mane—then she would comb the hair out of her brush and roll it into a little ball and put it in



"That's His Royal Highness, but I'm afraid that's not Her Royal Highness."

a Wedgwood pitcher that sat on her dresser. Bertha, who came onto the scene after Leah burned up in a fire, would empty the pitcher every day and *groan*. I can see Munnie now, with that fast little walk of hers that was almost a trot. I never heard anybody say anything unkind about her, and her whole personality and countenance just twinkled."

She laughed a lot, at herself as well as at others, and her laugh always ended in two musical notes that sounded like "Oh, law." She attended every graduation of her seven grandchildren, adored chaperoning dances, went to thousands and was always the most entertaining person there. She never went to bed if there was anything better to do and she usually read the newspaper around two A.M., for fear of missing something. It wouldn't have occurred to her that it was possible for anyone to stay too long at the fair. She *was* the fair.

She liked to tell friends how I had come home from Sunday school saying that we had sung about a big, cross-eyed bear, when, in fact, we had sung about how heavy is the "cross I bear." When Bishop Carpenter of Birmingham called on her and asked for a small weak glass of whiskey, she snapped, "Of course, Charles, but *why* weak and *why* small?"

When anyone asked her where Eufaula was, she would reply with majestic insouciance: "Directly over the center of the earth." And when the Paris-based actress Olivia de Havilland visited our home and made the tactical error of telling my grandmother that she had never heard of Eufaula, Munnie said: "How very strange, dear. *Every*one in Eufaula has heard of Paris." And I remember when, at my graduation from Culver Military Academy, she was asked by the chaplain where she came from, she answered: "Heaven is my home—but I'm not the least homesick!"

She never allowed any of us to dance, play cards, tell fortunes or go to the picture show on Sundays, when, after all "the gizzards and the lizards" were gone, her favorite pastimes were "skipping around the block" or down the "alleynue" with my brother or me; listening to the bulletlike thrum of hummingbirds, the late-evening cry of robins, the tinkling bells of her back-yard cows (one of which got up on her dining-room table and into the sugar bowl while she was in church), the mill whistle and the looms going clickety-clickety-clack and the bells ringing in the little brick churches; and visiting the Fairview Cemetery. It was, and still is, the prettiest place in town, a veritable fairyland of dogwood and azaleas and daffodils perched on a lovely green knoll backing onto the forlorn railroad tracks and the river.

First we visited the family plots and read the serious epitaphs; e.g., St. George Legaré Comer was "Diligent in Business / Valiant in Spirit / Serving the Lord / Faithful unto the End." John Fletcher Comer, who died in his mid-40s, got an elaborate monument of Carrara marble as tall as I was and a eulogy to match: "The path of this just and pious man was like a shining light, clearer as he approached and walked in the meridian of his days. His wife, children, home and friends were cherished treasures. Moved by the generous impulses of an honest heart, controlled by a will, yielding to no opposition, in defense of firm principles, he left a name radiant with those virtues that make up the full measure of a reliable friend, valued neighbor and influential citizen, and now my beloved is with Christ in God, the spirit's home." The inscription was written by his wife, Catherine, who gave herself full credit on the monument.

Then we would look for the funny ones. One said cryptically, "And this too shall pass." There was "Little Willie, who has at last gone where he will be appreciated." And Dear Dorothy, who "faced the trials of life with fortitude, and triumphed in moderation."

When my grandmother died, in 1965, a few months apart from my father, the gravediggers had to remove my grandfather's gravestone and dig down to his remains, so that, according to her explicit wishes, her casket could be lowered to rest upon his. Her name and the dates of her birth and death were simply added to the original grave marker.

• • •

A few minutes from Munnie's house is Broad Street, which leads, finally now, into my own street, the Country Club Road. It was the whole world when I was growing up and seemed to be at least ten miles from town. It is, in fact, probably no more than two. It was unpaved then, rust red like Georgia clay, and only one or two Negro shacks, a sharecropper's decrepit house and my other grandmother's home were in view of our home, The Myrtles, named after a great fronting of crepe myrtle long since gone. We swung on cut vines over swimming holes in our limitless woods. We climbed to the tops of the younger pines and "rode" them to the ground.

All of this land is covered now with pleasant too-close houses, but as we pass, I can still see that poor sharecropper who had a flock of mean children—or at least in their natural resentment of us they seemed so—virtually no crops at all and two chinaberry trees whose berries we fired out of homemade popguns. But he bedazzled us every winter when, at the first good frost, he slaughtered his hogs.

In place of the neat green lawns of now, I see only those poor squealing animals yoked by their hind legs to an elaborate wooden scaffold, see the blood spurt out of them as their necks were slit with long knives, see the raw pale blood-streaked flesh poke through inch by inch as they were skinned from tail to ear. And I can taste the sausages' burning-rich oils and spices as they flowed through my morning grits and salt-rising bread before I went off to school each day.

School. One evocation, one sprung trap of memory, leads to another. Sometimes I would ride my pony cart, sometimes take the bus, but my favorite mode of transportation was a wagon pulled by a pet billy goat and maneuvered by a little colored boy named John Henry who had to sit with the goat outside the schoolhouse until classes were over, sustained only by the milk and peanut-butter sandwiches my mother had fixed for him and his unlimited patience. If after school we had to go into town on some errand, he had a real struggle keeping the goat from eating everything fresh displayed by the grocers on the sidewalks in front of their stores.

On one of those trips, we encountered my charming incorrigible vagabond uncle, Frank, whose occupation, if he had one, I never knew. I had just come from under some mustard plasters for my bronchitis, was wheezing still, and he asked me if I was having trouble breathing. Before I could reply, John Henry said, "Nawsuh, Mistuh Frank, he just got a *gee*-tar in his nose." For a long while, he was my best friend.

But going home isn't all flashback. There is upon me now the blunt reality that my house simply isn't as spacious and sun-burdened as it was, that it no longer feels like mine at all, since the lady who lives there, once married to my father, quite rightly has made it her own and filled it with her own tasteful things. But they are not my things. I use all the wrong cups and glasses. I don't even know where to look for my mother's portrait and dare not ask. Even my back yard, where I used to ride my pony under the pecan and black-walnut trees until a wayward limb plucked me off and onto my ass, where I used to roam as in vast pastures and French gardens, where I carved out a sloping baseball park, is shrunk beyond recognition. And how do I explain to my children the yawning chasm between what I must have told them and what we see here now?

I take my children down to the end of the lawn, where the indifferent oaty greens of devil grass fade into thick pine forest, to the cabin where my friends and I spent so many splendid and terrible weekends, blowing things up with my large chemistry set from F. A. O. Schwartz, taking cold showers right on the front porch (my father called it

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"Woodrow Wilson democracy" when he insisted on situating it there and often said, "Don't be ashamed of what God gave ya"), barbecuing chickens on the big permanent brick barbecues common to that time and place and, with elaborate concealment and wonder, exploring the myriad colors of our freshly erotic world, a world made sweeter then by the polymorphous sexuality of childhood.

But the cabin has literally tumbled over into a thicket of briar patches and dark underbrush, every object has rotted and animals' nests are burrowed into the shiplike bunk beds. Alongside the cabin ruins, the old scuppernong arbor, where we practically lived in late summer when those peculiarly Southern grapes were in season, has gone to rust and stalk and seed from lack of care. Their musky cousins, the succulent muscadines, have vanished from the bay trees without a trace. The dream is perishable after all. And one does not, as one might expect or wish to, meet the past at every turn: I am paralyzed by the sudden confrontation of immediate family propriety and problems of property, repairs, city-council rulings, taxes, access roads, ownership, even sewage access.

I don't want these problems now, don't even want a party. I want to show my children their father's home and town and countryside and drop in on a few, very few friends and relatives, at our own pace, in our own good time. I have made this abundantly clear in advance. But nobody has listened, no one heeds my simple wishes, and it all goes agley. I even have to telephone the city clerk on some domestic business and talk to the pulpwood company about taxes on our pine trees and whether or not to clear the land and replant for a harvest 15 years away. . . .

There are several calls from realtors whose curious hunger to sell our little remaining property—which has not even been assessed—has a sad air of desperation in it that makes me "nervous," another favored Southern euphemism. You can be aphasic with some terrible mental affliction, but you will be called nervous all the same.

I am pushed and pressured—to see the family attorney next door, to talk to a member of the city council about the feasibility of delaying the sewage connection, to inspect the new bank, to visit the restored jail, to speak to the president of the mills my father once ran about the devastating dividend cut, about the cost of maintaining a mill-owned marina with its courtesy Rolls-Royce, to inspect the peeling paint on the back of our house and the rotting clapboards on the front and to determine who will make the repairs and when. After all, our family retainer, Thomas, is 70 years old. All I want is a cousin's funny story and a drink.

This is not meant to be a missive of vengeance, a means of settling scores, but I am stunned and saddened at our apparent inability to do anything right, chronic complaint of all homecomers, no doubt, and from each small act a misunderstanding springs and grows in bitterness and recrimination. We get up either too early or too late for breakfast, and there are words. "Thomas has been standing by all morning, but he's busy with other things now." Or "It'll be easy with my next house guests—we run on the same schedule." I miss my own mother and father now in the most immediate and lacerating—and unsentimental—of ways.

The first night home we broil steaks and corn on the cob under huge magnolias on the moonlit patio of old friends, drink and gossip too much (every member of the art department at Auburn is dismissed as "queer" by one of my cousins, and it is suggested that my brother, an advertising man turned artist, stop painting "and go back to work").

The night is largely sleepless and the next day we are not on deck when the first of a disarming group of old ladies —cousins and aunts and schoolteachers —arrive for a ten-A.M. "coffee," though I don't even drink coffee. But these affairs are not without their redeeming graces—the ladies bear gifts and they are warm and winning and frequently funny. To an out-of-towner who inquires routinely about her family, one of my dotty cousins replies, with no trace of emotion: "Well, one of my sons is gettin' his third divorce and the other is in prison for killin' his daddy with a shotgun."

They say home is a place where one is remembered, which may be the nicest part of it, all those smiling, courteous people bearing offerings of love and remembrance: A great-aunt, nearly 90, brings a copy of her own family cookbook; a Good Ole Boy brings by a fresh lunker bass from Lake Eufaula (which across the river in Georgia is called Lake George); an alcoholic cousin pours medicinal screwdrivers at 11 A.M. and quotes Einstein and Cicero, a bust of whom he keeps in his office; the newspaper owner delivers an entire supper of broiled chicken and rolls and gravy; the pharmacist volunteers all the pills your body craves; the lady who always baked the best cakes in town remembers that your favorite is caramel; someone brings the lemon sherbet with fresh peel in it, another makes the requisite divinity candy and another, the chocolate icebox cake you loved as a boy. Another cousin brings a Soave from Italy, a rarity in these parts. It is not unlike all the funerals.

The funerals. At the last one, I didn't even cry. I was older and by then, I felt, something had separated me like the planets from everyone else. Felt it was my first *going* home instead of coming. There was even something thrilling about it, about its power to coalesce. Like violence, like orgasm and like war. The spirit and the pride of what was left of the family was overwhelming. "It shows what a really close family can do to hold each other up," my brother had said. But I still felt like an outlander.

The house was full of people for three days, and I had never seen so much food nor as many people working in the kitchen nor as many relatives and friends and flowers and messages. The first telegram had come from Governor Wallace, in fact, long before he got couthed up by Cornelia. The whole time was one of a lot of laughing and talking and visiting and reminiscing and not much crying. I'd always remember that. The amount of laughing is what amazes me in retrospect. I felt it was a symbol of love, somehow, and everybody holding everybody else up, to stave off . . . morbidity? Someone asked a dippy cousin of mine who she loved more than anyone else in the world, and she said her brother. And the person said, "You don't mean you loved him more than your own husband?" And she said, "Who? Ed? Why, *he* was no blood kin to me." And we all laughed, laughed hard at that.

The church was packed, and there was a full choir, and the minister read, at my bidding, that sweet poem from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* about how all golden lads and lasses must like chimney sweeps return to dust—though he hadn't wanted to and insisted on inserting the countervailing powers of his New Testament, too. Afterward, at the house, a cousin I'd never seen went on at great length with a joke, the gist of which was this: The woman says: "I went to the doctor today and he told me I had a beautiful body." And her husband asks: "What did he say about your big fat ass?" And the woman says: "As a matter of fact, your name was never mentioned." Our old cook was in hog heaven—hearing dirty stories like that and bossing everybody around in the kitchen. It was almost like old Christmases. Christmases not as they ever were, probably, but as remembered.

Spiteful memory. That is the whole thing. And the shock of recollection, of old dead moments, things lost because you want them to be, but also what I loved and *had* to lose and cannot forget.

• • •

On the third day, after a night wracked with dreams and sweat and thrashing, we are late leaving another coffee, which means we have to skip a cocktail invitation at the country club to make a party in the country before a

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dinner in town. And we are blamed for all these indiscretions with tight lips or sly words that burn their acid print upon my brain.

The food at the parties is wonderful, the booze is still pulled out of closets or brown paper bags, and there is the usual plethora of brawlers, heavy drinkers, randy old goats—living metaphors of Southern manhood—and horny aging women who do funny shimmies on their knees on the living-room rug when the going gets heavy, neurotic and vinous, as if these are the only ways to blunt the pain of the earth. My father's old friend Colonel Upshaw used to say: "Some grow old gracefully, others learn to dance." These dance.

I am constantly asked why I left and just as constantly told this is the best old place of all. "God's country," "prettiest place this side of heaven." Is it a cry of despair of trapped men desperate to justify their lonely imprisonment, or a fair judgment, a fine prophecy? I do not know. I only know that everyone insists that someday I shall come home again to stay.

And sometimes I feel that those who did stay, whether by choice or by circumstance, are the noblest and most courageous of all. They may be rooted in outmoded tradition—they can talk forever about the workings of an antique cherry pitter—self-convinced, sterile and smug in their provincialism, indifferent to their own monotony; but they have intelligence, loyalty, trust, respect and a sense of sufficiency. They feel the fullness of the moment and know how to enjoy it. (And I would trade my funkiness most any day for that fullness and sufficiency.) They don't seem to mind that the great train that once ran triumphantly along the river's edge of the town, whistle-wailing its promise of other joys, new lands, thrilling cities, has gone forever. Perhaps they intuit that everything shines only in the heart. Even Ceres' gold.

Deep in my bones, I envy their rootedness and the fact that they have managed to evade the vast restless migrations that seem to beset the rest of the country, especially my adopted land of California (that country of the mind). No matter what is happening to them now, surely their children must reap some good in the unconscious exigencies of permanence, of *place*. "To be deeply rooted in a place that has meaning is perhaps the best gift a child can have," Christopher Morley wrote long ago. "If that place has beauty and a feeling of permanence, it may suggest to him unawares that sense of identity with this physical earth which is the humblest and happiest of life's intuitions."

I am also pressed to say "honestly" how I like my home town. I always remark on its beauty, the courtesy, the grace and generosity of spirit of its people. But to one of my brighter cousins I make the error of saying: "Frankly, I have never known anything anywhere like the Southern apposition of kindness and bigotry, gentleness and violence, chasteness and carnality." I have just committed the cardinal sin of the South. And peremptorily, I am slapped down with the old familiar weapons: What about the freakiness of Los Angeles, the bigotry and violence of the Northern city I once lived in—all the usual defensive clichés. And sex comes back to one thing: How would you feel if your daughter married a black, especially a smelly, unlettered black like we got around here? Just walk into the bank on payday. Endless unanswerable talk still about "the degeneration of the race" and creating "a society of mulattoes."

When I ask one of the founders of the all-white private school if there can be quality education underpinned by racism and a doctrinal belief in exclusion, I am greeted with a menacing silence that is like thunder. So mostly I avoid race and politics—this is Wallace country to the core. And as someone—Willie Morris, I believe—has said, the poor South has been too long the palliative of the national guilt.

Thomas Wolfe knew that "there was something twisted, dark, and full of pain which Southerners have known with all their lives—something rooted in their souls beyond all contradiction, about which no one had dared to write, of which no one had ever spoken. Perhaps it came from their old war, and from the ruin of their great defeat and its degraded aftermath. Perhaps it came from causes yet more ancient—from the evil of man's slavery, and the hurt and shame of human conscience in its struggle with the fierce desire to own. It came, too, perhaps, from the lusts of the hot South, tormented and repressed below the harsh and outward patterns of a bigot and intolerant theology, yet prowling always, stirring stealthily, as hushed and secret as the thickets of swamp-darkness. And most of all, perhaps, it came out of the very weather of their lives, out of the forms that shaped them and the food that fed them, out of the unknown terrors of the skies above them, out of the dark, mysterious pineland all around them with its haunting sorrow."

• • •

Certain members of my family are not speaking to others—I have to learn which ones and why and how to deal with them, what moves to make. Mostly I make the wrong ones. "You know I have never understood her," one close relative says of another. "She has put me on the spot too many times. In my prayers I ask the good Lord to forgive me for hating her." Another says: "Let's not let her destroy us. Let's forget about her. We are a family and love one another." And another, pulling me aside: "He's not even an in-law, he's an outlaw. I don't expect ever to see him again. You just love my son and *me*." I don't like being put in these positions. I feel tired of things now.

We do manage to get some flowers —after they have been husbanded for the party in our honor—from the house to the graves of my grandmothers and father and mother and a recently departed uncle, a brilliant, urbane gent whose entire adult life was wrecked upon the shoals of Nembutal and phenobarbital, on uppers and downers that frequently landed him in the pokey, whence my father invariably had to bail him out.

We visit some of the beautifully restored mansions—Eufaula has more treasures in the National Register of Historic Places than any spot in the state—and one entire neighboring town cunningly articulates life as it was lived in the 1850s, right down to operative basket weaving, pottery making, quilting and spinning and the shodding of horses. The great houses of Eufaula were used as Confederate hospitals during the Civil War and were mercifully spared when, in the spring of 1865, 4000 Federal cavalrymen arrived at the very moment of armistice.

We sift through a lot of historical detritus about our family and come across some substantial clay: a picture of a great-great-uncle, John Wallace Comer, with his faithful black "body servant," both in Civil War uniform. Uncle John returned from the Battle of Atlanta wounded, but it is said that he never would have returned at all without the aid and devotion of his young chattel.

I am very much taken with the courage, energy and passion for justice evidenced in the public addresses of my great-great-uncle Braxton Bragg Comer during his term as governor of Alabama, a time of plunder and corruption in high places: He built a high school in every county of the state, built the first schools for the deaf, dumb and blind, brought the tax dodgers to taw, equalized assessments to make the privileged pull their share of the load, upgraded the universities, subdued the "liquor dragon," kicked the lobbyists out of capitol corridors, insisted on "full hygienic conditions and humane treatment" for convicts and told the people: "We have in Alabama 800,000 citizens of the colored race. These people are a part of our body politic, and our duty to them and to ourselves is to help to remove from their way every obstruction to successful progress. Our prejudices are not against them, they are for them. . . . I am grieved to say that there is

more friction now between the races than there has been for years, and I believe this friction is growing. How to stop and reverse the current is a question well worth your study and attention." That was in 1907 (George Wallace, are you listening?).

A family memoir reveals that servant problems did not take root after World War Two: "Servants as usual this morning idle and exceedingly annoying," wrote Laura Beecher Comer in 1864. "If I had reliable servants, no doubt the discipline here, in this life, would be incomplete to fit and prepare me for a happy death. At least Edmund was sold on Saturday. I am glad he is gone. Then who should appear at my door but Alberdeir, a very capable but exceedingly bad servant we had sold. I sent him immediately away."

And the exactness of the old family inventories staggers the imagination: "mewls" (by name), horned cattle, hogs, work oxen, trundle beds, tallow, potash and Java coffee measured in hundreds of pounds, syrup in gallons, blacksmith tools and axletrees, mill drays and harnesses, coal and iron, rifles and shotguns, well buckets and ropes, mewl racks, wheat, scythes, spokes, nails, sheep shears, grindstones, cotton gins.

But most intriguing are the inventoried lists of slaves with names like Temperance, Please and Patience, which were the lengthiest of all. I am curious to know why "One Negro Man Miles" was worth a paltry $100 and "One Negro Boy Redick" was valued at $1500 and "One Old Negro Woman Suckey" was appraised at 000.00. Age, sex and ability, I suppose, made the difference. John F. Comer's inventory alone lists 46 slaves, not counting their children. By 1858, our county had 12,000 slaves valued at $8,000,000.

Alone, I visit the old marble soda fountain, one of the few left in the entire South, where after school I watched in awe as my best friend, Bob, served up frosty Cokes with lots of crushed ice and a dash of vanilla or cherry and, for me, fresh limeade with grape juice in it and he threw in the lime, too. Since Bob's family owned the store, we sneaked condoms out of there by the dozen (though I didn't lose my virginity until I was 18, with a hotel whore on a mushy night in Panama City, Florida).

Today, Bob owns his own store across Broad Street from his parents'. Donning work clothes and dark glasses, I wander mock-casually to the prescription counter and say: "Hey, buddy, got any rubbers?" "Sure, man, what kind you like?" "Like 'em thin—whadda they call it, lambskin?" I stretch this simple-minded colloquy to a full three minutes before Bob recognizes me and explodes in tears and laughter and, unbelieving, just shakes his head from side to side and says over and over, "Sonuvagun."

But the keenest blending of pain and pleasure in my home-coming is the requisite cocktail party. I am less disturbed and embarrassed to meet my family's friends than my own. We shared so much, then so many years separated us, and now we have so much to say and yet nothing. We have plenty of vodka and gin, but only Scotch and bourbon are served. With each face, each name, come shards of experience from a long time ago, uncertain fragments of failures and triumphs, shared hopes and hells of the murmurous past. And drinking makes things swirl. Reflections are distorted now, fragments of illumination from a prism.

"I'm just middle-aged, middle-weight and middle-class now, Bob," says the well-constructed wife of one of my best friends. But I don't think of her as any of these things. My mind jerks back to a canoe in a moonlit pond, when I managed my first real kiss, fumblingly, and the canoe nearly spilled us into the pond we knew was full of water moccasins. Seeing her husband, my old camp friend, reminds me that some 30 years before this night, we were staring up from a bedroll beside Lake Burton in north Georgia, and in the stars I could see that we were immortal or, rather, I could not see how we could be anything but immortal, ever. And every time we left for camp, my friend's porcine father would grin and say, "Now, boys, if you can't keep yo' pants buttoned, keep a balloon on yo' pecker."

Another old girlfriend slides into view, and all I can remember is that hers was the very first breast I ever pressed, covered or un-. We were frightened young men, uninstructed by parents or teachers in the dark mysteries of sex, and even the horniest guy could hardly get laid, for, as another Southerner has put it, "The girls were all married or crazy virgins who went to church."

Still another face makes my heart leap. I do not see her. I see myself years younger, lying beside the club pool, mesmerized by a tuft of black hair protruding from the crotch of her ill-fitting swimsuit. It was perhaps my first flush of carnal knowledge. Those were extremely difficult times for me, for I felt I was loved only if I made a conscious effort to be charming—a mere pubescent!—but a smudged unseemly image of myself stood in the way of my being thus, and so I created my own vicious circle of sex in which venereal relations were precluded. When we made it, we made it only guiltily and in the dark. . . . Sentimental dissolves.

My beautiful favorite first cousin sweeps into view and I am relieved to see her, for we have few secrets between us. A divorcee, she is wickedly acknowledged by my cousin Ed as "the man hating widow Rhymes." But again the moment is transmuted with the deceptive ease of a film flashback to the day her father, my mother's brother, as fine a man as ever walked the land, blew his brains out behind the bank of which he was president.

My brother had said, "I felt it was such a cheat to all of us who loved him and wanted him to get well." Later he added, "I think I have it settled in my own mind now that he did the right thing—and it required courage and thoughtfulness and deep thinking to do it." And my aunt had said, "If he'd only told me, if he'd only told me, I would have held his hand while he pulled the trigger."

In flickering sudden flashbacks I see other awful scenes—scampering around our house looking for new places to ditch my father's whiskey or hide his pistol while he raved drunkenly against us, cruelly recounting our mistakes, and against himself, until the doctor came and knocked him out and carried him off to one institution or another. He would eventually come home from his $100-a-day treatment centers and address us with: "You'll never have the acumen for making money like your father." That was his tragic redemption.

My father was also intelligent, funny, generous, romantic and devastatingly charming. He could be meaner than hell and, in the next moment, as soft and gentle as a spring rain. If we, my brother or I, seemed ungrateful on some occasion, he would come on like Lear, raving: " 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.' " If we disobeyed him, he would spank us with the back of his brushes and quote *1 Samuel* on the dire result of Saul's disobedience. If he farted in front of us, he would say, whimsically: "*Who* did that? *You* do that?" He had both the grace and the gaucheries of a Scott Fitzgerald. He brought us expensive and wondrous gifts from the big Eastern cities and wrote the most loving of letters, for he did not know how else to touch us, to show his love.

The stunted part of my memory tells me that my brother resisted many family scenes by running off and reading himself into a state of intellectual or aesthetic grace. But then I remember he was the only witness to the spectacle of my mother's only sister, a brilliant decorator who went bananas down in Havana, racing by moonlight and her own mad music down the Country Club Road—nude. And I know how for most of his life my brother has struggled out of the arroyos of despair and up a seemingly endless series of hills pushing the Sisyphean stone toward mental health. I pray he gets there.

Noting my distress at these mob affairs, my closer friends take us into their fine new homes, where there are beautiful children and no memories (for me), or to their ranches to ride Tennessee Walking Horses, which I had loved more than anything when I was growing up, riding alone most of the time across clay gullies and green meadows and along creeks with Indian names like Cowikee and Chewalla, and I'd dismount and go skinny-dipping and play with myself on a sand bar under a cathedral of Spanish moss.

Nights we go to fish camps and eat fried catfish with hush puppies and, when we tire of this old Southern ritual, we find fresh oysters in some country cabin or we go to a roadhouse and eat ribs and chicken and shrimp and rolls and listen to country music and drink bourbon out of brown paper bags.

There is another bolt hole just across the road from our house: the cozy home of the sister of my old friend Harper "Nell" Lee, who wrote *To Kill a Mockingbird*. We drink whiskey sours and phone Nell long distance and gossip and I remark that I was distressed to read that Truman Capote was ill and depressed in Switzerland. Not so, says Nell, he is not ill at all, though he may be depressed "because his face lift didn't take."

The last couple of days I talk to a couple of ministers and one of them still cites that thing in *Matthew* about setting the sheep on the right hand and the goats on the left, which remains his rationale for racial segregation. Or for God's granting eternal life to whites and assigning blacks to purgatory. Another, however, sees the continuing segregation as a symptom of the fear that the white man in his lack of progress has for the black in his advances, economically, socially and, most signally, in dignity and self-esteem.

Another, a fine new addition to our town named Joe Blair, says: "The heartache of many a minister in this town is not race but the high rate of alcoholism found here. Several have said they have never served in a place where there were so many. How can we say that something that hurts this many people belongs to a gracious way of living?" How, indeed?

The former publisher of the Eufaula *Tribune*, Elizabeth Upshaw, and its forward-looking editor, Joel Smith, hearten me with their lively and progressive reportage: They dare to run engagement announcements and photographs of black girls; and announcements, also with photos, of the social and athletic achievements of black boys; they write pleas of help for an old black woman whose house has burned to the ground and editorials extolling the talents of one of the town's own, Marilyn McCoo of the 5th Dimension, whose late grandfather was the only black doctor in town when I was a boy.

They forthrightly report that a white father has thrashed his baby son and thrown him into Lake Eufaula; that a white policeman has been relieved of duty in the shooting death of a 22-year-old Negro; that the mayor's 15-year-old stepson, wearing a deputy sheriff's uniform and badge, is patrolling the town like "an adolescent Lone Ranger traveling with city policemen while they are on duty and apparently holds and exercises the full powers of search, seizure and arrest and apparently considers himself the last hope for the morals of our rapidly decaying youth."

And they reminisce freely of the tragic forced march of the Eufaula clan of the Creek Indians, who founded our Bluff City in some unrecorded year, along their "Trail of Tears" from Alabama to Oklahoma. I am moved by Chief Eufaula's farewell address to the Alabama legislature, which drove him away from his rightful home: "We leave behind our good will to the people of Alabama, who build the great houses, and to the men who make the laws. I came to say farewell to these wise men, and to wish them peace and happiness in the country which my forefathers owned, and

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which I now leave to go to other homes in the West. I leave the graves of my fathers . . . but the Indian fires are going out, almost clean gone, and new fires are lighting there for us."

An English ethnologist who visited the Eufaula Indians' village in 1752, in search of some horses that had been stolen from the British, described the local clan as "the lowest in the nation but two" and said the early Eufaulians were "the most unruly, as they all command and none obey." To which editor Smith says: "Now, doesn't that sound just like Eufaulians today?"

I learn, from an 1836 *Journal of the House of Representatives*, that a great-great-uncle, Governor Clement Comer Clay, was directly responsible for driving the Creeks out of the state. In that year, he told the Senate, the House and the Secretary of War that "many of them had taken reservations, which they had subsequently sold, and having squandered the amount of consideration received, had become destitute of all means of subsistence, except by labor (which Indians never willingly perform) or by marauding on our citizens, and that many of them had hence become paupers and vagrants, degraded by vice and intemperance, and had committed numerous depredations on the property, and acts of violence on the persons of the white inhabitants, resorting to plunder and rapine which had sometimes terminated in death. Nothing short of their entire removal beyond the Mississippi would secure to our citizens the peaceful enjoyment of their homes."

I talk to a newspaper reporter whose chief concerns appear to be long hair in the city schools and marijuana use among the kids. The school board holds a marathon special meeting to discuss "the hair problem" with students and parents. One distinguished citizen has grown a striking beard and is referred to behind his back as "looking like some Jewish rabbi." An old-line schoolteacher in the public high school says forlornly: "I'm afraid the world we once knew is gone forever—nigs, you know." Conversely, a reconstructed lady in charge of a public office has recently hired an ex–Marine officer and peremptorily warns him: "You can say shit, you can say fuck, but don't *ever* say nigger around here."

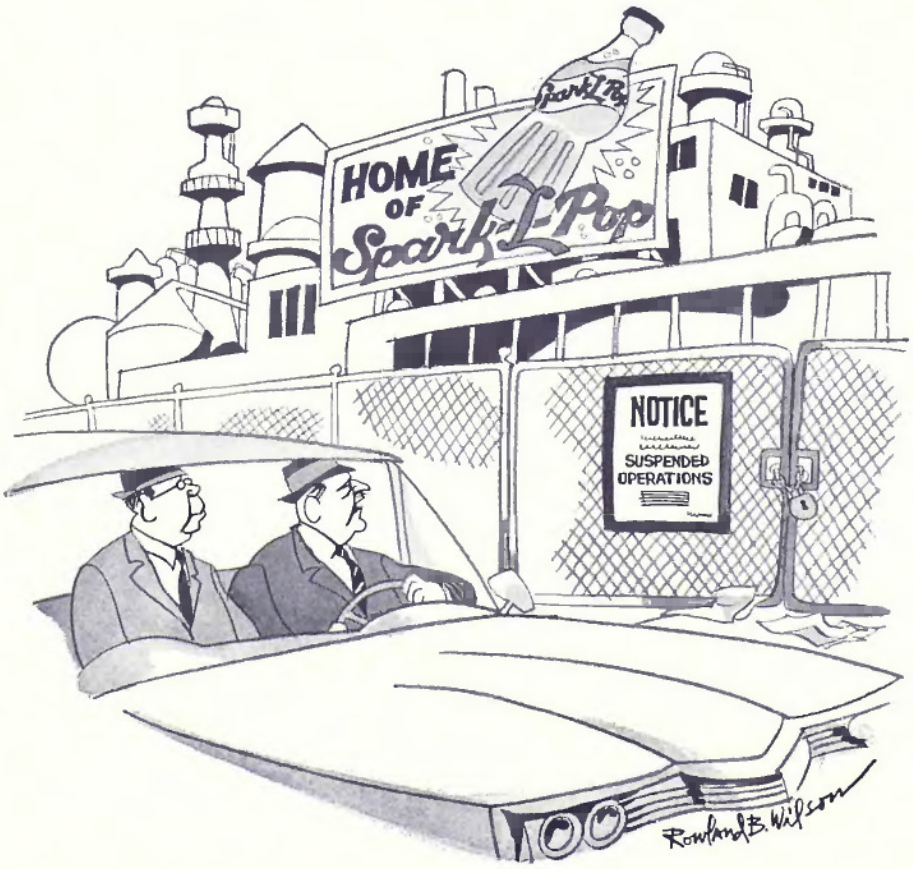
Another citizen protests busing with the full force of his garrulous sophistries: "The carpetbaggers in Washington want to yoke the South with a program that they don't want to enforce on their constituents in the North. The news media have exposed them with sending their own children to posh private schools. The Negro race still holds the South in full responsibility for slavery. If they will check into the history of the traffic of human flesh, they will find that the financial backing came from the New England states. . . . Many wealthy families in the North owe their original wealth to this area. Many of the people who have shouted loudest for the Negro rights are the descendants of people who instructed their ship captains to drown their cargo of slaves if the ship was threatened to be boarded by countries unfriendly to slavery."

After these long litanies of racial fury, after reading new paeans to John Birch, after hearing soon enough who's committing adultery with whom, who's insane, who's drunk, who's dopin', who's puttin' on airs, who's lost his money and who's made a pile, who's going to have an operation, even the most tasteless joke brings relief. One cousin says to me: "The only good nigger is a dead Detroiter—that's where all the servants've gone." And somehow, from some ventricle of old but probably honest prejudice, I laugh.

But I soon loathe that laugh. And I know that I must leave now, even under the sting of friends' remarks that I am always in flight. They are right. It is the only way to ease the secret sorrowful burdens I always feel here, of all the densely woven unspoken things I know and feel, but for which I can find no language. It never turns out the way one hopes it will. Yet leaving is always losing something, too, like tearing off pieces of skin. For I adhere to my heritage.

But among all the random tides of the emotions, the muzzy vision of a slow attrition of the human soul by the South's pain, its ineffable unhealable wounds, among the blunting of whatever exultation I longed to see at least in the eyes of my children, one thing stands clear: That old square Thomas Wolfe was right. In what I had taken to be my home-coming I see, as did he, only my leave-taking, my farewell. I have cast off the blinkers of childhood, found among the ruins of myth my own reality, and I have grown up. I am a Southerner, and the South is forever rooted in me, but I am no longer rooted in it. There remains the common bond of ways of speaking and remembering, of caring and loving, of the land on which my people lived and fornicated and suffered and in which I buried them, one by one, but these are no longer binding ties.

I go away from here now to make a life for myself and my own children in the shadow of my own blighted magnolia, west with the sun and my new ulcer, alone and free.



"It was doubly tragic for the family—the old man passed on without revealing the secret formula."

THE CONSERVATIONIST *(continued from page 102)*

from closing. He doubles a rubber band over his fingers and stretches it to secure envelope and contents. He writes on it, "Watch and Glasses, property of dead man." He adds, "For the Police," and places the envelope prominently on the table, on top of the net, then moves it to the kitchen, putting it on the draining board of the sink, where it cannot fail to be in the line of vision as one walks into the house.

Outside the kitchen door, he distends his nostrils distastefully at the smell of duck shit and three or four pallid kittens whose fur is thin as the bits of duck down that roll softly about in invisible currents of air run from the threatening column of his body. "Pssspsspss," he calls, but they cower and one even hisses. He strides away, past the barn, the paddock where the cows about to calve stand hugely in company and the tiny paddock where the bull, used less and less now, with the convenience of artificial insemination available, is always alone, and he continues by way of the mealie fields the long walk around the farm, on a perfect Sunday morning, he was about to begin when he stopped the car at the third pasture.

The matter of the guinea-fowl eggs has not been settled. He's conscious of this as he walks, because he knows it's no good allowing such things to pass. They must be dealt with. Eleven freckled eggs. It would have been useless to put them under the black Orpingtons; they must have been cold already. A red-legged partridge is taking a dust bath where it thinks it won't be spied, at the end of a row of mealies reaped and ready to be uprooted. But there are no guinea fowl feeding down in the far field where they usually come. Those bloody dogs; their dogs have probably been killing them off all summer. Eleven eggs, pointed, so different from hens' eggs made to lie in the standard depressions of plastic trays, in dozens, subject to seasonal price fluctuation. Soon there will be nothing left. (No good thinking about it: put a stop to it.) The hands of the child round the pale eggs were the color of the underside of an empty tortoise shell held up to the light. The mealies are nearly all reaped, the stalks stooked in pyramids with dry plumy apexes, the leaves peeling tattered. Distance comes back with these reaped fields, the plowed earth stretching away in fan-shaped ridges to its own horizon: the farm extends in size in winter, just as in summer as the mealies grow taller and thicker the horizon closes in, diminishes the farm until it is a series of corridors between walls of stiff green higher than his head. In a good year. If there is going to be a good year again. A cultivator has been left to rust on its side (no rain to rust it, but still, standing out here won't do it any good). Now is the time to clear the cankerweed that plagues this part of the field, near the eucalyptus trees, which have made a remarkable recovery—he can scarcely notice, for new branches, the stumps where they (up at the kraal) had chopped at them for firewood before he bought the place.

Although he had no sign of it when he set out this morning, a Saturday-night headache is now causing pressure on the bridge of his nose; closing his eyes against the light, he pinches the bone there between thumb and finger. He feels pleasantly, specifically thirsty for water. He makes for the windmill near an old stone outbuilding. The cement round the borehole installation is new and the blades of the windmill are still shiny. He puts his head sideways to the stiff tap and the water sizzles, neither warm nor cold, into his mouth. The windmill is not turning and he releases the chain and arm that brake it in order to set it going, but although it noses creakily, it does not begin to turn, because there is no wind today, the air is still, it is a perfect autumn day. He sets the brake again carefully.

A little after one, passing the room of the servant, Alina, beside the fowl run, on his way up to the house, he sees Jacobus talking there to her. He and the herdsman do not acknowledge each other, because they have seen each other before and no greeting is exchanged. He calls out, "You'd better take something —to put over"—his head jerks toward the river—"down there. An old tarpaulin. Or sacks."

"That settles it. I'm moving for a retrial."

 (continued from page 122)

it's called Brownian movement) is subject to the laws of probability. And when you are dealing with large numbers of random movements, the laws of probability are as immutable as gravity itself. The distinction between 10^{23} air molecules and 3,000,000 rolls of dice is one of degree but not of kind. The same principles apply in both cases. The superior backgammon player might lose an individual game, or a whole string of them, to the rankest of amateurs. But as long as he respects the laws of probability, assuming he plays enough, he is bound to win, overall. He would be breaking the law if he didn't. In fact, the only time he would face trouble would be against opponents as knowledgeable as himself. This actually happens, in the major tournaments that are taking place with ever more frequency and ever larger participation, at jet-set hangouts the world over. And the results are just what you would expect: When 20 or 40 of the best backgammon players in the world get together, no one can say who will win. Even the best of the best has never won more than three major championships in a row. And such a winner, if he has a decent respect for reality (which he surely must, given his knowledge of backgammon), would have to acknowledge that he won because he was slightly luckier than his mates. But only at this level is luck involved. When the pro plays an amateur, even for a few hours, the chances of the pro's losing are comparable to the chances of his suffocating due to a sudden exit of air.

If you can recall your feeling when you first learned how to beat your little sister every time at ticktacktoe, then you are privy to the secret smugness of the big-league backgammoner in a money game with an amateur. For every roll of the dice, the pro knows the best response. That doesn't mean that he won't adjust his play to suit his opponent; he will. And experts frequently disagree on the best move. But in a game between an expert and an amateur, there is little need to worry about such refinements. The pro will roll his dice and move his men immediately. He doesn't have to examine the board, because he already has taken into account how he will play any of the 21 different combinations he could possibly roll. (Two dice with six faces each produce 36 combinations, but only 21 of them are distinctive; the rest are duplicates, such as 6–1 and 1–6. Thus, the pro must account for the six doubles he might roll, plus the 15 combinations that are not doubles, for a total of 21 possible rolls.) He knows that he will roll 5–3 twice as often as 5–5 (because there's only one 5–5, while there are both 3–5 and 5–3) and plans his game accordingly. He knows that he will roll a 6, in one form or another, more than he will roll any other number (16 of the 36 combinations show a 6 or add up to it, and 2–2 also permits a move of six spaces, since doubles are moved twice the amount on the dice) and this, too, governs the deployment of his men. In every move he makes, he places his men so as to take advantage of what his next roll and his opponent's are most likely to be. Every time he moves his men, he is maximizing his chances of winning. The more he moves, the more likely he is to win.

Of course, if you're playing against him, this won't be immediately obvious. If you're playing for high stakes, he probably won't want to show you how good he is. And even if you're just playing for the hell of it, some of his moves will seem to defy common sense, and *all* of his moves will be made very quickly. He doesn't have to count the triangles, because he's made such a move before, thousands of times. He moves his counters with the hypnotizing fluidity of a shell-game operator. He is *intimately* familiar with these warm and silk-smooth disks. They clunk together in sounds and patterns he has known all his life. His dice knock noisily in his cup and strike the board, hard, on his right. Even before the cubes settle, his hands have assumed a life of their own. He is a master weaver, he is touch typing—he is moving his men quicker than you can count. And all the while he is talking, quietly, over his shoulder, to an insouciant braless blonde about a chouette they played in Biarritz a fortnight ago. All in all, it's a dazzling performance. Lucrative, too.

To understand backgammon the way this man does, you must clearly appreciate its paradoxical nature. Backgammon is a game of chance, but one in which chance plays such a large role that it approaches predictability. The expert minimizes chance, because he knows that chance is a matter of probabilities and that probabilities have a habit (if you play enough backgammon) of turning into certainties—even into annuities.

The only comparable gambling game is craps, but craps is not a zero-sum game. The house has an edge, takes a cut. Theoretically, the more you shoot craps, the more you are bound to lose. True, the house edge is relatively small, so that superior crapshooters have been known to take money away, at least temporarily. But, as the saying goes, it's still a crap shoot. Backgammon belongs in a higher league. It's a zero-sum game: no house cut. Everything that one player loses, the other must win. If you are a craps player who occasionally fantasizes about that big table in the sky where the odds are precisely even, then you should be playing backgammon.

The probability paradox is precisely what makes backgammon such an attractive (and deceptive) gambling game. If you spend a few hours across the board from a superior player, you will be amazed, even outraged, at his egregious good fortune. He seems always to make the right rolls: double sixes, just when he needs them to march his back men halfway around the board; double ones to fill the two key points on his side of the table. Even junk rolls, such as 5–2 or 6–3, manage to work in his favor, instead of against him. It's enough to make you—well, to make you want to keep playing him. Surely his outrageous good luck can't last forever. Any time now, it's bound to turn *your* way, and you'll win all your money back and then some. But that road leads to madness, if not bankruptcy. You'd do as well betting that the air will leave the room. Yet there are people in this world —not many, but enough—who lose $100,000 a year at backgammon, year after year, and keep coming back for more. They would better spend their cash on a probability tutorial.

Backgammon is really two games: the play of the men and the use of the doubling block. As noted, the introduction of this device transformed the game. The doubling block is a cube of an inch or so. On the six faces are inscribed the progression of 2 doubled: 2, 4, 8, 16, 32 and 64. The block can be brought into play at any time. It is usually employed whenever a player thinks he has the advantage. For example, in a game being played for a dollar, when one player believes he is ahead, he might double his opponent to two, placing the block with the 2 on top. If the opponent thinks he is likely to lose, he can retire, thereby ending the game and forfeiting a dollar. If he thinks he is ahead or only slightly behind, he might accept the double. The stakes would then be two dollars and the other player would have no more right to double. However, if the man who accepted the double finds himself ahead later on, he can redouble to four. His opponent would then have the same options: He could abandon the game (and two dollars) or play on for four dollars. On and on it goes, with the right to double shifting from one player to another, until a double is refused or the game is won. In big-time play, many games are never played out. And in very

close games, the doubling cube can move almost as fast as the dice. What began as a $100 game has been known to double and redouble to $25,600: here a $100 set-to can conclude with over $75,000 on the line, since the ultimate stakes are tripled if an opponent is backgammoned. Obviously, knowing when to accept a double and when to retire is essential to playing the game. There is a pokerlike element here, since if you tend to decline doubles, your opponent will pick up on this and offer you doubles from weaker and weaker positions, until you find yourself giving him money in games that you should have won. Conversely, if you tend to accept doubles too readily, your opponent will begin doubling from greater and greater strength, until you find yourself losing your money twice (or four times or eight times) as quickly. The pros can use the doubling block so well that even if they abandon three games out of four, they make it all back—and then some—in the few games they win.

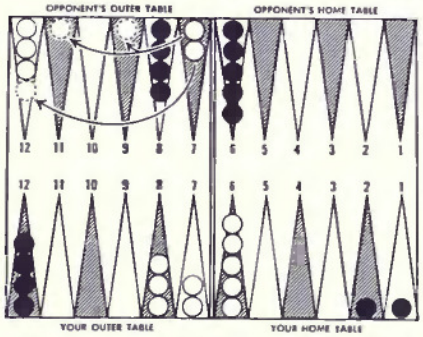
The best book on contemporary backgammon (*The Backgammon Book*, by Oswald Jacoby and John R. Crawford) is quite reasonably dedicated "to the genius who invented the doubling cube and made backgammon the game it is." His name is not known, but his legacy

BIG-TIME BACKGAMMON

dos and don'ts from a man who knows

If one person can be described as the best backgammon player in the world, that man is Tim Holland. He has won more major tournaments than anyone else, and his contributions to the theory of backgammon, especially in its probability aspects, have transformed the game. Holland lives in New York but spends most of his time traveling around the world playing backgammon. We recently caught him at a tournament and talked him into providing these five pointers for pros. They won't mean much to you unless you're a bona fide backgammon freak, but if you are, they might help you cut into Holland's income.

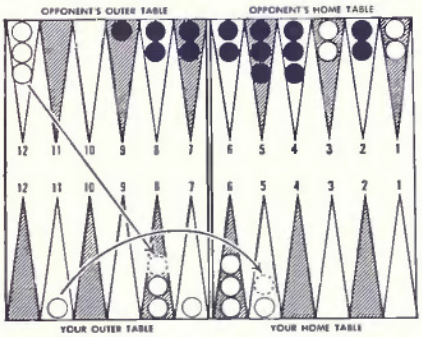
"1. When you are well ahead in a running game, holding your opponent's bar point becomes a liability, because your men on this point are restricted by your opponent's blocks



on your 12 point and his 8 point. Any time you roll 5–4 or 5–2 in this position, you should vacate the bar point as shown here, by moving one man to safety on opponent's 12 point and exposing the other man by moving him to opponent's 9 or 11 point. The odds here are in your favor. The chances are 25 in 36 that you won't be hit when opponent needs a 2, and 22 in 36 that you won't be hit when he needs a 4. If the exposed man is not hit, you are in a strong position to win the game.

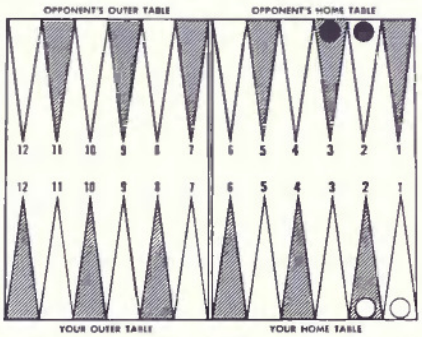
"2. When you fall behind in a running game, you must attempt to play a blocking game. Wherever possible, try to establish a block six points away from your opponent's men. The closer your block is to your opponent's point, the easier it is for him to circumvent it. And if your block is *more* than six points away, it's not very effective, because even if your opponent exposes a blot, you can't hit him with a direct shot.

"3. When you have committed yourself to playing a backgame, you mustn't be tempted to hit prema-



turely. In this situation, if you roll a 6–5, to hit your opponent's exposed man would be suicidal. Your opponent will merely re-enter and you'll be forced to keep hitting his blot, at the cost of speeding up your movement and slowing his down—precisely what you don't want at this stage of the game. Instead, use your 6–5 to move as shown. Wait for another chance to hit, when your home board is in better shape; then you'll be in position to win the game.

"4. Whenever an opponent doubles you on the last roll of the game, if his chances of winning are less than three to one, you must accept his double. Take the following position, where it is opponent's roll, and he doubles you. Your opponent will win the game unless one of his dice shows a 1; his chances of winning are 25 in 36. (If he *does* show a 1, you will win, because whatever you roll will take both your men off the board.) It may seem foolish to accept a double under these circumstances, but you must. The reason is this: Assume you were to play this game 36 times. If you decline the double all 36 times, you will obviously lose 36 games. But if you accept all 36 times, you are better off. Twenty-five times you will lose



a two-point game, for a total loss of 50 points. But the other 11 times your opponent will roll a 1, and you will win, for a total of 22 points. Thus, your net loss will be 28 (50 less 22) as opposed to the net loss of 36 you would sustain by declining such doubles.

"5. A final, psychological point that can increase every player's proficiency: Don't be affected by the score sheet. Occasionally you will find yourself minus 14 (or any amount) with quitting time fast approaching. Your opponent doubles you from one to two in a position that you would normally decline. Out of a desire to get even (or lack of concern over the difference between being minus 15 or 16), you accept the double and, sure enough, you lose. Bad judgment like this can be avoided by mentally paying your loss. In every game you play, you should consider the score even. From an even score, you'll be much less tempted to accept bad doubles. When I find myself accepting bad doubles because the score is against me, I get up from the table, take cash from my pocket, pay my opponent, tear up the score sheet and start from scratch. You don't have to go to this extreme if you can pay your losses mentally, but whichever way you do it, you'll be a better backgammon player."

endures. Backgammon's popularity today is growing as never before. The only comparison is with the Twenties, when contract bridge emerged from whist and took America by storm. Whether backgammon will go on to share bridge's staggering popularity remains to be seen, but early indications are favorable. Sales of backgammon gear—boards, dice, cubes, counters, etc.—have doubled each year for the past two. In November 1972, the game was given a professional status it never enjoyed before, with the formation of the Backgammon Association of America, a nonprofit organization, with offices in New York and Los Angeles, dedicated to improving the game and spreading its popularity. The group is headed by Prince Alexis Obolensky, a well-known figure in backgammon circles and prime mover behind most of the big-time tournaments held in the past decade. A few years ago, such events took place only once or twice a year, but already the B.A.A. is talking about a major tournament every week. Besides organizing such get-togethers, the B.A.A. will codify rules, sanction regional play-offs, set up an annual world championship (possibly televised) with substantial cash prizes, sell backgammon gear, award master points (as is now done in bridge) and even publish a newsletter. PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, a backgammon freak and no mean player, is a B.A.A. vice-president. On other fronts, private clubs dedicated to backgammon play have begun to spring up in places other than London and New York. Pips, a private social club in Beverly Hills, recently opened its doors to a well-heeled group of players and celebrities (who can relax in a *discothèque* when they're not calculating probabilities) and similar clubs are on the drawing boards for Chicago, Dallas and other cities. All in all, backgammon seems a game whose time has come; not bad for something 5000 years old.

"No, our Bobby has his feet on the ground. He doesn't go for all that hippie nonsense with the beads and the long hair."

BACKGAMMON LORE

(continued from page 119)

"Oh," said the sergeant, "that's different. My daughter plays Monopoly, so it must be all right." And the summons was withdrawn.

While backgammon may not be popular among the masses, it is an obsession with those who play it seriously. At any of the tournaments now held around the world, or in any of the late-night backgammon haunts in London or New York (where most of the better players are usually to be found), the talk involves bottom lines, odds and possibilities. Tales are told of loss and gain, of fabulous stakes and fantastic coups. As with war correspondents who have shared a dozen battles, there is a camaraderie among backgammon players. They are an intimate society. During tournaments, there is an air of reunion, a feeling of freemasonry. They are the professionals, the money players; and since gambling is essential to backgammon (though the game *can* be played for fun), novices are advised to avoid them. Such advice is rarely heeded, however. Hence, the tales of incredible fortunes won and lost, the fond accounts of dupes and double sixes—the game's tycoonery.

Every backgammon player has a favorite story—of the time he fleeced a millionaire or fell among pigeons at some provincial country club. In a sense, the stories are always the same. They speak of gain (losses, if not forgotten, are seldom recounted), usually at the expense of some innocent who believed for a moment that he knew something about backgammon. Nonetheless, the best of them, like vintage fables, can be told again and again. One of the better ones, involving a not unusual expression of greed, began on the porch of the Palace Hotel in St.-Moritz. Two of the game's wilier players had been presented with a pigeon—a millionaire from Arkansas. They were told he was a middling player who liked to play for the highest stakes. The two hustlers were anxious to play immediately, but the millionaire was leaving St.-Moritz the next day and suggested that they play as his guest in Arkansas, or on some appropriate middle ground. It was finally agreed that they would meet aboard a yacht (which the hustlers claimed they could provide) in the south of France the following week. The hustlers were overjoyed. They calculated that should they get the millionaire aboard ship and out to sea, they could keep him there for weeks. That afternoon, they rented a small yacht, at $12,000 a week, stocked with a few cases of whiskey (they didn't drink, the millionaire did). They calculated that at stakes of $250 a point, the millionaire had to be worth a minimum of

$75,000 a week. At that rate, they could pay for the boat in a day. Anticipating this good fortune, one of the two bought a sizable piece of real estate and the other bought 3000 more shares of his favorite stock. The three men met in St.-Tropez and set out to sea.

At the end of the first week, the hustlers were $100,000 ahead. One evening, the two of them stood out on deck, laughing over the adventure, proposing further schemes and trips and possibilities. Their dreams were real and grandiose. But on the following day, just after lunch, a remarkable about-face occurred. The millionaire, who until then had been unable to win, suddenly won 27 games in a row. By the next evening, despite his drunkenness, he was ahead by over $75,000. That night, the two hustlers stood sullenly on deck, cursing the man's luck. Next day, they set to work with new resolve. At the end of three days, by playing cautiously, they managed to recoup their losses and get ahead enough to cover the rental of the yacht. Closing the board with relief, they returned to St.-Tropez. It was not until much later that they learned the millionaire was one of America's ranking players. He had set them up as a pleasant diversion.

Backgammon is filled with such ruses. Dr. Daniel E. Schneider, a neuropsychiatrist and psychoanalyst who has studied the psychology of game playing, believes that if one is to win any game, he must first understand the specific skills and traps involved. If one has mastered neither the skills nor the traps, and still insists on entering the game, he is throwing "a boomerang sword that will ultimately cut off his own head." Backgammon is deceptively simple; perhaps for this reason it has been called the cruelest game.

The boomerang psychology is illustrated time and again. During a recent game in London, six men had been playing through the night, at stakes of $100 a point. One of the players was a young man named Harrison. Though not as competent as his opponents, he was having a good run. At sunrise, he was about $2500 ahead. At that point, he found himself playing alone against the five other players, in what is called a chouette, a method of playing backgammon that allows more than two people to participate in a game simultaneously. As his opponents were better players, Harrison took the precaution of asking one of them to be his partner. (This is advisable, since, if you win, you win from each of your opponents, but if you lose, you have to pay each of them. By taking a partner, you reduce your potential loss, and gain the advice of a partner.) The game went back and forth, with the stakes doubled and redoubled, up to 32—$3200 a player. At the end, the game was very close. The four men *had* to throw doubles to win. If they did not, Harrison and his partner would win $6400 apiece. At that point, Harrison's partner stopped the play in order to offer the opponents a settlement. The chances of throwing any double are one in six. In games in which the odds are that slight and the stakes that high, it is customary to ask for a settlement—that is, to inquire if the opponents would be willing to give up lesser stakes before they throw their dice, instead of the actual amount they would have to surrender should they not throw doubles. In this case, Harrison's partner asked for 24 points, or $2400 from each of the four opponents. They agreed, but Harrison, since the odds were in his favor, insisted that he would go for the full amount. His partner, who had already settled for a sure victory of 24 points, advised him to do the same, but Harrison would not be persuaded. Whereupon his opponents threw double fives, to win the game. Instead of gaining $4800. Harrison lost $6400.

"Why can't he just lick himself like other cats?"

Given the odds, he was unlucky. Even so, backgammon is not a game in which luck should be considered seriously—though most players do. Such players forget that although they are gambling, the experts are not. And that is one of the reasons backgammon is so popular today. It has much to do with a contemporary ethic. It is a game that is easy to learn but difficult to perfect. Few players comprehend its intricate formalities, while the rest play with a kind of inspired self-indulgence. The lure of money, the possibility of getting something for nothing, is an exquisite siren song. One sees it in the eyes of the players as they sit down to play—promises of paradise, dreams of Avalon. This, coupled with the inherent glamor of the gamble, has attracted the star, the sharpie, the socialite and the upstarts who aspire to similar stations. Given that, backgammon has become as popular as paranoia. It is both a game and a sign of the times.

Brut for Men.

If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.

After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut by Fabergé.

COCKTAIL COOKERY

(continued from page 103)

hundreds of liqueurs are similarly blessed and are often used by imaginative chefs to perk up their offerings.

But spirits reach their most appetizing, inviting state as cocktails. A martini or a stinger certainly equals more than the sum of its parts. There's a synergistic reaction among the components that adds an exhilarating new dimension to such mixtures. This qualitative difference obviously appeals to the American palate. Cocktails are the national drink. We enjoy them in the glass; why not use their singular flavors in the pot as well?

So armed with the correct potables, you're ready to belly up to the kitchen counter and explore the world of cocktail cookery. And while deciding what to prepare for your guests, don't just stand there—fix everybody a drink.

JACK ROSE PORK FILLET

(As appetizer, serves eight)

(A tasty cocktail nibble, before dinner or on a buffet. You can use the same mixture to season roast loin of pork.)

2 pork-tenderloin fillets, about 1½ lbs.
2 ozs. applejack
1 oz. lime juice
2 teaspoons grenadine
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 large clove garlic, crushed
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Marinate pork fillets in mixture of remaining ingredients for about 1 hour, turning occasionally. Put fillets in shallow, foil-lined baking pan. Bake in preheated, 350° oven, turning twice and basting with marinade, until very well browned—about 1 hour. Cool 5 minutes. Slice into ⅛-in. chips. Serve plain or with a dip made with soy sauce, a dash of Tabasco, lemon juice and just enough beef bouillon to smooth out.

MARTINI SCALLOPS CEVICHE

(As appetizer, serves eight)

1 lb. fresh bay scallops
1 cup ice water
1 tablespoon salt
Juice of 3 limes
1½ ozs. gin
¾ oz. dry vermouth
¼ cup tiny stuffed olives, halved
Dash white pepper

Cover scallops with mixture of ice water and salt. Let stand for 1 hour. Drain and pat dry with paper towels. Put scallops in small bowl. Cover with lime juice, gin and vermouth; refrigerate 3 to 4 hours. Stir in olives and pepper. Spoon into chilled martini glasses.

BAMBOO SHRIMPS

(Serves three)

2 tablespoons oil
½ lb. mushrooms, sliced
1 small onion, finely chopped
1 lb. medium-size shrimps, peeled and deveined
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon curry powder
2 ozs. cocktail sherry
1 oz. dry vermouth
2 dashes orange bitters
Minced scallion

Heat oil in large skillet. Add mushrooms and onion, and cook until tender. Add shrimps; sprinkle with salt and curry powder. Cook, stirring, just until shrimps are pink. Add sherry, vermouth and orange bitters. Cook 2 minutes more. Garnish with minced scallion, if you like.

DANISH MARY MEATBALLS

(As appetizer, serves eight)

2½ ozs. aquavit
6 ozs. tomato juice
1 lb. ground beef
½ cup fresh sour-rye-bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon instant minced onion
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons flour
2–3 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon sugar
½ cup sour cream, at room temperature

Combine aquavit and tomato juice. Measure ⅔ cup of mixture and blend with ground meat. Add crumbs, salt, minced onion, parsley, garlic powder and Worcestershire; mix well. Shape into 1-in. balls. Roll in flour. Heat 2 tablespoons butter in large skillet. Brown the meatballs on all sides, adding more butter if needed. When all meatballs are browned, add rest of aquavit–tomato juice to pan; stir in sugar. Lower heat and simmer 2 minutes. Slowly stir in sour cream. Cook just until sauce is heated through.

BANANA DAIQUIRI SOLE

(Serves two to four)

(An unlikely combination that somehow works beautifully.)

1 lb. fillet of sole or flounder
2 ozs. Puerto Rican rum
1 oz. lime juice
1 teaspoon sugar
½ medium-size ripe banana
1 medium-size onion, sliced
2 tablespoons butter
Flour
2 tablespoons cream
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon allspice
1 teaspoon salt
Lime wedges
Cucumber slices
Paprika
Grated coconut

Cut each fillet into 4 pieces. Make banana daiquiri: Blend rum, lime juice,

sugar and banana in blender. Reserve. In large pan, sauté onion in butter until limp but not brown. Flour fish pieces and sauté lightly on both sides. Add banana daiquiri and bring to simmer; do not boil. Add cream, garlic powder, pepper, allspice and half of salt. Turn fish after 3 or 4 minutes; add rest of salt. Taste and adjust seasoning. For a delicate dish, it takes a surprising amount of seasoning, and spices vary in strength. Cook 2 minutes more and test with fork. If fish flakes, it's done. Don't overcook. Garnish platter with wedges of lime and slices of unpeeled cucumber. Dust fish lightly with paprika and place a small mound of grated, unsweetened coconut flakes in center, if you like.

MINUTE STEAKS MANHATTAN
(Serves two to four)

4 boneless minute steaks
4 tablespoons butter
2 large mushrooms, thinly sliced
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
1½ ozs. bourbon
¾ oz. sweet vermouth
1 tablespoon steak sauce
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
Salt, pepper

Trim fat from steaks. Heat 2 tablespoons butter in large skillet. Add mushrooms and onion and cook until golden. Push to side of pan. Increase heat, add steaks and cook 2 minutes each side, adding a little more butter, if necessary. Remove steaks to hot platter. Add to pan bourbon, vermouth, steak sauce, parsley, remaining butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Heat through. Spoon sauce over steaks and serve at once.

APRICOT SOUR PORK CHOPS
(Serves two to four)

4 pork chops, ¾ in. thick
1 medium-size onion, sliced
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 small unpeeled seedless orange, sliced
3 ozs. apricot-flavored brandy
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon soy sauce
⅛ teaspoon dry mustard
Salt, pepper

Heat large skillet; rub with piece of fat cut off pork chops. Brown chops in skillet over medium-high heat. Reduce heat and add remaining ingredients. Cover skillet, cook 20 minutes; uncover and cook 5 minutes more.

STINGER LAMB CHOPS
(Serves two to four)

4 loin lamb chops, ¾ in. thick
1 oz. brandy
½ oz. crème de menthe
¼ teaspoon lemon-pepper seasoning
Salt

Marinate chops 15 minutes in mixture of brandy, crème de menthe and lemon-pepper seasoning, turning occasionally. Remove chops and place in heated skillet. Cook chops 4 minutes on one side; turn, pour marinade over chops; sprinkle with salt to taste and cook 4 minutes more.

HAM STEAKS ROB ROY
(Serves two to three)

1 fully cooked ham steak, 1 in. thick
1 oz. Scotch
½ oz. sweet vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters
1 tablespoon brown sugar
1 teaspoon prepared mustard

Slash outside fat of ham steak to prevent curling. Combine Scotch, vermouth and bitters. Pour over ham steak; marinate ½ hour, turning once. Remove ham steak from marinade and place in preheated broiler. Broil 5 minutes; turn, broil 4 minutes more. Combine brown sugar, mustard and 1 teaspoon marinade. Spread on ham steak; broil 1–2 minutes or until glazed.

BOILERMAKER HOT CAKES
(Serves three to four)

(Hot cakes with muscles and deep, robust flavor reminiscent of buckwheat.)

1¼ cups pancake mix
1 teaspoon sugar
1 cup dark or bock beer
1 oz. bourbon
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon oil

Combine pancake mix and sugar. Add remaining ingredients, stirring just enough to blend. Don't overmix. Pour about ¼ cup batter per pancake onto hot, lightly greased griddle. Turn when tops of pancakes are bubbly and edges start to dry. Serve with butter and warm maple syrup.

PINK SQUIRREL COUPE
(Serves six to eight)

1 pint strawberries, washed and hulled
2 ozs. crème de noyaux
2 ozs. white crème de cacao
2 medium-size ripe bananas
1 pint vanilla ice cream, softened
½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Halve strawberries and put into bowl with 1 oz. each crème de noyaux and crème de cacao; stir, and marinate 10 minutes. Slice bananas and gently stir into strawberries. For sauce, combine softened ice cream, whipped cream and 1 oz. each liqueur. Spoon fruit into chilled coupes and top each portion with sauce.

Why not improvise your own cocktail-laced specialties—Duck in a Sidecar, or maybe Scarlett O'Hara Peaches? If you like the drink, you're bound to like the dish. And, for added inspiration, just double the drink recipe—make it one for the pot and one for the chef. Cheers!

Brut 33
Anti-Perspirant
for Men.

You won't have
any doubts
about yourself.

See "The Protectors", an exciting new TV adventure show starring Robert Vaughn, brought to you by the great "Protectors" of good grooming—Brut 33 by Fabergé.

Fontana Bella

(continued from page 78)

The lawyer was lively as ever. He went up close to the *principessa* and shouted directly into her relatively good ear, "*Che volete, cara?*"

The old lady wheeled about to strike at him and the motion made her dizzy. She became disoriented, but she was swift as ever as she rushed to the end of the terrace above which the storks were nesting, their patience exhausted by the disturbance beneath them. A great white female stork, alarmed for the safety of her young ones, flapped down from the roof onto Lisabetta to engage her in combat. It dived repeatedly at her head and her breast and abdomen, inflicting wounds with its beak and blows with its wings till the old lady toppled over and fell onto the terrace pavement. Her naked and withered arms made frantic attempts to embrace the matron stork. At last she caught hold of its beak and would not let go. She divided her limbs and finally, she forced the stork's beak to penetrate her vagina. It stabbed and stabbed at her uterus, and still she kept calling out "Sebastiano" in a loud voice and "*Amore*" in a soft voice.

The lawyer caught hold of the stork's legs and tore it away from the lady. He held the bird up and announced, "The stork is dead, suffocated inside her, and still she's calling it lover!"

It was not voluntarily, nor even wittingly, that the *principessa* returned across the lake the following day. The Neapolitan lawyer invented a story to entice the lady away from Fontana Bella: He told her that the owner of the nearby casino had arranged that evening a great gala in honor of her return to the province.

"All the walls of the gaming room are covered with talisman roses," the lawyer told her, "and your name is spelled out in camellias above the grand entrance."

When finally this invention had gotten through her left eardrum, it did not surprise Lisabetta at all.

"Ah, well, I'll make an appearance, I suppose it is a case of *noblesse oblige*."

The party got her seated among cushions in the stern of the *motoscafo*, informing her it was a Mercedes limousine, and so the return voyage began.

The lake surface that day was smooth as glass and the sky was radiant.

"Perhaps a few turns of the wheel and some rolls of the dice, then home, chop-chop, to continue the inventory. So many valuables are still not accounted for, and then, of course, you know—Mariella, cologne!"

A chambermaid passed a handkerchief to her. After a few sniffs of it, she resumed her talk, which seemed now to have gone into the babblings of delirium.

"If the moon were not clouded over, even if some stars were out, you would see behind Fontana Bella a bare hill with a bare tree on it. It ceased to leaf and to blossom when my last lover died."

That preface to her narrative was accurate in regard to the presence of the bare tree on the bare hill behind the villa.

"Sebastiano died as his name saint died," she continued. "He was chained to a tree and his incomparable young body was transfixed by five arrows. I had five brothers, you know, one for each arrow that pierced him. They're dead now, I trust. No complaints, no demands from them lately. A family and a lover should never meet when a huge fortune's involved and questions of its division are involved, too, since there is no limit at all to the fantasies of hatred when great wealth is involved. First they tried to get His Holiness to annul my marriage to Sebastiano. Got nowhere with that and so resorted to arrows and, well, that was that. For them, emigration. For me, a period in a convent. Oh, I tell you I have been a few places and I have done a few things and while I was in that convent, I learned there are uses for candles besides the illumination of chapel altar and supper table, but it was *faute de mieux*, as the frogs put it, don't they?"

She fell into silent musing for a few moments; then, after a slight, bitter laugh, she spoke again:

"All good doctors," she said, "have telephone numbers that contain no more than one or two digits and the rest is all zeros, you know."

"Yes, and all good morticians," observed the lawyer, "have telephone numbers consisting of nothing but zero, zero, ad infinitum."

The curator of the museum was asked if he recalled any more amusing anecdotes about that Roman painter now confined to the asylum in Zurich.

"Well, yes, now, the last time I visited poor Florio, he seemed to have recovered completely. He kept assuring me that his aberrations were all gone under the excellent treatment at the retreat and he begged me to get his relatives in Rome to have him released, and I, being convinced that he really was quite well, embraced him and started for the gate, and I had almost reached it when I was struck on the back of the head by a large piece of concrete paving that almost gave me a concussion, but I managed to turn about and there was Florio behind me. And he had quite obviously thrown the missile. 'Don't forget now,' he shouted, 'I'm the sanest man in the world!' "

The passengers were laughing at this tale when Lisabetta leaned abruptly forward from her mound of pillows.

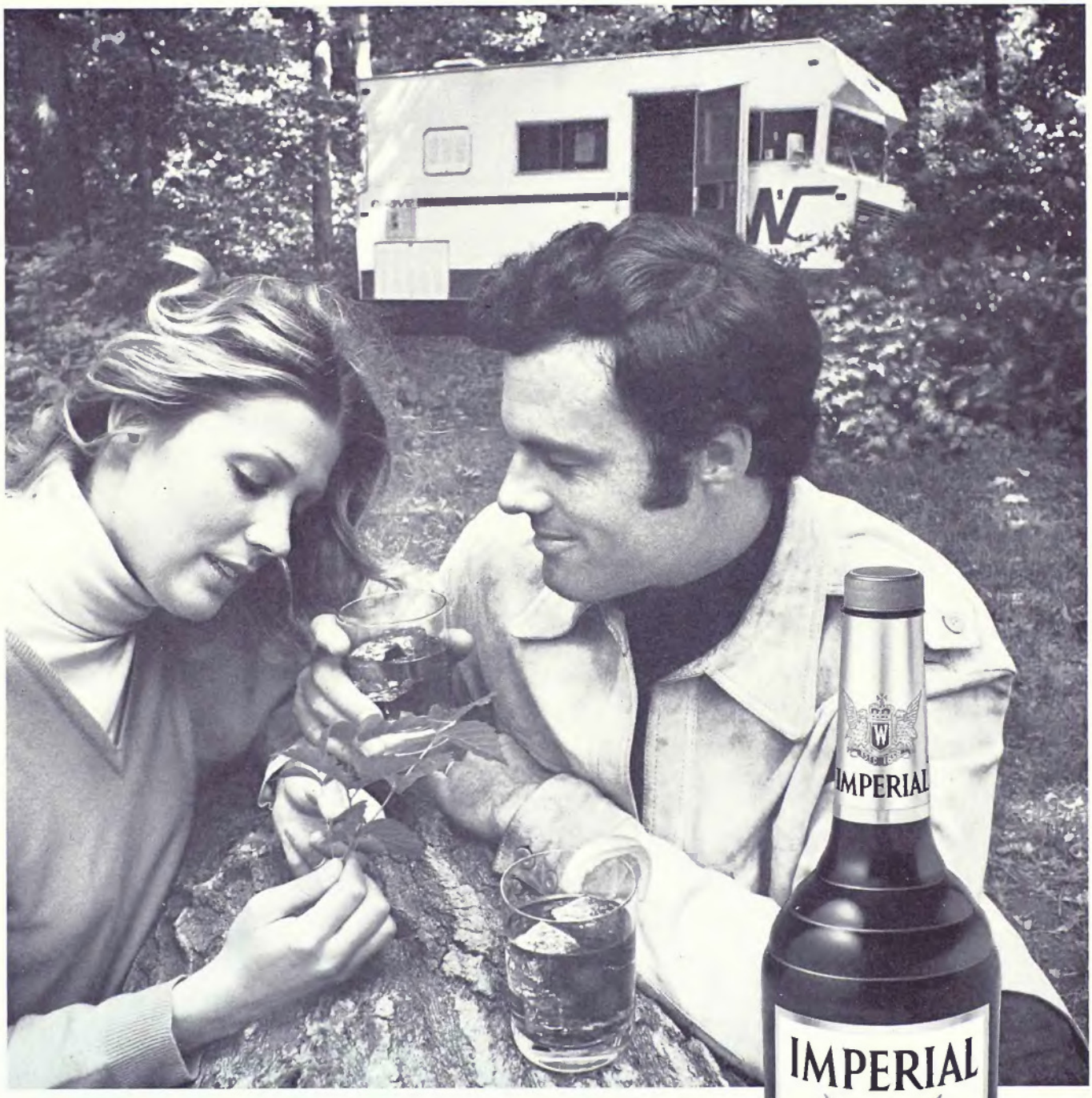
"Ah!"

With this exclamation, she struck a fist to her groin as if unbearably pained there, but on the reptilian face of the *principessa* was a look of ecstasy that outshone the glassy lake surface on that brightest of autumn mornings.

The Neapolitan lawyer, seated nearest her in the boat, seized her wrist and then, discovering no pulse, turned to the party and said, "A miracle has happened, the lady is dead."

This announcement caused one or two of the passengers to cross themselves, perhaps while reflecting upon the difficulty of seeking new employment, but, understandably, most of the others in the boat were moved to much less solemn expressions of feeling.

CALL ON THE GOOD-NATURED WHISKEY



IMPERIAL

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Devastate your friends with the superiority of your palate. Get a bottle of Galliano and mix as follows before their very eyes:

3/4 oz. Liquore Galliano
3/4 oz. whiskey (blend, bourbon or Scotch)
3/4 oz. fresh orange juice
1/2 oz. fresh lemon juice
3/4 tablespoon sugar

Shake well with ice. Strain into frosted sour glass. Raise with appropriate toast.

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LET'S MAKE A DEAL *(continued from page 150)*

200 acres) already approved by town boards, plus a business property including offices and a lumberyard, an eight-acre undeveloped commercially zoned piece, a water company in Wappingers Falls and assorted equipment. There is also a model park: 11 model homes on a model street, each model home decorated with model furniture. A fellow coming out of a city apartment gets a feeling of what things are going to be like after he buys. It gives him a foretaste of his new style of life.

The Schoonmaker company is going to be protection for the lots Schneider already owns, because he knows one thing: "People grow faster than land, but interest grows faster than people. All the wheeler-dealers say people grow faster than land—it's gotta get better, you can't lose on land. But bankers and people who put up money know that's not true. I'm also a lender—I give second mortgages. I know that interest grows faster than people. Every day, every day. Interest can eat you up."

Besides, local town boards could kill you with zoning changes, and Orange County wasn't going to be able to support all these new people wanting to come in, these firemen and public school teachers and civil servants who got robbed once too often. There weren't enough schools yet. They'd have these kids going on triple session. That meant Schneider had to get in there quick, manufacture his lots and then . . . build the houses himself. So he called Jeffrey Starin in Newburgh ("Jeffrey Starin the Real Estate Baron") and he said: "Listen, Jeffrey, I can't keep buying land unless I use it up. I'm not buying to speculate. I'm filing plans, I'm getting subdivisions, I'm gonna put up bonds—and I'm gonna be paying interest. I want to buy a local builder."

As it happened, Starin knew of a builder named Hob Schoonmaker, who wanted out. Starin set up a meeting in his office in Newburgh and four days later, Schneider was tooling Upstate in his Mercedes 300. He couldn't bring himself to buy a Mercedes until his recent United Jewish Appeal Realtor's trip to Israel, when he saw how many of these German-made cars they have there.

The luxury car is one of the few visible signs of Schneider's vast wealth. As the only child of an immigrant family with roots in Russia, it was naturally assumed that he would work very, very hard, go to college, work his way through, get a job and then work very, very hard. Except that he is worth several million dollars, that is just what he does: He has a job (making money) and he works very, very hard. Schneider was taught habits of industry and thrift that are with him still. He has no inner reality to correspond to his wealth. His memories are of failure and of want, of intense struggle and of an all-consuming commitment to survival.

In 1933, Schneider was walking down Ashford Street in Brooklyn, a boy of 12 or 13 on his way to P. S. 158, and came upon a scene that embedded itself in his memory. Depositors were lined up outside the United States Bank. They were lined up to get their money out, but the money wasn't there. "I'll never forget it," he says. It is the most vivid picture of his childhood and early years: the failure of the United States Bank.

He has another memory: A class of '42 Queens College graduate with a bachelor's in economics, he is taking his master's at Columbia, in accounting—16 credits—at 116th Street in Manhattan. His teacher, Professor Roy Kester, has gotten him a job teaching accounting at Brooklyn College. And his home is in East New York, near Brownsville. Because of the vagaries of the New York subway system, it takes him an hour to go from any one place to any other in this triangle, so he is living at home and studying in Manhattan and teaching in Brooklyn, using up three hours a day in the subway, and playing his drums four nights a week at *bar mitzvahs* and Italian weddings to make a few dollars. "I worked my way through school playing the drums. My father used to meet me at the New Lots station at four A.M. to help me get the drums home."

Schneider remembers his father as a hard-working man who had very little time to give to his son and who, because of his poverty, couldn't assert the normal paternal control over his son's destiny. "He couldn't tell me to be an operator, which is what he was. An operator sewed dresses in a ladies'-wear company. He was away at work all the time, six days a week. We never talked. My mother was the dominant one in the family. She dominated me, she catered to me."

But he did learn his style of dealing from his father, who would walk into a store on Delancey Street and when the man would ask $60 for a coat, would say, "I'll give you thirty." The man would say, "I'll take fifty." His father would say, "I won't pay it," and he'd walk out the door. That was the critical skill: being able to walk out the door. The man would chase him and coax him back into the store with an offer at $40, which the elder Schneider took to mean he could make a final bid of $38 that would get him the coat. That was how he made a deal.

Schneider first got into real estate in the late Forties after a successful accounting career that had begun, inauspiciously, with him in his overcoat in the dead of winter in a used car on Artie Finfer's lot doing Artie's books. Artie advised him to marry a rich girl. Instead, he married a pretty brunette named Charlotte Ecker and got rich on his own. They now have three teenaged

"Gee, Trudy, either my hand is getting smaller or your bust is developing!"

daughters. It was obvious, Mrs. Schneider says, that he was a man of determination, who was going to get exactly what he went after. He became a C.P.A. in the S. D. Leidesdorf Company and when he had accumulated a few accounts, opened his own shop. He got into real estate entirely by accident, and on a very high level, by helping to syndicate a major Manhattan office building; that is, bringing a large number of amateur investors into the deal as limited partners with a fixed and regular return. At first, syndication was very profitable. Later, as it became harder to find suitable properties, many speculators turned reckless. Investors lost their shirts and syndication got a bad name.

"The first really big real-estate syndication was Larry Wein's syndication of the Toy Building on Fifth at Twenty-third. That was in the late Forties. At the time, I didn't even know about it. I was an accountant. I had an office, with a partner, at 570 Seventh Avenue. We were subletting rooms from a law office and during the tax season, we needed an extra room. In the office next door was a man named Reuben Horowitz, a real-estate old-timer, who gave us a room. One day Horowitz walked in and said he had bought a contract from Lou Glickman on 42 Broadway, a major office building. He wanted to know if we could raise $1,200,000. I won't make it sound difficult. It was easy. My partner and I sat down on opposite sides of a desk with two phones and, to my surprise, within two days, calling just our accounting clients, we had pledges for the entire amount. So we syndicated 42 Broadway and that was how I got into real estate. I was twenty-nine and didn't realize what I had done. We did a few more syndications with Horowitz, and I learned one very important thing from the man: Never box yourself in. Take your profit quickly or take your loss, if you have to, and go on to the next deal. There is no such thing as the last deal. Move on. And don't overconcentrate your assets."

A list of Schneider's past and current real-estate transactions would include some of the most prestigious names in the American real-estate market (Harry Helmsley, N. K. Winston, Lou Glickman, Bill Zeckendorf) and would run several pages long. Schneider guesses that he has been involved in something like 300 to 500 deals, the figures for which linger in his memory. "Oh, yeah, the Cantor job. I bought nine hundred apartments in Queens for nine million: two hundred sixty thousand cash above mortgages. It gave me two hundred fifty thousand a year depreciation. I lost sixty thousand the first year before I rented it. Then it turned around and repaid me all my losses and gave me twelve percent on my money."

At present, he estimates that with an assortment of partners, he has about $20,000,000 in apartments, another $5,000,000 in stores and adds, with a laugh, "I own more empty downtown shopping centers than anybody I know." Schneider has the disarming habit of taking as much delight in deals that went awry as in those that rode home winners. This is doubtless because, as he admits, his batting average is very high.

Among the major properties Schneider and various partners have chased and bagged are multimillion-dollar office buildings in New York City, such as 42 Broadway, 19 Rector Street and 200 Madison Avenue, and (among his current holdings) 120 Wall Street and 580 Fifth Avenue, each worth about $10,000,000. Schneider's face brightens as he recalls the price, the down payment, the rate of interest on the mortgages and other such monetary arcana. They live on as secular relics, bones of unholy encounters.

To the uninitiated, a deal is a deal is a deal, but as Schneider makes apparent, each deal has its own shape, and the man who makes the deal molds the clay and then breathes life into it. The number details are not so important. The human drama—which Schneider calls the ego factor—is all-important. To understand how Walter Schneider makes a deal is to learn a little something about Tamerlane, the Holy Roman Empire, Howard Hughes and, for that matter, all of us to whom Schneider's business is a deep mystery.

• • •

High noon in Newburgh. Schneider was in his country outfit (he had just parked his Mercedes on the street, drawing stares), but when he entered Starin's barony, he found himself upstaged by Schoonmaker, who was in three-quarter boots—a real cowboy, rugged, muscular and tanned, with a big handlebar mustache he was twirling nervously because he thought he was going to be skinned alive by this city slicker. For protection, he had brought along a hired gun named Barney Reisner, a Long Island accountant who looked, in repose, like Martin Buber. Reisner proved to be, like Schneider, a hard-nosed dealer.

From the minute he sits down, Schneider begins to evaluate the seller. He senses that Schoonmaker doesn't trust him. It isn't so much Schoonmaker's questions as the tone of voice. *What else you own? You have much land?* He is watching Schneider carefully, and listening carefully. For that matter, Schneider doesn't altogether trust Schoonmaker. These Upstate farmers are parochial and clannish (though Schoonmaker proved to be neither); maybe he's a bit, well, anti-Semitic? Schneider sees he has a Jewish accountant, so, of course, that only leads him to believe all the more that Schoonmaker is anti-Semitic. But he doesn't want to be reassured. He *wants* to feel a bit in danger; it's good for bargaining tone. Not a big point, but it does make Schneider a touch more brusque and overbearing than he might otherwise be, and this, in turn, makes Schoonmaker a jot more fearful than he might be. It keeps them . . . apart.

Schneider isn't doing any better with Reisner. Mainly, this is because something about the man really bothers him, and he soon finds he is unable to stop needling him. Reisner is getting irritated, as Schneider sees very well, but he can't help himself. Reisner reminds him of a former partner who had the same effect on him, a certain quality of persistence, of nagging, of fussing endlessly, worrying endlessly, some maternal controlling thing, and Schneider begins to feel like a little boy. The adrenaline starts flowing in him to attack, to reassert dominance. He battles every point with a certain hostile, scornful arrogance.

Reisner says, Let's tie the interest rate to the prime rate.

Schneider says, Screw.

Schneider could call that hard bargaining, but a moment later he does something that he can only call a serious error. They are discussing how to place a value on homes that Schoonmaker has already started building but has not yet sold to the contracted buyer, what they call "work in progress."

"You're figuring your work in progress wrong," Schneider tells Reisner. That is a bad thing to say to an accountant in front of his client. "You're figuring your work in progress based on finished selling price. You gotta base it on cost. Everybody does it that way."

Everybody doesn't do it that way, as Schneider well knows. When he sees Reisner bristle, he realizes he has gone too far. "Everybody doesn't figure it that way," Reisner says, coldly. "As long as we do it consistently, the results are the same."

Schneider knew he had turned Reisner into an enemy, unnecessarily, and he knew this would cost him dearly in time, energy and perhaps money in the bargaining, but he couldn't help himself. However, he kept the dialog alive, took notes and, after an hour or so, asked Schoonmaker how much he wanted. He had already concluded that the property was worth between $1,000,000 and $1,500,000, so he had come prepared to offer $900,000, terms. When Schoonmaker asked $1,000,000, all cash, he changed his mind. He said to himself, I'm not gonna get anywhere offering him $900,000. I'll offer him $800,000, so I have room to move up.

"Eight hundred thousand," Schneider says. "A hundred sixty thousand down. The remaining six hundred forty

"You know, I believe you're right! Those aren't flesh-colored skintight stretch pants!"

thousand amortized over ten years, sixty-four thousand a year, plus interest on the unpaid balance, thirty-eight thousand a year declining, you'll have a cash flow equal to or more than what you've been drawing. You'll never have to sign another note again, no more fighting with planning boards, you'll just have to sit on your *tochis* and collect the checks. Which you're entitled to. Figure out your age. That's what a man builds for. There's no risk at all. It's the safest money."

In this litany, spoken rapidly, with little hesitation, in a cozening, seductive ritual intonation, are echoes of snake-oil dealers, men of God and lovers of women. Despite his misgivings about Schneider, Schoonmaker is getting psyched up, stroking away at his mustache now, not out of nervousness but from excitement. Definitely psyched up.

There are just two sticking points, but they are far from minor: Schneider is trying to buy the company with as little money down as possible, whereas Schoonmaker wants to get as much cash as soon as possible. Also, Schneider will not sign personally. That is another cardinal rule. In the real-estate industry, only builders sign personally. Investors like Schneider buy only "subject to the mortgage," which means they are not personally liable should they fail to make mortgage payments. A lending institution will look solely to the property itself for recoupment, so if things go wrong, the investor can walk away. At that point, the property is sold at auction and the proceeds go to the creditor. In either case, Schoonmaker holds the mortgage and the property is the collateral. But if Schneider signs personally and defaults, Schoonmaker can then sue Schneider and go after his other assets. That is what Schneider—and all other real-estate investors—refuse to do. So Schoonmaker feels unprotected. He doesn't have sufficient collateral without Schneider's personal signature.

"Let's get something straight," Reisner barks at Schneider. "Will you sign for the six hundred forty thousand?"

"Let's get something straight," Schneider barks back. "I never sign personally."

The meeting broke up on that note. Schoonmaker was hopeful of selling, the price was acceptable, but he needed more security and, for that matter, he wasn't convinced that Schneider was serious, because Schneider had made him a counteroffer without even looking at the land or the other assets.

"I always do it that way," Schneider explained. "If I go looking around I'll spend all my time going around looking." The tone of his voice indicated that he could think of nothing more preposterous than for a real-estate man to go around looking at land prior to making a firm offer. And despite his tactical error, Schneider was pleased with himself. He wasted no time at all on guilt, shame or recriminations. He had already evaluated the opening session and felt he had taken a good, strong position he could defend.

• • •

Jockeying for position. "Last year I made about twenty deals," says Schneider, "and that was high for me. I'm not like these people who have to make a deal every week. I can wait. But as far as my motivation, it's the thrill of the chase. When I come out of the contract and I've demonstrated my skill, it feels as if I have accomplished something that day."

Skill in the Schoonmaker deal, Schneider realizes, is going to hinge in large measure on his ability to control his need to compete with Reisner. When Schoonmaker's accountant shows up at Schneider's offices in Great Neck four days later with the news that the price is acceptable to his client, a second and more complex phase of the negotiation commences, in which they will be, hopefully, narrowing the gap between them on the nature and precise wording of the clauses of the contract that will constitute the buy-sell agreement. In the precise wording of these clauses, protection resides.

Schneider has decided he is going to control himself. He is going to be diplomatic. He is going to be sincere.

Schneider: How are you, how you doing, how come you live out in Long Island, where do you practice, do you do many builders, how many real-estate people do you handle. . . .

Reisner: My son's in practice with me, I'm getting older, I want to take it easy. . . .

Schneider: I just moved out here, look at my park out the front window, I'm gonna play golf every day, I'm gonna go to lunch at the North Shore Steak House, I'm not gonna wear suits. . . .

They get along splendidly, until it becomes necessary to get down to the details of the contract. At that point, the façade of relationship that they have erected between them collapses, like a stage-set being struck.

To begin with, Reisner knows that Schneider intends to do exactly what his client is afraid of; that is, buy the company with little cash down and with as many of the assets as possible unencumbered, so that, if he chooses, he can dispose of them, keep the cash and not make any accelerated payments on Schoonmaker's mortgage. To give one hypothetical example that has not failed to cross Schneider's mind: The lumberyard has about $200,000 worth of lumber in it. If he buys the company for $160,000 down and then sells the lumberyard's stock for $200,000, he could conceivably wind up with a surplus of $40,000 after buying the company.

Reisner broaches that possibility and Schneider says, "You're talking *silly*. I'm gonna form a corporation and I'm gonna give him the stock as collateral."

Reisner snorts. He turns his head to an invisible cohort, as if to say, listen to that bullshit. He tells Schneider, with scorn, "You know that's worthless."

"Oh, no," Schneider responds, innocently, "it's done that way all the time." He knows very well Reisner would never accept that, because stock as collateral doesn't give Schoonmaker any control over the assets. But he tries it, anyway. What has he got to lose?

The remainder of the meeting consists of this same sort of parry and thrust as they fence for protection. Who will get the accounts receivable? Will there be a mortgage on the model park? On the water plant in Wappingers Falls? On the commercial piece? Will Schneider be buying stock in Schoonmaker's company or will he be buying the assets after Schoonmaker dissolves his corporation? If he buys the assets, he won't be assuming any liabilities. If he buys the stock, he steps into Schoonmaker's shoes and takes on problems and liabilities Schoonmaker may have incurred and not even known about. The implications in each of these questions had to do with the amount of protection the parties would have, but the manner in which the issues were discussed had only to do with the power struggle between Reisner and Schneider.

Schneider does not think of himself as having a giant ego of industry-leading proportions, and he tells a story that proves his case. During the mid-Fifties, his accounting practice was flourishing and he found himself doing the books for such real-estate-syndicating giants as Lou Glickman, Marvin Kratter and Jerry Tenney. "I do not have a phone in my john," says Schneider. "Glickman and Kratter and Tenney do. One investor, during the early Sixties, hit upon a telephone in the john as a status symbol. He would continuously make calls from his john, transacting business, and in case there was any doubt where he was, he would flush the toilet. Within a short time, the phone company was swamped with orders from real-estate investors for john telephones. After a while, the telephones were replaced by fancier models with hold buttons. The next step was logical, but it never developed: Having secretaries answer the john phones."

In dealing, everything counts. Those who do not actually install john phones aren't daydreaming. Reisner and Schneider each worked hard to install a psychic john phone from which to call the other, but each found that the other party wasn't answering. They were deadlocked.

(continued on page 180)

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All the others come after.

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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

ROBING THE RICH

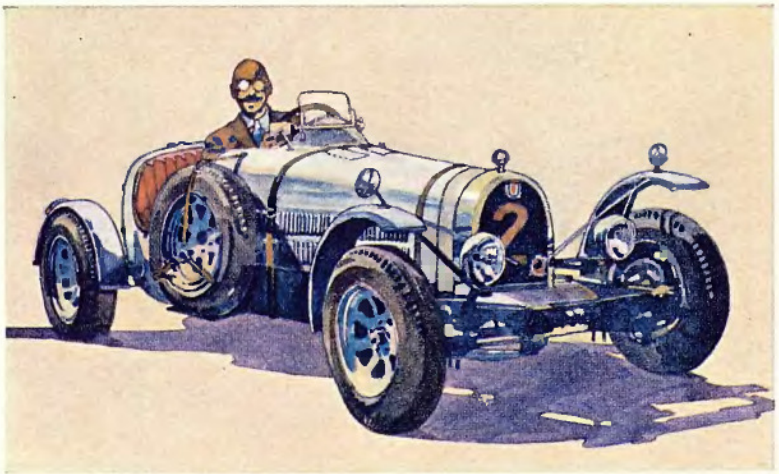
The Bible's Joseph had a coat of many colors—which is why actress Marrian Walters and her producer-director husband, Michael Ferrall, named their original open-sided creation The Josef Robe. Available in a multitude of his-and-hers two-color combinations and height-scaled sizes at $55 for cotton terry and $65 for velour, Josefs can be worn hooded or caped and even used as blankets or beach pup tents to change under. Currently, the robes are so popular with prestige stores (Abercrombie & Fitch, Dunhill, Marshall Field, Cardinali in Beverly Hills, etc.) that the Ferralls can barely keep up with the demand. Their company's motto: "Try to Get Your Man (or Woman) Out of This Habit!" Sure thing.

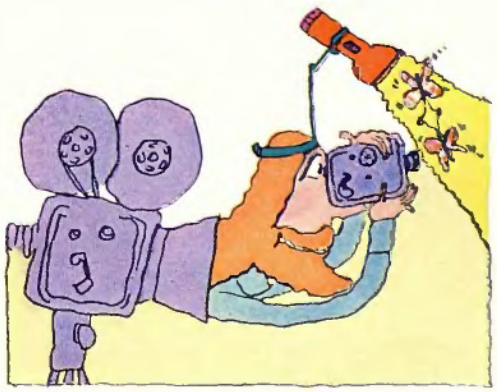
PEEKABOO, IT SEES YOU

Although you probably didn't know it, the world's most expensive commercial camera went into orbit on July 23, 1972, when the Earth Resources Technology Satellite was placed in space. To get more info on how to order pics of your favorite 13,225-square-mile area, write: EROS Data Center, Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57198. Smile, you're on candid satellite.

BUG MEETS BUG

In his *Book of Automobiles*, the late Ken W. Purdy called the Type 35 Bugatti "the most beautiful racing automobile ever built." And it went like hell, too, winning 1045 races in 1925 and 1926. But Type 35s are scarcer than vintage Duesies—and just about as expensive. Those drawbacks also occurred to 30-year-old car nut Ralph Walneck, who'd dreamed of owning a Bug ever since he was 13. So Walneck formed Ye Olde Classic Cars and began manufacturing an ersatz Type 35 fiberglass body with all the trimmings that—*ach, du Lieber!*—bolts to a standard VW chassis. Called the Targlia Mark V, it sells in kit form for $795 F.O.B. the factory, shipped ready for a spray gun. Or, if your fancy is better tickled by vintage Porsches, Walneck's also just introduced a Spyder 550/RSK kit that's a look-alike for the bathtub-bodied models that ate up Grand Prix circuits in the mid-Fifties. Same price; same address: 7923 Janes Avenue, Woodridge, Illinois 60515. They may not go like the real McCoy, but only you and your mechanic will know for sure.





AMATEUR *AUTEURS*

Since its inception in 1967, the American Film Institute has assisted more than 150 amateur film makers through grants and fellowships. Now Time-Life is getting into the act and distributing (for rent or sale) 16mm A. F. I. productions. Subjects range from Poe's *The Tell-Tale Heart* to a father and son scavenging in New York's dumps. For a complete list, contact Time-Life Films, Non-Theatrical Dept., 43 W. 16th St., N. Y. C. 10011. Lights out. . . .

CASSIDY AND KID STUFF

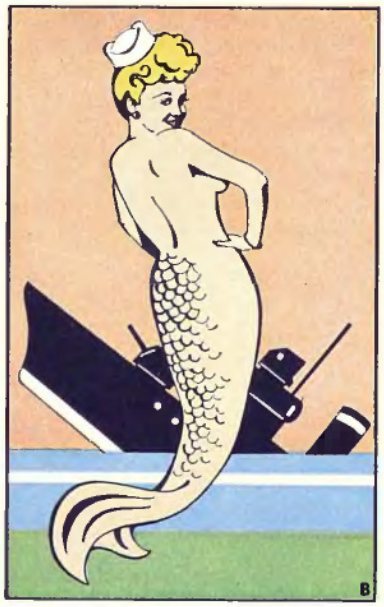
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid may have gone down shooting, but their alter egos—Paul Newman and Robert Redford—are soon to team up again, this time as two Thirties con men in the forthcoming Universal flick *The Sting*. Richard Boone co-stars, *Cassidy*'s George Roy Hill directs and the locale is that toddlin' town Chicago. *Chicago!?* Mayor Daley, they're picking on Chicago again!

OHM-MADE MUSIC

Purists may howl, but the Electric Symphony Orchestra is a *fait accompli*. Under the baton of Daniell Revenaugh, 38, whose credits range from conducting London's Royal Philharmonic to cavorting with Frank Zappa, the 36-member ensemble, playing electrified instruments, made its debut last fall in Berkeley. The program included Vivaldi and Moussorgsky, not Berry and Zappa; but an electronic console—which took ten hours to set up—gave the group some *sound*. Future gigs? Anyplace from parking lots to the Grand Canyon.

LAND OF THE FALLING BALL

Anyone who has visited Japan will never forget the sights and sounds of a *pachinko* parlor; rows and rows of vertical pinball machines that pay off in small steel balls, which the players cash in for cigarettes. Recognizing a good thing when it saw and heard one, a Manhattan firm, Eur-Asian Imports, cornered the market on reconditioned machines and now Bloomingdale's adult-game department is selling them faster than you can say *pachinko*. Measuring 32″ x 21″ x 4″, they cost $75 each, plus postage. Pray ball!

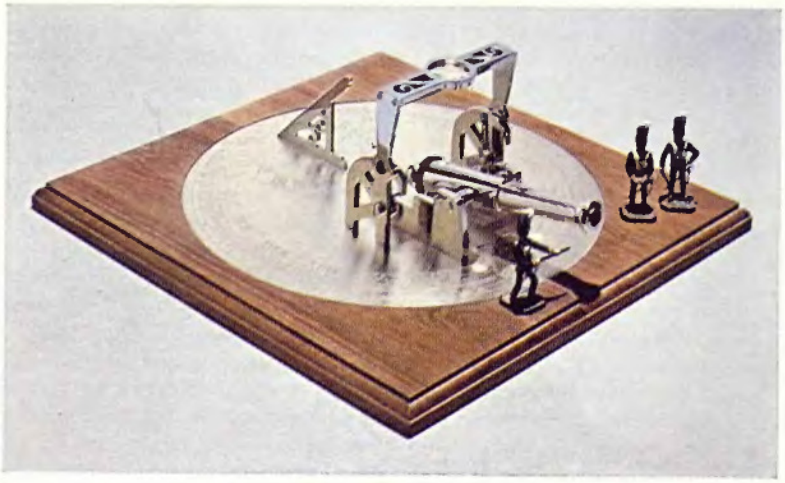


SEA HUNT

For all of you who fantasized through episode after episode of underwater burbling with Lloyd Bridges on the small screen a decade or so ago, here's your chance to make it all come true. Bay Travel in Corona Del Mar, California, is currently offering a scuba-diving adventure among the Caroline Islands (Truk, Palau, Ponape and other exotic, sun-baked rocks) that gives amateur aquanauts the chance to explore a fleet of sunken Japanese ships deep-sixed during World War Two. Air fare from Los Angeles begins at $515.56, depending on your itinerary, and hotel costs start at $425. It's much more than your basic coral-and-clamshell number. Going down.

BOOMING MARKET

Back in the 18th Century, European nobility knew when it was lunchtime by the boom of their noon cannons—that being the sundial-type gizmo shown below. Not surprisingly, as pocket watches came into vogue, the demand for noon cannons declined. Now well-cushioned nostalgia freaks can order a gold-plated working model of the original for $495 from R. Berke George, 2022 Avenida Chico, Newport Beach, California 92660. Just remember not to wear it on your wrist.



LET'S MAKE A DEAL

(continued from page 176)

During the next few weeks, there were several more meetings, without progress. Then, unexpectedly, Schneider created extraordinary protection for himself. He made a move that in chess parlance would be called a brilliancy.

What he did was hire Ed Kourt as his accountant and financial officer. Kourt had himself been an unsuccessful bidder on the Schoonmaker property and, before that, comptroller of the company. This meant that Schneider, who had previously needed contractual security against all sorts of hidden dangers, could now rely on Kourt's word. After all, he knew the company's financial data better than anybody else, including Schoonmaker.

Periodically, Kourt would run into Schoonmaker at the Dutch Pantry and they would chat about the deal. Kourt carried up Schneider's all-cash offer for $500,000. Schoonmaker wanted $600,000. No deal. At the same time, the impasse between Schneider and Reisner continued. Schneider came up with an ingenious lot-substitution plan, whereby he would exchange with Schoonmaker one of his own lots each time he used up one of Schoonmaker's lots, thereby maintaining a constant level of collateral. It proved so complex that Schoonmaker's lawyer pronounced it impossible to work out. Finally, that afternoon at Riverboat Joe Dierna's office in Monroe, Schneider figured out a new deal, for $300,000 cash and $300,000 terms, plus other tidbits. Kourt went off and talked to Schoonmaker, and Schoonmaker thought they had shaken hands on a $600,000 all-cash deal. Kourt insists no such deal was offered. In any case, Schoonmaker flew off on vacation thinking he had sold his company. When he found out otherwise, he was angry, disappointed, let down, betrayed. There had been further disagreements between Reisner and Schneider. The villain, Schoonmaker reasoned, was Schneider, a man who could not be taken seriously, who kept changing his offer, who wouldn't settle down and make a contract. Schoonmaker let it be known that the deal was off.

Schneider assumed this was simply a bargaining position. For one thing, a second and a third contract began to circulate. He and Reisner were still disputing the terms of the contract. But when Starin called Schoonmaker to invite him to have lunch with Schneider at the Dutch Pantry, Schoonmaker refused.

Starin said, This isn't exactly a business lunch, Hob.

No? Then why are we having it?

Walter has a friend, a journalist. He wants to know about real estate and deals, and so forth.

Well, says Schoonmaker, all right. Call me in the morning and remind me. Schoonmaker no longer wanted to see Schneider, because Reisner had convinced him that Schneider was not serious, was merely toying with him, but he wouldn't mind talking to a journalist about the real-estate business in general, that would be a pleasure; and, on the other hand, Schneider would *be* there. It would actually be . . . impossible . . . for them not to reopen negotiations in some form or another. So the meeting was ideal for Schoonmaker. He could refuse to deal with Schneider but still go to lunch and hear Schneider's latest offer. Perfect.

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Inside the Dutch Pantry. When Schneider arrived, Schoonmaker was already there. The Dutch Pantry is red, white and blue, plastic, with hex signs on its walls. Actually, it disposes itself as a sort of ethnic homolog of Howard Johnson's, its competitor across the street.

"We better get down to business," Schneider said after a few moments of desultory chitchat, and Schoonmaker flushed. He didn't want to be pushed. "What business you have in mind?" he asked. He looked around the table, feeling himself outnumbered: Schneider, Kourt, Starin, a journalist taking notes. So he let fly a roundhouse right.

"I had a deal," he said to Starin, "but if Walter came up with the same deal we shook hands on, I wouldn't give it to him today, I'll tell you that." Schneider was impassive, but his eyelids betrayed his shock. "Walter," Schoonmaker said, "you may be ten times smarter than I am, but I'm ten times more stubborn than you are."

Schneider cleared his throat several times and leaped into the breach. "I think there's been a complete lack of communications in terms of what we have done in terms of protection. I presume you still want to sell it?"

"Yeah."

"OK, then." Schneider then launched on his complex and exhaustive description of his theory of lot substitution, which, he kept assuring Schoonmaker, gave him *great* collateral. Schneider was like a parent reassuring a child that there are no such things as ghosts, only shadows. Schoonmaker, who has been around long enough to know about shadows *and* ghosts, was having none of it.

Schoonmaker said, "I told Barney Reisner, 'Listen, you're the professional. I'm not that bright. You figure it out. Sell the property and keep me protected.' The big problem," he confided to the journalist, "is that Walter's not dealing directly with me but with my agent. He'd like to get to me because I might not see the trees for the forest."

President Nixon had arrived earlier that day in Peking. "I imagine what Mao and Nixon do is not dissimilar from what you and Walter do," the journalist suggested.

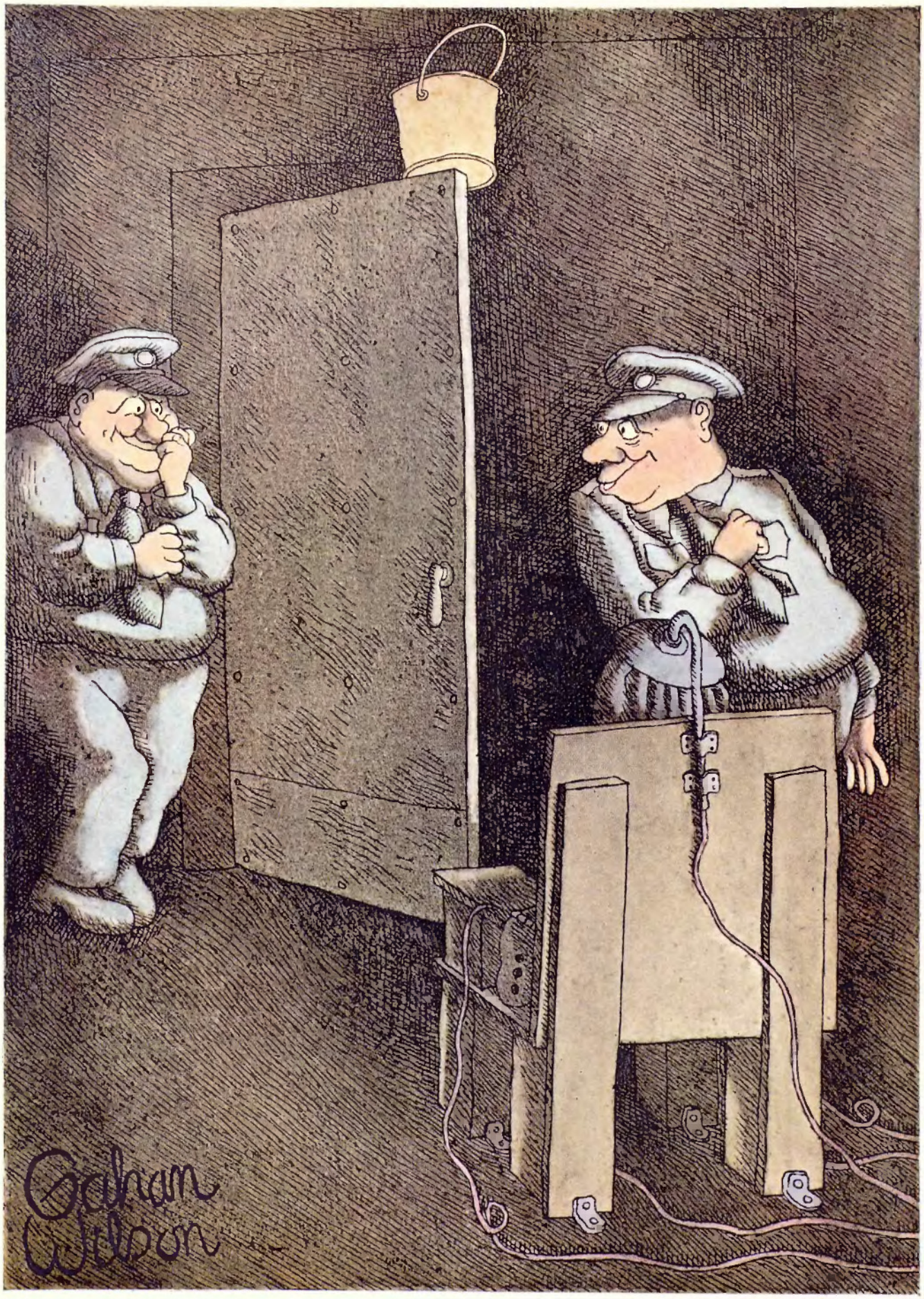
"Yeah, we both lie like hell," Schoonmaker said. "Both got a knife under the chair, but we're not sure just when to twist it. Walter, I can see, is getting a little nervous, and he's about ready to twist it."

As far as Schneider was concerned, the tenor of Schoonmaker's remarks made it apparent that the deal was dead. Schoonmaker had misconstrued the look on his face. Schneider had, for the moment, allowed himself to feel some sorrow. He had wanted the deal and was really sorry he couldn't have it. His face had flattened out and the color had drained out of it. He wore a denied, flattened look. When Schneider is doing well, his features bunch up at the nose and mouth and he has a demonic, compacted look. When he is doing poorly, his features relax and lengthen to their natural proportions, and one can see that he is actually quite a handsome man. Then he can be seen as one whom sorrow would ennoble, if only he were willing to chance it. But for that, one must go unprotected.

For the next hour or so, the conversation was aimless, though not without interest. The deal was not even alluded to. During the dessert, the journalist, who did not precisely understand the central issue, asked Schoonmaker, in the interest of the post-mortem, what his main problem was with the deal. This struck an unexpected spark in Schoonmaker. It gave him an opportunity to chastise Schneider for his cruel and heartless ways. This reckless man, with his bulging bank balances and his hot-eyed promises of warm unending cash flow, had evoked in Schoonmaker a discarded maiden's anger toward the seducer, an anger he had been unwilling to verbalize. Now he did, and having done so, he was once again able to entertain lustful thoughts toward Schneider's money. Some instinct for what remained of the deal prompted him to direct his anger at Ed Kourt, his erstwhile comptroller, which was tactically correct. Anger toward Schneider would have placed between them an insurmountable barrier.

Kourt made no attempt to defend his honor, thereby justifying Schneider's estimate of his worth. He merely replied, in the mildest possible tones, "There were several possibilities, Hob."

Schneider understood that Schoonmaker's angry outburst constituted an opening that he could exploit. He pressed forward with protestations of care and devotion: "Can I tell you something? Would I send a lawyer with seven typewritten pages if I've changed my mind?" He leaned back and extended both his arms, a seated version of



"Here they come!"

going onto bended knee. "Would I come up here on Washington's Birthday?"

Schoonmaker was beginning to thaw. Following his outburst, color flooded his face. When he left the table to answer a phone call, Schneider was able to observe that the time was then half past two, which meant that Schoonmaker was willing to be late for a two-o'clock bank appointment that he had earlier announced. That, too, was a good sign. When Schoonmaker returned, Schneider plighted his troth: "Listen, Hob, we'll meet in New York this week to close the deal. With a certified check for a hundred and sixty thousand. We'll bridge all the bullshit." A certified check. Cash on the line. An end to the apparently endless negotiations. And the price back up to $800,000. Schoonmaker brightened. "That's the kind of business I like to do, Ed knows that," Schoonmaker said.

He was not prepared, however, to capitulate on Schneider's guarantee. He still wanted Schneider to sign personally on the mortgage. Once again, Schneider demurred.

"I never signed before."

"Well, you'll have to get in the habit at least that much."

"To me that's a traumatic experience."

"Well, I'd like for you to really have a real tremor."

"I *have* a tremor. I never signed."

Schoonmaker grinned. "I'd like to have you go all the way. I don't want to half drown you. I either want to drown you or you live."

"You're not going to drown me," Schneider said. "I'll bury myself, but I won't let you drown me. There's a difference."

That proved to be a more amiable and playful interchange than it appeared at the time, because when Schoonmaker and Schneider parted, the deal was provisionally on again. Schoonmaker said he would talk to Reisner about the luncheon and then would decide if there were any real point to making a trip down to New York to close the deal in the office of his big-city lawyer, a man named Aaron Danzig.

At the same time, Schneider rethought the deal through and concluded that he would have to make one more major concession. He would have to scrap his lot-substitution plan and, instead, pay Schoonmaker for each lot as he used it. Apparently, that was all the incentive Schoonmaker needed. Less than a week later, he showed up at Danzig's office in the Empire State Building with stock certificates in his pocket. Schneider showed up with two blank checks.

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Closing. From the 48th floor of the Empire State Building, the city seemed domed and lit by fluorescent pollution. A brilliant pall hung overhead. But none of that affected the participants, all of whom seemed sprightly. Schneider arrived with a springy walk, a shaped gray double-knit suit, new fly-boy goggles and, protruding from the center of his mouth, a very long, very thin cigar. It had just been lit.

In Danzig's office, the participants sat in maroon-, green- and beige-leather armchairs in a semicircle around Danzig's glass-topped desk. In the window well behind the attorney was a prism. It refracted the morning light and a rainbow, blue over green over orange, manifested itself upon the shocking-pink shirt of Barney Reisner. As the day wore on, the rainbow traveled around the room from Reisner to Schoonmaker to Starin to Harry Balterman—Schneider's big-city lawyer—to Schneider and, finally, to Kourt.

What soon became apparent was that there were going to be not one but a number of negotiations taking place, as the ego mix thickened. It was nothing less than a tournament of dealers.

Danzig set the tone with his opening remarks, imparted with a delivery at once fibrous and world-weary. A proto-British gentleman with a black-plastic comb sticking out his back pocket, Danzig suggested that (a) the deal was so complicated that it would be impossible to close, (b) he wanted the closing done his way or it couldn't be done successfully and (c) if they only marshaled their patience and stamina, the closing would certainly be accomplished; however, (d) Schoonmaker had another buyer at a better price, with better guarantees, and he, Danzig, much preferred that offer to Schneider's.

This statement constituted a very complex bargaining position. Vis-à-vis Danzig's opposite number, Balterman, it established precedence, status and an intangible, unstated superiority: "Be a good boy, Harry," Danzig smiled, the lines around his eyes crinkling. "Do it my way first." Vis-à-vis Schneider, it established a certain subtly scornful insouciance that Danzig skillfully parodied a moment later, in the midst of reading a key clause of the contract, by gesturing toward Schneider and saying, "This obligation is to be assumed by, uh, this gentleman here . . . I forget his name. . . ."

Crude, but effective. As he spoke, Danzig lovingly stroked his tie up near the knot, four, five, six, a dozen times. He was, indeed, jerking them off. Schneider refused to respond, though pique had set his eyelids fluttering. He had more important game to stalk. Balterman, however, grew hot. "I'm not listening to a word you're saying," he shouted. "This is a bunch of crap, this is no closing, how can we close? We wrote you a seven-page memo. What the hell are you talking about? We have to go over the points point by point."

Danzig smiled at Balterman's outburst. It certainly didn't offend him at all. "All right, Harry," he said soothingly. "Now we'll do it your way."

Whether this meeting was a closing or whether it was merely to nail down the contract that would lead to the closing was immaterial. At this stage in the negotiations, presumably, both the buyer and the seller were primed for the deal. Any further concessions would be based not so much on tangible or verifiable points of business procedure but on intangibles such as desire, weariness and the like. Consequently, Danzig had done his job with skill. He had set an atmosphere in which Reisner's ability to bargain with Schneider would be enhanced, with the buyer a little off balance, a little insecure (did they really have another buyer with a better offer?) and a little bit disarrayed. Danzig retired to the window well, where he sat with a wary, watchful look on his face, alert for unexpected (or expected) pitfalls.

As it happened, Schneider was able to handle Danzig's gambit with little difficulty. "That's the last time I want to hear about the other buyer," he said, without malice, but firmly, then he turned to Reisner and proceeded to recapitulate every point in the contract they had previously disputed, plus several they had previously agreed upon. It was different from previous encounters in only one respect: Schoonmaker, sitting beside Reisner, began to spot points of protection without which he would lose very little, if anything. These were basically items of protection in principle, and on these points, he began to support Schneider. "I'm a businessman like Walter," he would say. "And I think like he does. I'd be willing to take the money out of my pocket for that."

When this had happened a second and a third time, it became apparent that Schoonmaker had accepted Schneider's view that he was being overprotected by Reisner. It also became apparent that his presence provided the lubrication without which the works would not otherwise have moved. The atmosphere began to lighten considerably. Schneider stood up and entered into a minor-key negotiation: "Hey, Aaron, you wanna get some coffee for us?" Danzig, in the new spirit of cooperation, ordered Danish as well. Everybody was in a good mood.

As the discussion continued through Balterman's seven points (and the rainbow settled on his chest), a certain weariness overtook the principals and their lieutenants. The rhythm, which appeared to be archetypal, was of extended reasonable discussion, followed by a brief excited flurry, followed by the resolution of a point, a certain relaxation and, once again, a build-up of tension. Very like a series of orgasms.

Danzig turns a page in the contract

and says, "Now we come to the lot substitutions. All that crap is out, thank God."

"All out? It's all out?" Balterman shouts. "I thought we were getting rid of the substitution *on* the substitution."

Danzig groans. "These guys never give up. Nothing's dead unless you chop it up, stab it, hit it on the head, and even then, it'll come up again." He thinks for a moment and then pronounces a verdict on what the experience of bargaining with Walter Schneider is like: "Walter is like a sumo wrestler. Just when you think you've got a half nelson on him, he gets out of it with a toe hold."

When it is all over, everybody leans back in their seats. One of the secretaries comes in with a tray upon which are piled sandwiches, another tray bearing bottles of Canadian Club, Chivas Regal and a number of glasses, and a third tray of aspirin, Alka-Seltzer and Brioschi. That signals the end of the negotiation. They have a deal.

It is late afternoon. The day is bright and sunny, but the light diffuses through the haze that covers the sky, so there is a sort of miasma of light that hurts the eye without offering warmth or heat or any pleasing aesthetics of nature. Gray, hazy. There is no nourishment in it; it is a brutalized, inhuman atmosphere. It is compounded partly of the smoke and pollution visibly rising from stacks and partly from atmospheric density and partly because, in numerous offices in numerous buildings in sight of the 48th floor of the Empire State Building, similar dialogs have been taking place this day, similar encounters enacted, and all that human energy is gray, hazy, brutalized, inhuman. Energy makes civilizations. Too much energy misapplied or misused pollutes the environment.

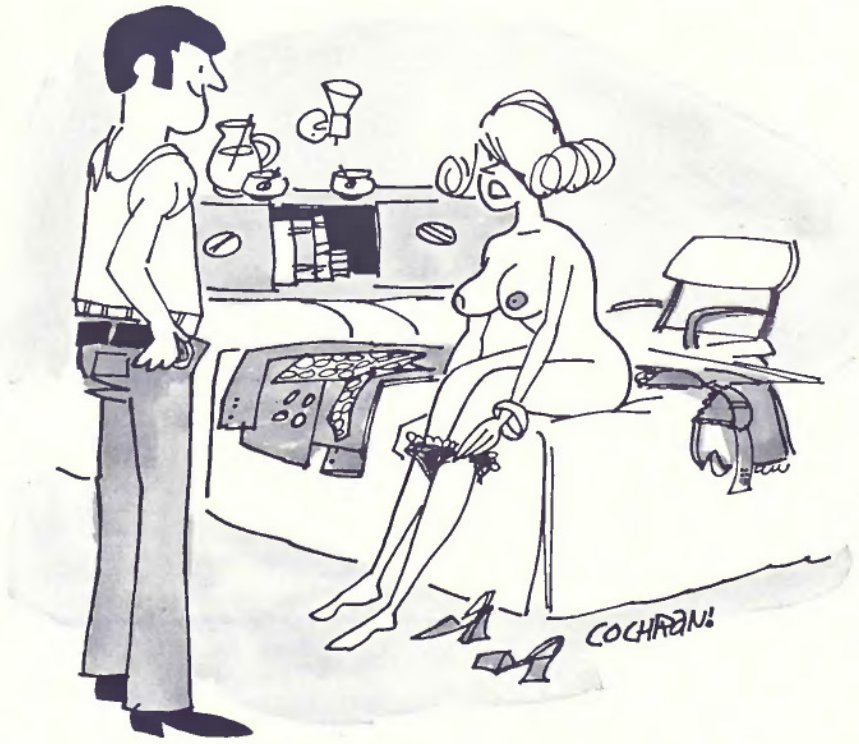
"Here's the score card," Schneider says, in his Mercedes, on the way home to Great Neck, where he lives modestly in a neighborhood of $50,000-to-$100,000 homes. "They wanted my guarantee on the mortgage, a mortgage on the lumber inventory, model park, etc., etc.; they wanted the accounts receivable. I won all those points. I had to give up on the substitution of lots, they won that; I have to pay Schoonie seventy-five thousand in mortgage reduction if I sell the commercial piece, they won that; and they won a very important point, that I am buying the stock and not the assets. But I'm happy with the deal. I'll tell you the truth. At that lunch in the Dutch Pantry, if Schoonmaker had said to me, six hundred thousand, all cash, take it or leave it, I would have taken it." He grins. "Yeah, that's right. I know I didn't sound that way, but it's true."

Within the week, Schneider has commenced negotiations for the sale of the stock of lumber. He has an offer of $100,000 cash and $100,000 credit against future lumber purchases. The water plant in Wappingers Falls he was thinking of giving as a present to his children. He was putting the 11 homes of the model park on the market at about $35,000 each. And as for the Schoonmaker company itself, he was considering a possible sale to a third company, or perhaps going public with it. There were, he said, several underwriters who were very interested, and he was negotiating with them. Going public as an over-the-counter stock had been one possibility all along. He has already begun making projections: $500,000 profit the first year, times 20, because Wall Street is very trendy and at the moment, at least, you can get times 20 on a company like this, which is hot now; that makes $10,000,000; sell off 200,000 shares at ten dollars, that's $2,000,000, leaves $8,000,000. . . . His mind skips a year or two further on, to the merger. Ah, the merger. Some larger company is going to want to pick up this Schoonmaker company, which has such a rosy picture, so well managed, listed at ten and shot up to 23. . . .

Of course, this is not as flippant as it seems. Schneider is not just wheeling and dealing the company. By no means. "I buy it, I improve it, then follow the market conditions to my best route. It takes experience and careful planning," he says, sounding, for a moment, like a civics textbook or a pamphlet on how responsible businessmen really are.

Thinking of it, Schneider smiles. "I can't tell about the future," he says. "Who knows what could happen? I'll go where the biggest profit is. Right now, I feel secure. Listen, it's all protection. One guy can make do with a rowboat. Another guy needs a yacht to survive." He clears his throat once, twice, a third time. "Sure, we like to make the last nickel on a deal, but professionalism tells you not to go for the jugular, not to kill and bury the guy all at once. Otherwise, how could you ever sell? Most real-estate men, when they hear of somebody else's good deal, they get a flutter in the pit of the stomach." Schneider clears his throat one final time. "Personally, I enjoy hearing of someone else's good fortune."

Epilog: 75 days after consummating the Schoonmaker deal, Schneider resold the entire package to Shelter Resources, Inc., a real-estate and mobile-home firm listed on the American Stock Exchange. The transaction returned to Schneider all the cash he had put up, along with more than a million dollars in Shelter Resources stock. The exchange was tax free. Schneider told one of PLAYBOY*'s researchers: "I got more from that deal in two and a half months than Schoonmaker got holding the company for twenty years."*



"Since my teens, men have used me as a sexual object . . . a mere receptacle for their animal passions . . . hurry up and get your pants off . . . never caring about me as a person."

ZAP! *(continued from page 90)*

One second, you interrupt, for your fascination and awe are quickly giving way to nausea as *Clockwork Orange* images dance a mad fandango before your eyes. There is something . . . terrible . . . about this; no matter what its therapeutic value, there is something goddamn indecent about all this shocking of innocents and measuring of erectile tissue, because, hell, we're not laboratory rats, we're people!

Drs. Fisher and Schaefer smile with the soft resignation of men who have heard it all many times before.

"I don't want to go to my grave with it written on my tomb that I gave seventeen thousand men erections and lost seven thousand," Fisher replies. "I don't like to think of that as my contribution to Western civilization. I'd much rather discuss self-actualization and the purpose of life with my patients. I wouldn't be devoting my life to this except for one thing—it works."

Schaefer has moved to the edge of his chair. "I don't want it to be said that I decreased the elbow-bending rate of five thousand alcoholics as *my* contribution. But, goddamn it, I don't want it to be said, either, that I cured five hundred compulsions. In fifty years, that will seem as ridiculous as witch doctors do today. What we commonly call compulsion is nothing more than a behavior of high strength. As behaviorists, we won't deny there may be inner devils in man, but we're not satisfied to name them and think that by doing so, we've cured the man."

"Change the behavior first, *bubbe*," Fisher asserts, "and you'll often find you've changed a person's self-knowledge. Not vice versa."

At Patton State Hospital, where he worked until recently under a research grant, Schaefer set up a realistic lower-class bar and cocktail lounge to study the behavior of alcoholics in vitro (in an observable environment but under conditions as much as possible like those under which they normally drink). With the cooperation of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, he stocked his bar with the best and worst of confiscated booze. At the time, he saw abstinence as the only possible alternative to excessive drinking. He set out to pair a physiologically harmless but painful finger shock with drinking alcohol. After a dozen drinking-shock sessions, Schaefer found that the alcoholic could withstand, with only minor flinching, shock levels that both he and the attending physician found extremely painful. He also discovered that he was producing no substantial change in drinking behavior that would last after discharge from the hospital. The experiment, in short, failed abysmally.

However, upon reviewing the experimental data, Schaefer and his staff noted a preference among alcoholics for straight alcohol (60 percent) as opposed to mixed drinks (31 percent). In a further experiment, involving volunteer "social drinkers" from the community, Schaefer discovered that only 15 percent of us take our spirits straight, that 81 percent of normal drinkers prefer mixed drinks. More significantly, he discovered that alcoholics take much larger gulps than social drinkers, who tend to sip and chat and watch the ice melt. Alcoholics, in fact, consume two or three times as much hooch per sip, and continue to drink even when they're reeling, retching and slurring *Melancholy Baby*. Before attempting to train alcoholics to become social drinkers by regulating the length and amount of their sips, Schaefer and his colleagues tried another experiment. They video-taped alcoholics while drinking and then played back the tapes when their subjects were relatively sober. Alcoholics, viewing their own sodden, boorish, drunken behavior—which, like the rest of us, they probably thought was witty and devastatingly funny at the time—go through many changes, but the changes are only in their verbal behavior. "I'll never drink again," they say, "if that's the way I look." "I didn't know I acted so effeminate when I drink," they say. "That's the last time for me. I'm off from now on."

The sobering truth, in fact, is that *every one* of the alcoholics who viewed themselves on tape relapsed into his previous drinking behavior upon discharge from the hospital. The self-confrontation sessions seemed to increase their anxiety; and when an alcoholic is anxious, he reaches for a bottle. What was lacking in Schaefer's experiment was a therapeutic-counseling situation for the alcoholic confronting himself on tape. The alcoholic, seeing himself at his worst, is ready for some sort of constructive help in seeking an alternative life style.

Schaefer's solution was to devise an avoidance technique by which the alcoholics—volunteers, as in all behavior experiments—would receive no shocks if they drank like average social drinkers, would receive mild shocks for mild deviations and strong shocks for major violations, such as chugaluging a straight Scotch. The shocks were administered by female assistants seated on adjacent bar stools, which appears to be a peculiar pairing unless you plan to turn out a roomful of winos who hate women. In any case, after five sessions, there was a dramatic decrease in the number of straight drinks ordered by the subjects, a decrease in gulping and an increase in sipping. The subjects were told in advance of the shock contingencies (consequences) but not of the amount constituting a sip as opposed to a gulp. Four of the subjects threw down their glasses and tottered off after a few sessions. The remaining nine were taking seven or more sips per drink by the 14th session, and they never consumed more than three drinks per session. A follow-up six weeks after release from the hospital indicated that two of the nine had fully sustained their social-drinking behavior.

Leaning back in his seat, Schaefer tells you that the results of his experiments are frankly inconclusive. Such mechanical nonverbal avoidance conditioning can't be used alone to cure alcoholism, it would seem. On the other hand, there is some indication that abstinence is not the only alternative to alcoholism.

But why encourage social drinking?

"Social drinking is engrained in our culture," Schaefer says. "I'm sure you know the way people look at you when you're not drinking at a cocktail party. I'm interested in helping alcoholics readjust to normal social situations, and alcohol is often very much a part of them."

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Something tells you that no form of therapy for our imperfections can stand alone in total isolation from the therapist. An insensitive doctor may perform a delicate appendectomy, but emotions aren't so docile. They would seem to demand more than a strategic shock applied here and there by an indifferent technician. Graphs and charts suggest that the techniques of behavior therapy seem to work for many personality disorders and that, in principle, these techniques work independently of the therapist. Instinct, however, tells you that principle and practice are two different animals and that the personality of a behavior therapist might have much more to do with his patient's recovery than any chart, diagram or behavior therapist would suggest. A therapist like Fisher certainly strengthens the suspicion, his energy and exuberance being as infectious and inevitable as the marijuana munchies. You sense that patients want to be helped by such a man. It would be insulting to stay sick.

"They came to me years ago," he explains. "They had a little problem of homosexuality in San Quentin, they wanted to know, could I help them? I told them yeah, I can help. They fell all over themselves, they were delighted. But I said, one thing: I need women. Their jaws dropped. How the hell do they expect to change homosexuality in prisons unless they're willing to change

"One Scotch and soda, and one Gatorade."

the environment that provokes it? [A thump of the cane.] Where the hell were we thirty years ago, when psychologists should have been arguing for conjugal visits? We were getting fat Federal grants to advise the Government to build more comfortable prisons and lots of fancy mental clinics, and instead we should have been saying, 'Fuck the new mental clinics, you *alter kakers*, pay us to help you change the miserable conditions of living in a slum that *produce* the wounded and sick and crippled in our society! *Give people something to live for!*' "

His face contorted in anger, Fisher stops. He relaxes his muscles, he taps the cane lightly against the base of a floor lamp and rubs his nose and smiles.

As Fisher moves to sit down, Schaefer's wife catches his eye. In a hushed, deeply resonant voice, she says, "I'm so glad we have you as a guardian for our children, David, in case Hal and I should ever have an accident."

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The woman beside you is the color of a geranium, her fingers are clutched tensely in her lap and her breathing is a series of sputters and wheezes. A veteran Los Angeles elementary teacher, she has come to the UCLA lecture series hoping to pick up on some new behavior-modification techniques: Lately, Joey in the third row behind Mary Alice has been reaching over and sticking his finger up the girl's nose, and he's not responding to *any* disciplinary measures. She knows about rewarding kids with M&Ms for good deportment, but finger-sticking Joey hates candy. Maybe the gentleman at the podium will have some suggestions. He's dressed quite . . . spiffily . . . isn't he? . . . and his beard is neatly trimmed . . . and he smiles pleasantly and. . . . Oh, my goodness! He's just quoted Lenny Bruce's obscene definition of a homosexual and . . . she can feel the moisture gathering under her arms; how does one make a graceful exit from the middle of this row? . . . Oh, my goodness! He just said something about a male organ doing a cha-cha. . . . Now he's scratching his head like a chimp, he's imitating an exhibitionist opening his fly and. . . . Why is she laughing, this is the most vulgar display of . . . ha! Oh, dear, that was cute . . . rather refreshingly candid, isn't he? And so dynamic. . . .

The middle-aged teacher and 200 other women in subtle variations of her printed-cotton dress flash a hasty glance toward the exits, clench and unclench their hands as the man with the awful tongue launches into his fragmented discursive lecture on foster children. Five minutes later, they have eased back into their seats, their nervous titters have swelled into healthy chuckles, they are being assaulted by a stunning example of the type of dirty, irreverent humor that is corrupting the youth of our nation. And they love it.

Fisher, surprisingly, doesn't know they love it. He knows only that he has something to tell these teachers and social workers and school counselors, something of vital importance about working with problem kids, and to make them listen, he has to shake them up a little. He's been shaking them up for years, in therapy sessions and for a time on a San Francisco radio talk show, until the station management ran him off the air. He's been swearing at them, cajoling them—doing everything in his arsenal to make people in positions of social responsibility more attentive to the needs of "the wounded and crippled and sick in our society." They are the agents of change, they are the ones he has to reach.

Tonight he is speaking specifically about a local county-funded pilot program at the Behavior Institute of Marin designed to teach foster parents the basics of behavior modification. Foster kids, he says, are among the most disturbed in the country; they include Lee Harvey Oswald and Charles Manson, and the turnover for the toughest kids is about 80 percent a year. Nobody wants them, nobody knows what to do with them. Psychologists aren't going to change their behavior, because psychologists don't live with them; foster parents do. *They* are the kids' environment, *they* are the agents of change. You want to change the kid, *bubbe*, change the parents' relationship to him.

The parents with whom Fisher and his staff work under the pilot program have "problem" foster children—with problems like wetting their pants 20 times a day, shoving their heads into a steaming bowl of spaghetti, pulling the ears off rabbits, urinating on the living-room wall. The foster parents—who receive a reward of Blue Chip stamps for attending the learning sessions—are taught first to keep a record of their child's antisocial behavior. They are then taught to stifle their normal impulse to rant and rave and scold when that behavior occurs, for their outrage acknowledges the behavior, and the kid, above all, wants to be acknowledged. They are taught to extinguish bad behavior by not responding to it and to acknowledge the kid's good behavior by rewarding it with, for instance, gold stars that can be accumulated and traded in for an ice-cream cone. They are also taught to make the child aware

of the consequences of peeing on a living-room wall. One consequence is that somebody has to clean it up. The kid is handed a sponge. One day he makes a swipe in the general direction of the stain. He is lauded with praise (a social reinforcer) and goodies (a material reinforcer) and in time begins to look after himself. The material reinforcers are gradually phased out.

Later, driving away from the UCLA campus, Fisher leans back and utters a long low moan. "See what I mean about giving lectures? It doesn't do any good, it doesn't change anybody. I don't know why I get so worked up."

You mention that the audience seemed to be responsive.

"Really?" He looks surprised.

After a few minutes of silence, Fisher unbuttons his shirt collar. "I swore too much again," he says. "I shouldn't swear."

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One of Fisher's patients is a lean, attractive woman in her mid-20s who has never achieved an orgasm with a man. "I went to shrinks for years," she says. "There were incredibly long periods of silence. Twenty, thirty minutes at a time. Nothing happened. I was still attracting men, going to bed with them, and then breaking off the relationship as soon as I did, the way a man is supposed to discard a woman after he's made her. I tried group therapy; it loosened me up a little, but it didn't really help me come to terms with my sex problem. I tried free love for a while; I got into that Haight-Ashbury scene. Forget it. Free love is like picking up a revolver and shooting it at the first person who walks past. It wasn't for me.

"What's David's therapy? Well, he sits me in this chair that leans back, he attaches a lie-detector thingamajig to my arm and helps me relax by making me feel the weight of the chair—a little like meditation exercises. If I went to Masters and Johnson, they'd have me bring in a surrogate lover and I might solve my sex problem more quickly. But I haven't quite adjusted to the idea, and I don't want to be able to achieve orgasm with only one person. Fisher doesn't use surrogates. But he's a real matchmaker," the woman laughs, delicately sweeping her frilly blonde hair away from her eyes. "He's always trying to fix me up. Once he told me he knew this great guy who had a Learjet. Another time he recommended a guy with a huge stone house on a hill. So far, I've refused. I don't date men, I just sorta meet them. David's funny—he's hip, but in a way he's right out of the Fifties, thinking I'd dig a guy on account of his Learjet.

"The main thing for me about David's therapy, though, is that he really makes me feel good. He makes me feel alive. I believe you need a sense of humor to get through life, and he has one. In five years of seeing a psychoanalyst, I never laughed once. Fisher's also concerned. When he discovered that I was driving cars to Portland on the weekends to earn money for his therapy fees, he blew up. He wouldn't hear of it. He insisted on lowering his fee so that I could continue to go to school and see him without screwing up my weekends."

All this, you reply, doesn't sound a hell of a lot like behavior therapy. It sounds more like psychologist Carl Rogers' patient-centered therapy, which on paper is a markedly different approach.

"Maybe," she says, twirling her hair around her finger, "but David's always spitballing—what he calls improvising. I guess he thinks of behavior therapy as doing whatever you can to make the person more self-assertive and self-assured; he's not all that hung up on definitions."

There are some patients who find Fisher's reinforcement techniques too transparent, superficial and somewhat silly. One middle-aged housewife with doubts about herself as a sexual being remarks that he strutted about his office like a rooster, coming on so strongly she felt uncomfortable—his attempt to build up her ego rankled her and she left after a few sessions.

Fisher worries about the ones he hasn't been able to help. He worries, too, about some of the ones he could help, but won't. "I get these rich guys in here sometimes, these incredibly self-centered kids who want to get straightened out so they can go fuck every woman in sight without feeling guilty. Their sensitivity stops right at the end of their shlong. As politely as I can, I tell them to get lost. Or I get a fascist in here with a facial tic. Sure I can cure his tic, but when he leaves he's still going to be a fascist. So what have I done? I've given the world a fascist without a facial tic. At moments like that, I wonder what the hell my profession is all about. I think of closing my private practice, but the money from it helps support our work with foster parents. By the way, I'm not a rich man. My staff determines my salary. Listen, I'll get back to you later; there's a guy in the waiting room who's planning to go up on Coit Tower and shoot everybody in sight. What, *bubbe*? What will I do? Well, first I'll have him draw up a list of all the shits he wants to kill, then at least we'll have something to argue about. I might want to add a few myself."

• • •

At the other extreme of behavior therapy are the practitioners with no particular flair for public relations; like Ivar Lovaas of UCLA, they are usually engaged in using highly unpopular techniques and suffer the consequences of a bad press.

Critics of behavior therapy—among them Bruno Bettelheim—rank Lovaas among the all-time heavies, right up there with Fu Manchu, Oddjob and Lucrezia Borgia. His crime against humanity has been to shock autistic children, painfully and repeatedly. Once he did nice things—he taught mute kids to talk by rewarding them for attentiveness, and then taught this procedure to nurses, students and parents. Everybody liked him in those days. But suddenly he lost his head, he began to get nasty, he began to frazzle youngsters. There oughta be a law.

There is, in fact, a law, a behavioral law concerning operant conditioning, and Lovaas is patiently explaining it to a professional audience. He is describing how he happened to come upon aversive conditioning for autistic children. One day while he was on the phone, an autistic girl was banging her head against a table so loudly he couldn't hear. In a brief display of temper, he slapped her on the rear end. She stopped banging her head for almost a minute. Although history may not equate it with Fleming's accidental discovery of penicillin, it was for Lovaas a moment of great revelation. In the daily work he'd been doing with autistic children for over a year, he had failed to stop their self-destructive behavior for more than a few seconds. Then, *wham!* One cuff of the hand and a whole new vista opened.

Lovaas realizes that it is just about impossible for any human being to accept the morality of subjecting children to aversive conditioning in the form of electric shocks, and so with only a few introductory words, he dims the house lights and switches on a movie projector. On the screen an autistic boy is shown with heavy padding above the arms—he has bitten his shoulder down to the bone; another boy wears mittens—he has punched himself in the face so severely that great red welts encompass his cheeks and eyes; an autistic girl who slams her head against a table at the rate of 20 times a minute has scar tissue on her forehead two inches thick; a little girl about six lacks two fingers on her left hand—she has chewed them off. These are but a few of the autistics Lovaas is treating.

The film puts it to you quite simply: What is preferable, a shock or a lifetime of self-mutilation? As Lovaas presents them, the alternatives may be oversimplified, but he makes a strong case for his techniques. He illustrates the specifics of his approach with graphs, charts and zigzag equations, all of which indicate that punishment (a shock) effectively diminishes self-destructive behavior in autistics when it is applied immediately,

even in minute quantities. In order to operate in this manner, it is necessary to subdue one's basic instincts. Only a fiend would not respond to head banging by rushing over and embracing the child. But operant conditioning tells you that behavior is maintained by its consequences, so if you plan to change self-destructive behavior, you had better stop rewarding it with a warm embrace. You save your affection for the moments when the child is not maiming himself, that being the behavior to encourage.

It isn't easy, and it doesn't convince Lovaas' critics. They claim that all this pseudoscientific rubbish ignores the process of "self-actualization," the process of discovery by which a child develops his own individual personality. They claim that Lovaas is turning these kids into conditioned monkeys, and the fury with which they attack him suggests in part that they are highly intimidated by the apparent success of his techniques.

For better or worse, Lovaas knows what he's about and brings to his therapy a wealth of laborious preparation and a high degree of sanity. However, the shock grid will still be there, no matter who is pushing the buttons—an unskilled layman or an expert who just happens to have flipped his gourd. And what then? If you can jolt a sick child into a healthy frame of mind, you can conversely buzz a normal kid into a freak who chews up his fingers in order to avoid punishment. It is hardly the sort of thing that anyone likes to think about. But as the techniques for behavior manipulation continue to improve, there is no choice but to expend an equal amount of energy learning how to counteract them. We are off on another variation of the antiballistic-missile spiral. Hopefully, somewhere in the galaxy there exists a race that has already worked out all of these problems. With any luck they will soon land on earth and put us straight. In the meantime we are left to combat our own technological advances, and the weaker among us seem to bear the burden of our experiments.

It is the weak, after all, who usually wind up in narcotics units or in prison, where occasionally we make an honest effort to rehabilitate them. Such efforts are ripe for the latest behavioristic innovation. In one alcoholics' ward at Mendocino State Hospital in California, a husband and wife have been trying out *their* version of behavior modification. It includes a "Throw-up Room," plastered with clippings of words and phrases like loser, white trash, uncultured, broompusher, creep—unpleasant things that alcoholics sometimes call themselves. The theory being pushed here is that when alcoholics are confronted daily by these "punishers" they will become desensitized and will avoid drinking as an escape. The husband and wife team, Ken and Jo Swift, affect Indian sandal–hip clothes, and issue forth a peculiar porridge of behavioristic jargon, Gurdjieff philosophy and down-home logic. Says Jo, "If I burn Ken's steak he won't say to me 'Stop burning my steak.' He'll say to himself, 'When I told her to hurry up and feed me, I gave her an aversive stimulus and she responded by burning my steak.' "

You may choose never to accept a dinner invitation from the Swifts; you may, for that matter, conclude that 90 percent of what they have to say is unadorned bullshit. But a visit to their alcoholics unit suggests that in spite of the rhetoric they are accomplishing their goal, which is to reshape an alcoholic's sodden image of himself. Their commitment to helping life's losers is thorough, their eclectic techniques employed with overwhelming sincerity. "Good!" "Great!" "Right on!" "Far out!" the staff constantly shouts at the patients. Sometimes a patient shouts back, "Fuck you!" and runs for the bottle. But most seem to pick up on the Swifts' outpouring of behavioristic-cosmic-who-knows-what energy. A 6'2" ex-boozer tells you, "I've been a shrinking-violet type all my life. Now I come to see I've been making the wrong noises to myself. I don't need the hooch; I'm hooked on Skinner."

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One pauses to imagine what history might have been like if behavior therapists had been working their wonders down through the ages. Martin Luther, learning to love Catholicism, would tear up his 95 theses and throw them in the wastebasket; Michelangelo, wired to a galvanic skin-response mechanism and a plethysmograph, would overcome his homosexual guilt feelings and give up the arts for a more respectable profession; under the principles of desensitization, and with the aid of color

"I remember when you used to come home from work and look at me that way."

slides, Napoleon would lose his urge to conquer. There would be no Protestantism, no *David*, no *War and Peace*; just a bunch of mellow folk living in happy harmony with their environment.

But enough of this foppishness. Way down south in Wetumpka, Alabama, a team of behaviorists has gained considerable respect among colleagues and prison authorities by implementing mod-squad techniques at the Draper Correctional Center. Again, the subjects of their experiments are people most prone to be institutionalized, criminals who in many cases have given up on themselves as a bad bet. The token-economy system that these behaviorists have employed in one cell block at Draper is an outgrowth of work done by two of behaviorism's founding fathers, Nathan Azrin and Teodoro Ayllon, who established the first large-scale token-economy system a dozen years ago in a psychotics' ward. Ayllon—whose customized clothes and penchant for parties do much to belie the popular image of drab social scientists—came across one woman in that ward who had been hoarding towels for nine years. Instead of trying to take them away, he had nurses deliver dozens of towels to her room every day. Soon, with 600 towels to fold and stack, she O.D.ed on her obsession and began flinging towels out of her room until, exhausted, she was down to one towel. Although Ayllon has contributed more significantly to the field of behavior modification, and has since taken his token-economy system into ghetto schools in Georgia to treat learning disabilities, he seems destined to be remembered above all else as the man who took towels out of linen closets and brought them into the folklore of behavior therapy.

The token-economy system that he helped to develop is an exercise in simple logic. As it works at Draper, under the direction of Dr. John McKee, tangible rewards are given for appropriate behavior. An inmate collects token points for maintaining a neat appearance, by attending vocational-skill classes and programed-learning sessions, by completing work assignments—and at the end of the day he can trade in these token points for a pack of cigarettes or a snack in the cell block's store. Recreational facilities also cost points. An inmate deposits a check before entering the TV room for a little tube time. If he runs out of token points, he borrows from the "bank" and pays interest on his loan. The idea behind all this is to teach prisoners the thorny game of capitalism. Units of labor are traded for currency, and currency is traded for whatever gets you stoned, fat or happy.

Being no fools, McKee and his staff realize that their token-economy system may help inmates better adapt to the routine of prison life, but that prison life provides a poor model for making it out in the community. There is no one around to feed you three meals a day or to award you points for combing your hair when you arrive back on the street. What to do, then? The behaviorists wanted to set up a simulated city within the prison, where they could create the same jobs and social pressures that one might find in a small village. It was a great idea, but it never happened. There was a change in prison administration, the new regime seemed less sympathetic to these newfangled notions than the previous regime; after two years, McKee and company have suddenly found themselves in the process of moving out of Draper and back into the community to work with "youthful offenders," kids who screw up at a tender age.

They leave behind a group of convicts who have mellowed considerably as a result of their programs. They leave behind a group of prison guards who no longer arbitrarily punish prisoners for nonperformance. The guards have been paid to go back to school and learn the basics of behavior modification; they have discovered that the token-economy system makes their job a hell of a lot easier. One of them was described by a prisoner as "the sorriest motherfucker I ever seen." The training program apparently put him through some changes. "Now," says the prisoner, "the difference in Fred is daylight to dark. He's right human. I mean I can even *talk* to that dude."

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It turns out that behavior modification is happening all over this crazy country of ours, that in the span of a dozen years it has already bypassed most conventional forms of therapy, that teachers, doctors, clergymen, housewives and baby sitters are now talking about primary and secondary reinforcers with the casual assurance of old pros. Is behavior modification then yet another fad like the Hula-Hoop and the Frisbee? Probably not. It takes some of the guesswork out of human inadequacy. It applies an engineer's expertise to the mysteries of the id. Bureaucrats love it. At long last they can see graphic evidence of what all these nutty mental-health people are up to.

Critics, on the other hand, foresee a "nightmare of manipulation" in the future of this social science. One of them, psychologist Carl Rogers, an eloquent and gentle man, wants no part of a world in which "persons could be developed, enhanced or facilitated or . . . weakened and disintegrated." MIT's Noam Chomsky took up most of an issue of *The New York Review of Books* to let B. F. Skinner know exactly how much he despised *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*. Among Skinner's other critics, believe it or not, is Spiro Agnew, whom many consider to be our foremost expert in shaping social malaise into voting power by a clever manipulation of his own verbal behavior.

Skinner and his disciples have been arguing all along that what they seek to do is to replace punishment with positive reinforcement as an effective means of control. Aversion therapy is reserved solely for extreme behavioristic problems. Naturally, many of us assume that they are trying to con us into accepting their demonic, fascist ideas. "The crucial problem in understanding man," writes Rollo May, "is not what attributes he shares with the horse or dog, but what constitutes him uniquely as man, as human being."

Another well-known opponent, psychiatrist Leslie Farber, says, "To treat an animal as though he possessed this capacity [to perceive good and evil] is merely silly, but to treat a human being as though he were only his behavior is, I am afraid, wicked."

You are left to wonder, in conclusion, whether Dr. Farber and others consider it wicked to be part of a society that packs up its crazies and ships them off to mental institutions many miles from nowhere, at a safe remove from our daily thoughts, and where Thorazine and other drugs are administered to zonk these nuisances into a state of glazed tranquillity. You wonder, too, whether Dr. Farber considers it wicked to belong to a profession that specializes in treating those who are most capable of paying for the treatment.

What is wicked depends on where you stand in relationship to it. From the point of view of a young generation of Americans, the society they live in, a society that has raised them to believe in honesty and compassion and yet rewards lying and hypocrisy in government and business, is damned wicked. From another point of view, the great strength of behaviorism is its amorality. It asserts that people profit most by paying attention to the actuality of their relationships, without being ravaged by moralistic cramps and anxieties. It asserts that people profit most by being open and clear with one another, and with themselves. It makes no ethical judgment on good and bad, right and wrong in any abstract sense. The ethics of the mod squad are the ethics of a conscientious whore, and the ethics of a conscientious whore—despite all that we have read in books and heard from pulpits—are often more pure and noble than those of the God-fearing forces that salute flags and kill others in the name of religion or political ideology.

LINDNER'S LADIES

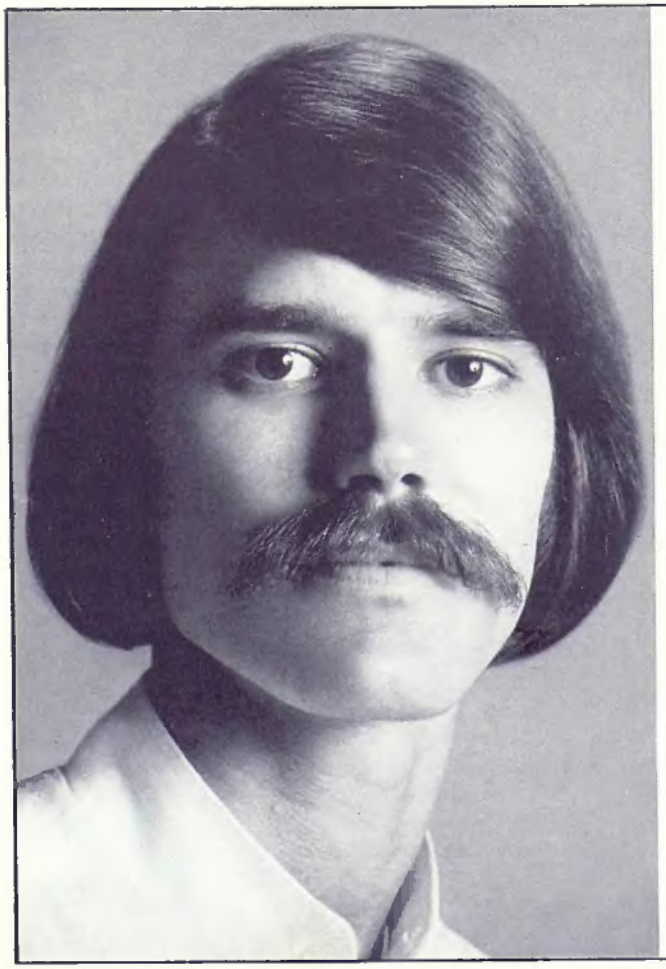
(continued from page 100)

deliberately vulgar taste, its hard-edged angular forms. In Lindner's art, the tensions and passions of city life—above all, the life of New York—are the center of the universe. The sheer harsh vividness of the urban scene, so much more an assault on the senses than a caress, sets the tone and rhythm of his art, and his triumph consists of the way he has been able to capture that vividness and make of it something so unmistakably personal, so completely a part of his innermost imagination.

It is the triumph of an outsider for whom New York—and perhaps life itself—remains an exotic adventure, a mystery without a solution. Lindner is the archetypal exile, shrewd in his perception of an alien terrain but at home only in the geography of his own imagination. The glossy American surface of his art is actually the inspired invention of a foreign observer finally coming to terms with the cultural shock of American life. Lindner came to America in 1941, when he was already 40 years old. He was twice a refugee, fleeing his native Germany for Paris when Hitler came to power in 1933, and then fleeing France when the war made it impossible for a German alien—and a Jew besides—to remain on French soil. He was an artist, an intellectual and a Jew, at home in the cafés and the old culture of the emancipated European *bourgeoisie*, who found himself, through the cruel workings of history, in the new world of rootless exile and threatened oblivion. Both these worlds left their mark on him and on his art.

There is a powerful historical dimension to the air of anxiety and menace that pervades Lindner's art. He is not, in any explicit sense, a political artist, but there is nonetheless a hidden political substratum in his painting. The contest of power has been transferred to the realm of erotic reverie, yet the sense of harsh conflict and the will to dominate—the awful sense of vulnerability on the part of the victim, the general aura of a merciless universe—cannot entirely be accounted for in sexual terms. The action one discerns in Lindner's art is somehow larger and more malevolent than the protagonist's erotic psychodrama. The refugee forced into alien and unfriendly circumstance by the vicissitudes of history is subsumed in the persona of the passive boy-child awakened to the threat of his biological fate. There is an almost Darwinian identification of political power and sexual dominance in Lindner's complex vision of life. The innocent are condemned to be victims, the victims collaborators in their own undoing.

Lindner's art thus marks the collision of two cultures and two periods of history. Out of his childhood in Nuremberg and his student days in Munich he has distilled a rich fund of imagery—of toys and puppets and the circus, of cabaret life and fairy tales and erotica—transmuted into symbols he cannot himself wholly explain. Out of the earlier history of modern art in Europe, particularly the painting of Léger, with its powerful and precise depiction of objects and figures—figures as hard and objective as objects—he has fashioned the formal components of his own pictorial style. Yet it required the shock and release of the American experience for Lindner to make his extraordinary leap into a fully matured, integrated style. His work as an artist dates from his experience of New York. His first one-man show came in 1954, when he was 53 years old, and to many he has since seemed one of the "youngest" painters on the New York scene. For this particular outsider, harboring the memories of his distant boyhood in an unfamiliar culture, observing a new order of civilization with the bruised emotions of another time and place, fantasy and reality have fused into a single consciousness. The scenarios of the past have proved to be a perfect index to the emotions of the present.



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digger's game

(continued from page 146)

tackle something like this tonight." He took the car up the ramp at Columbia Circle.

"Mikey-Mike'll be right here," the Digger said. "Pull up in front of the station there. Moon don't make no difference. Nothing back of this place but more places like it. Nobody sees us."

Magro came out of the subway station. He wore dark-gray chino pants and a T-shirt, navy blue. He carried a parcel wrapped in brown paper. It was three feet long and ten inches wide and two inches thick. He crossed the street and opened the left rear door of Harrington's Ford Galaxie. He put the package on the seat and got in. "Hey, Dig," he said. He patted Harrington on the shoulder. "How's the virgin?"

"The virgin's nervous," Harrington said.

"In about a minute, here," the Digger said, "the virgin's gonna shit his pants is what I think. He should've been on some of the fucked-up stuff we been on, huh?"

Magro patted Harrington again. "You should've," he said. "You wanted to see nervous, this thing, this thing's a. . . ."

"Tit," the Digger said.

"A tit," Magro said.

"Look," Harrington said, putting the car in gear, "we sit here long enough, talking about tits, we're gonna have half the cops in Boston writing down license numbers. Where're we supposed to go now?"

"Expressway north," the Digger said. "I'll tell you when to get off."

"Look," Harrington said, "you can tell me now. I'm not gonna jump out."

"I could tell you if I could ever remember which one it is," the Digger said. "It's either the Logan ramp you take, the tunnel, or else it's the Garden one. I can never remember which one it is. it's one of them. I see it, I'll know."

"Nice night," Magro said.

"Harrington don't like the moon," the Digger said. "I was telling him: 'Moon don't take no pictures.' "

"Shit, no," Magro said. "Moon's good, actually. Remember that night we go down the Sylvania, there, Dig? Hadda nice moon that night."

"Time we got the swerve from Maloney and them," the Digger said. "Sure, moon saved our ass that night."

"You could've read a newspaper," Magro said, "there's so much fuckin' moon that night. So it's me, Harrington, it's me and Dig and another guy. . . ."

"Brennan," the Digger said.

"Yeah," Magro said, "Brennan, and, shit, we dunno what we're doing. Go over to Arliss, get a truck, go down there like we're three fuckin' idiots out for a ride."

"And then we're supposed to pay somebody about half what we're gonna get from the whole job, just for the goddamned truck," the Digger said. "We didn't know fuckin' anything."

"Marchi," Magro said. "Teddy Marchi. Minute he looks at us, he knows what dumb fucks we are."

"Yeah," the Digger said, "got himself shot, later on."

"Down to Wally's Grove," Magro said. "They had this big argument about a trailer truck, cops all over the place, guys running around, hiding behind trees and stuff, bullets all over and everything, old Teddy walked right into the middle of it. Ka-blam, end of Teddy."

"Teddy should've stuck to minding his own fuckin' business that night," the Digger said. "There was one or two guys around said it's Teddy's fault they had that trouble about the trailer truck inna first place. Teddy was too fuckin' cute for his own good a few times."

Magro tapped Harrington on the shoulder. "So we go over Neponset," he said. "North Quincy there, and we take a left and we hook a right, you know how you do, and it seems like we're never gonna get there before morning or something, and we're all practically pissing our pants. See, we never done anything that big. We're gonna get, it was TVs, wasn't it, Dig?"

"It was either the TVs or the record players anna radios," the Digger said. "One time it's TVs, that time we got the terminal out to Dedham there, and then the other time, I forget."

"So Brennan," Magro said, "he keeps saying, 'When're we gonna get there, when're we gonna get there? For Christ sake, for Christ sake, for Christ sake.' "

"Brennan's pussy-whipped," the Digger said. "Afraid his wife's gonna find out. Cops, Brennan don't care about cops. He was nineteen, him and a couple guys tried to break in the South Boston Savings one night, they didn't know what the fuck they're doing, set off the alarm. So all these cops come, and somebody, lived across the street, seen four guys jumping off the roof the bank when the cops get there. Cops count up the ones they got, they got three. The one they haven't got's Brennan. This is the office they got up on the parkway, there. So they got all these lights and they're all walking around and hollering and everything, and they can't find Brennan. Then there's this

"Is it all right to serve him the Executive Special?"

one guy, gets sick of it, he goes over and he leans against this maple tree and he lights up a cigarette, and he just stands there, watching all them other bastards running around, and pretty soon Brennan falls out of the tree, right on him almost."

"Got nervous," Magro said. "Started thinking about holding on and not making no noise, first thing he does, he lets go."

"Yeah," the Digger said, "and then it *still* took about five of them to get him inna wagon. So he does, I guess, three and a half, and he comes out, and boy, has the wife, he got married and she's got him right under the old thumb. Eight or nine years he puts up with it, it's enough to make you puke, and then he finds out, all this time he's been scared shitless of her, she's out screwing this guy she knows before they got married. Seems he come by and fix the stove, he's working for the gas company, he fixes her, too. Poor fuckin' bastard."

"I never knew Brennan, I guess," Harrington said.

"He's over to Walpole," Magro said. "Went in before you come around."

"Take it easy, Harrington," the Digger said. "Wasn't for nothing like this."

"No," Magro said, "it's for killing her. Beat her fuckin' head in with a pair a pliers. I would've done the exact same thing. All the shit he took, and then find that out. I wouldn't care if there was ten cops waiting outside to grab me as soon's I finish and shoot me right there, I still would've done it."

"Nobody ever did no time for something like this," the Digger said. "It's impossible. All the jobs're like this, there wouldn't be nothing but guys like Brennan over to Walpole, that killed their wives'r something."

Harrington's car emerged from the Central Artery underpass. Traffic was moderate. "Start getting over to the right, there," the Digger said. "I think, yeah, take the next one, that says Callahan Tunnel. Then, you come the bottom of the ramp, go up across there, by the fish market. See the fish market? And you get up there, you take the next left and go right around under there."

Harrington drove past Giuffre's Market and the Digger directed him into the Market area. On the right sidewalk of the empty street, a man in a maroon polo shirt and gray slacks walked slowly toward Faneuil Hall. "That's him," the Digger said.

"Right on time," Jay said as he opened the right rear door. "Right onna fuckin' button. That's all right."

"Hey, Marty," Magro said, "good to see you."

"Always a pleasure," Jay said, getting in. "Mikey-Mike, right?"

"Right," Magro said, "been a long time."

"I been doing some other things," Jay said.

"Harrington," the Digger said, "this here's Harrington."

"Harrington," Jay said, patting him on the right shoulder. "OK, I can see I'm gonna have to go down and get the rabbi to fix me up after tonight. This's like the Hibernians' picnic."

"Look," the Digger said, "you could talk your own guys into taking a chance now and then, you wouldn't have to."

"Hey," Jay said, "where the fuck you think we get this thing, it's not my guys?"

"Where now?" Harrington said.

"Jumpy as hell, this one," the Digger said. "Cars all set?"

"They're not," Jay said. "I'll find that fuckin' kid and brain him. You know where Valle's is, Route Nine?"

"Yeah," Harrington said.

"Go there," Jay said. "Now, there's a turnoff right when you get past it, going toward Worcester. Forget about it. I want to go all the way up past the next set of lights, and then turn and come back to it."

"How come?" Magro said.

"So it looks like we're coming from the ball game out to the stadium, there. Last time they play, I'm out at Valle's with the wife and a whole bunch of guys come by, left their cars there and went to the game. So, nobody pays any attention to them. Anybody sees us is gonna figure we went out to the game in Harrington's car, stopped someplace, had a few drinks and something to eat, horse around some before we pick up the other car.

"Same kind of thing at the other end," Jay said. "Guys we're meeting're gonna get there about half an hour before we do. They get dropped off, go in, sit down and have something to eat. In a while we show up, park the thing off to the side, get in the other car, there, and that's it. They get through, go outside, get in the thing and off they go, just like they left it there when they come in from Springfield. This's that diner right at Route Twenty, you know where I mean?"

"Lot of gas stations and stuff there?" Magro said.

"That's the one," Jay said. "You oughta get there about five or ten minutes before me and the Digger. Same thing. Go up a little ways, turn around, come back. There's an all-night station right across the street, you'll be able to see us when we come in."

"Candy," the Digger said. "My little kid could do this one. Pure fuckin' candy."

"I still don't like this moon," Harrington said.

"I was telling him, Marty," Magro said, "you remember the time Maloney sends Dig and me and Brennan down the Sylvania there? You're supposed to be buying then."

"Yeah," Jay said, "record players, wasn't it? That fuckin' Maloney. He tried to set me up at least once, I think. I couldn't be sure, you know? I would've had him whacked, I was."

"Well," Magro said, "that night Maloney's setting us up. Real bright moon, and we get down there, we're so excited we're practically throwing up, and there's guys in there ahead of us, cleaning out the goddamned semi we're after. And it's that fuckin' Maloney that's

doing it, for Christ sake, give us the job in the first place."

"That cocksucker," the Digger said, "was I glad when he got it. Best thing that happened in a long time was they had the war down there onna Avenue and it ends up, Terry's bleedin' to death onna sidewalk."

"At least he didn't know who shoots him," Jay said. "I give him that, anyway. I always thought he hadda lotta dog in him, but didn't none of it show that night."

"Bull*shit*," the Digger said. "He didn't *know* he was bleedin' to death, you know. He was just being careful."

"Jeez, Dig," Magro said, "I dunno as you oughta talk like that."

"Whaddaya mean?" the Digger said.

"Well," Magro said, "I heard it was probably you give him what he wasn't talking about that night."

"I heard it onna fuckin' radio," the Digger said. "I was nowhere near the place that night. I was up the place, I was working The Bright Red. Cut that shit."

"Yeah," Jay said, "I heard that, too. I heard something like that, Mikey-Mike. And another thing I remember, about twenny minutes after Maloney died, the Digger's got all the stuff Maloney's supposed to've had. Of course, he doesn't share it with anybody, but he had it."

"Now, look," the Digger said.

"You did, Dig," Jay said, "you had all them shoes. Remember, you're trying to sell me shoes about two weeks after, I said to you: 'Where'd you get all the shoes, Dig? I didn't hear no shoes around except what Terry had.' And you, you never give me a straight answer, you remember that? There's only two guys in town that're really better off when Terry's hit. There's you, because it turns out you got all them shoes, and there's the Greek."

"The Greek had shoes?" the Digger said.

"Nah," Jay said, "Terry owed the Greek money. I seen the Greek after Terry's gone, and I said: 'Hey, Greek, see your customer there, you're always bitching about, got himself shot up a little. Hope you had the policy on him.' And he wouldn't talk to me, either. Greek ever get his money, Dig?"

"The Greek didn't get his money," the Digger said, "I wouldn't be going to Newton tonight, I can tell you that."

"And then there was that other thing," Magro said, "you remember that, Marty? There was an awful lot of bullets down the Avenue that night. The door Terry come out of, it's practically shot off the hinges. Now, keep in mind, the Digger's got a machine gun."

"Ah, come on," Jay said, "you know better'n believe that. That old fuckin' story. That's just a story guys like to tell, isn't that right, Digger?"

"Sure," the Digger said. "The fuck I'd be doing with a machine gun?"

"Well," Magro said, "you could've shot Terry Maloney with it. Them're all forty-fives in him. They could've come out a grease gun."

"Could've come out a forty-five, too," the Digger said. "I used to know a guy had one of them, too, kept it under the front seat of his car, last I heard, pointed it at a guy once or twice."

Magro and Jay spoke together. Jay said: "Ah, Dig, that was just in case of trouble or something, and besides, I didn't have anything against Terry. Except he tried to set me up." Magro said: "It wasn't my car and it wasn't my gun, Dig. Just a couple things I used to borrow now and then, when I needed something." The Digger, Magro and Jay laughed.

Harrington said: "You guys're making me nervous, you know."

The Digger patted Harrington on the right shoulder. "Nothing to be worried about, Harrington," he said, "nobody's got anything tonight."

"Digger," Jay said, "you haven't really got a machine gun, have you?"

"Well," the Digger said, twisting around slightly to get his left elbow and forearm farther onto the back of the front seat, "I, well, I'll tell ya the truth, Marty, yeah. I got ten machine guns, actually. You know how it is, you're inna booze business, you got three kinds of cops coming around all the time, you buy your license, you serving kids, you running the whorehouse, you keeping maybe some stuff in the cellar, nobody, somebody forgot to pay taxes, that kind of thing. They're always coming in and looking up my ass. I tell you guys something, I dunno why none of them eight or nine hundred guys ever finds my ten machine guns. Got them right out in plain sight in the cellar there. Big wooden box, got a sign painted on it: 'Don't anybody look in this box. Doherty's Ten Machine Guns.' Beats me how come they don't find it."

"Couldn't've been the Digger," Jay said to Magro. "Digger says he don't even have a machine gun."

"Yeah, right," Magro said, "must've been that other guy I keep hearing about, got a forty-five auto with a fifty-shot clip, carries this telephone pole around with him, just nails her right up to the pole and lets off the whole thing with a wire. Must've been him. Or a whole lot of guys, all got forty-fives."

Harrington's car traveled through Kenmore Square. He took the left and drove up the hill past Fenway Park.

"Maloney was a funny guy," Jay said. "I never heard of him. Then all of a sudden it seems like there's nobody else around but Terry Maloney. Guys were saying you couldn't even start to think of something, five minutes later Terry's already doing it."

"Yeah," the Digger said, "and fucking it up. Every time the son of a bitch went out, somebody got shot. More cops down around the Avenue'n they got in the whole FBI. I bet I know six or seven guys, got in the shit doing something nice and quiet and the cops're so busy looking around for Maloney they see these guys, you know?"

"Well," Jay said, "there was Greggie Halb, there. Got grabbed down the track."

"Sure," the Digger said. "Terry set him up, though. The cops had Terry figured for what Greggie's doing, and they go and talk to Greggie, and Greggie lets them go right on thinking it's Terry. So Terry finds out and dumps Greggie. I didn't blame Terry for that one. That's about the only thing, though. Terry, he was a kid, he grew up out to Saint Agatha's, there, he didn't *understand* anything, you know? That was his problem. His family had some dough. His brother, Billy, the one that sells the cars, big asshole buddies with my brother, that's what Terry should've been. He didn't know how to do them other things."

"Billy Maloney knows how to do a few things," Jay said. "I know a guy, retired from the post office, wanted to be some kind of court officer."

"Oh, sure," the Digger said. "That kind of thing, him and my holy brother're down to five dinners a week, shaking hands and their pictures in the paper. But Billy, actually, I think Billy's kind of a class guy. He give Terry the regular funeral there, just like he dies in his mother's arms, what is it, that cemetery off of Brush Hill, there, just like Terry's the greatest thing inna world.

"That was a funny thing," the Digger said, "none of the guys go, of course, because we all figure, what the hell, Terry's been tryin' to fuck everybody all the time he was alive; he's dead, fuck him. But my holy brother goes, and then he comes down the place after and he gives me this big speech, all the grief Terry handed his family, Paul sure don't want me doing nothing like that to him. My great fuckin' brother. So I say: 'Look, I'm glad you told me. I was just going out tonight, see if I could get somebody to shoot me or something, looks like such a great thing and all. But seeing things, your point of view, I'm not gonna do it. I changed my mind.' So he got all pissed off and all. He always does that. I ever told him how Terry tried to set me up, he would've shit."

It was 10:45 when Harrington turned the Galaxie off Route Nine inbound and entered the parking lot at Valle's. Jay edged forward in the back seat. "Supposed to be down in the back,

"See what I'm getting at, Mr. Beemis? Foreplay! . . . That's the key to sexual compatibility. Now, then, you try it."

there," he said. "Tan Merc."

"Keys're in it?" the Digger said.

"In it, and it's wiped down," Jay said. "That's a pretty good kid, you know? He's smart and he's dependable. You get him to do something, there's no complaints or anything and he does it fuckin' right. I'm gonna have to get him something bigger."

Harrington stopped the Galaxie behind the Mercury sedan. "All right," the Digger said, turning again toward the back seat, "you got the gloves, Mikey-Mike?"

Magro had torn the paper off his parcel. He opened the box and removed three wads of beige cotton. They stank of oil. He gave one to Jay and one to the Digger. He unrolled the remaining wad and spread out two thin cotton gloves.

"Jesus, Dig," Jay said, putting gloves on, "you must be getting old."

"I don't like it," the Digger said, stretching the gloves over his hands. The cuffs stopped an inch short of his wrists, leaving the heels of his palms uncovered. He wiggled his fingers. "I just figure, this's big enough, somebody's probably gonna be interested enough, look for prints. Might as well not take any chances."

Magro reached into the box and pulled out a heavy-duty boltcutter.

"That's wiped?" the Digger said.

"Three-In-One Oil," Magro said.

"OK," the Digger said. "Now, it's almost ten to eleven. Harrington, one-thirty, you be waiting in the Howard Johnson's on One-Twenty-Eight next to the Turnpike."

"Gonna be closed," Harrington said. "What if the state cops come around, ask me, did my girlfriend forget to show up or something?"

"Open tonight," the Digger said. "Coffee for drivers. Go in and sit down where you can see the lot. Soon's you see us get in the car, out you come and we go home."

"OK," Harrington said.

"Now, another thing," the Digger said. "You're gonna have some time on your hands. Take this paper and the box and get rid of it."

"Where the Christ I do that?" Harrington said.

"Well," the Digger said, "you look around some is what you do. You asked me, I'd say, find a motel or something, shopping center, got one of them Dumpsters, and throw it in."

"Somebody'll see me," Harrington said.

"Oh, for Christ sake," Magro said, "doesn't matter if they do. Nobody pays any attention to people throwing junk away."

"You didn't mention," Harrington said to the Digger, "I hadda throw anything away."

"Harrington," the Digger said, "I also didn't mention you could have a couple cups of coffee while you're waiting for us. It's OK, believe me, you can still do it. And you're taking the garbage out, too, just like I say. So quit arguing with me and just fuckin' do it, all right? Just do it and be at the Johnson's, like I said, will you do that?"

"I'll be there," Harrington said.

• • •

Magro drove west on Beacon Street.

"It's a green Vega," Jay said, "right up here in front of the barbershop, 'cross from the Mobil."

"Where's the fuckin' U-Haul?" the Digger said.

"In the station with all the other U-Hauls," Jay said. "In the morning they had nine or ten of them, now they got ten or eleven of them, they stayed closed all day and in the middle of the afternoon, they're all home watching the ball game, the kid pulls up, backs her in, unhooks and drives away. Calls me up: 'Went like a charm,' he said. 'Waited over in Cambridge, this dude comes along in a Vette with Michigan plates, I let him unload the trailer, he goes in the apartment the last time, I hooked it.' Then he tells me, he's laughing like hell: 'Tonight I'm going back and hook

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the Vette. I got a guy down in New York I call, gimme a full bill for it. Thanks for the job. Marty.' The Vega, I ask him, you get the car all right? He says: 'Grabbed her right off the lot in Brockton this morning. No sweat. Took her over through Randolph and took the plates off an Olds at the Holiday. Wait'll that guy gets up.' "

Magro stopped the Mercury next to the green Vega Kammback. Jay got out of the Mercury. "Need help with the trailer?" Magro said.

"Nope," Jay said, "just go ahead. Three minutes."

Magro parked the Mercury in the post-office lot, finding a space between a chocolate-colored Porsche 911T and a Ford Country Squire. The Digger and Magro got out. Magro took the boltcutter out of the rear seat. He held it against his body with his left arm; the rubber grips were tucked into his armpit and he cupped the short, blunt blades in his fingers.

"Nice of the Government," the Digger said, "make a parking lot for the movies."

The Digger and Magro stepped through the border of the parking lot, between the low shrubs. At the sidewalk they turned left and walked down past the supermarket. In the middle of the block, they waited for a blue Cadillac convertible, top down and driven by a man with a bald head, to pass. It left a short verse of rock music behind. They crossed the street and went into the alley in back of the Steinman block.

The Steinman block is a four-story brick building facing Beacon Street on the south. Cabot Street is at its western end. The northern side backs onto the alley; it has receiving areas for the retail stores that occupy the first floor. The building is 230 feet long, 60 feet deep at its widest point.

The Digger and Magro walked up the alley to the third receiving area. It is surrounded by a ten-foot chain-link fence equipped with a double gate. The gates were closed and padlocked.

"That Marty is a smart bastard," the Digger said. "That fuckin' fence, see? Originally, the guy that owns this is gonna give Marty a key or else he's gonna leave the locks open onna gates. 'Uh-uh,' Marty says, 'that'll tell 'em just like we left a note.' So he turns it down. Then I come around, he starts thinking about it, comes out here and looks. Them posts're too far apart. There's about twelve feet between them posts. Thing like this, shouldn't be more'n four, six at the most."

"Beautiful," Magro said. "How come?"

"There's a fuckin' water main under there," the Digger said, "gas main or something. Some kind of shit. It's right near the top. They hadda spread out the posts to miss the pipes."

The Digger and Magro walked past the gates and stepped in behind the western fence. Cars passed on Cabot Street. The Digger and Magro stepped into the shadows. When their eyes adjusted, they could see PAVILION in blue script on a small sign over the loading dock. The Digger knelt near the post closest to the building wall. He took the chain-link fabric in his hands.

Magro opened the boltcutter and started snapping the links nearest the post. As he progressed, he and the Digger stood up. About five feet from the ground, he stopped cutting.

"The other side," the Digger whispered. "come on, willya?"

Magro wiped his forehead on the back of his left glove. "Just the same as always," he whispered, "I do the fuckin' work and you bitch about it."

"I'll cut, you want," the Digger said.

Magro handed the boltcutter to the Digger. Magro held the chain-link fabric taut against the next post. The Digger opened the jaws of the boltcutter their maximum inch. Then he brought the rubber grips together. He worked rapidly, the sweat breaking out on his

quick change artist...

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"I think I'll change the way I strut my stuff."

forehead as the links popped.

"Hurry up," Magro said.

"Shut the fuck up," the Digger said. "I'm going as fast as I can."

The green Vega and the U-Haul turned into the alley in front of the supermarket as the Digger reached the five-foot mark. The Digger and Magro pushed the fabric inward and ducked under it into the receiving area. Then they turned and pushed the fabric upward, bending it upward so that it hooked onto the X ends at the top of the fence.

Jay stopped the Vega and the trailer just beyond the receiving area. The Digger and Magro saw the backup lights come on. Jay swung the trailer into the receiving area next to Pavilion. He shut the lights down to parking. The Vega and the trailer moved forward. When they were straight, the backup lights came on again. Jay's head showed at the driver's side window. He backed the trailer into the Pavilion area through the hole in the fence. He cramped the wheels of the Vega and the trailer backed up to the loading dock.

Magro stepped forward and unlatched the door of the trailer. Jay got out of the car. He straddled the trailer hitch to open the rear door of the car. The Digger went to the fence. He pushed the cut section forward until the links rode off the X ends. He lowered the cut portion slowly to the ground.

At the loading dock, the Digger said: "You guys watch your ass, you get near the fence. Ends're sharper'n knives."

Magro had vaulted onto the loading platform. "Cut yourself?" Jay said. "You wanna look out, you're liable to get lockjaw from that."

"Nah," the Digger said. "Scratched myself."

"You guys having a meeting or something?" Magro said. "I try this thing or not?"

"Yeah," Jay said.

Magro stooped and grasped the handle of the overhead loading door. As he pulled, the latch snapped. The aluminum door rose silently. "Jackpot," he whispered.

The Digger and Jay clambered onto the platform. Each of them cursed. "When's the fuckin' movie get out, now?" the Digger said, breathing heavily.

Jay looked at his watch. It had a luminous dial. "Forty minutes," he said.

"We better haul ass," the Digger said.

Magro pushed the door all the way up. The only sound was the rollers on the track. "Kosher," Magro said. "No alarm switch. He didn't shit us."

They went inside. They waited until their eyes had adjusted to the deeper darkness. "OK," the Digger said when the racks of furs were visible, "*let's fuckin' go*, somebody comes out of the movie early."

"Nobody leaves early," Jay said, "it's a skin flick. They got everything in it but that great Dane you used to see all the time. They're all sitting there thinking about how they're gonna do it the same way, they get home."

The Digger and Jay each wheeled a rack to the edge of the loading platform, Magro guiding them from the front. Magro jumped to the ground. The Digger and Jay peeled the furs off the hangers and dropped them to Magro. Magro put them in the trailer.

"Take it easy," the Digger said, "throw the damned stuff around like that, Mikey-Mike. That's expensive stuff."

"Animals didn't take it easy," Magro said. "Shut your big fuckin' mouth and keep workin'." He put furs in the car.

The Digger and Jay pulled the stripped racks back into the building, the wooden handles clacking. They brought out full racks, and the wheels squeaked in the darkness. They emptied and returned all of the racks in the receiving area.

"Fine," Jay said, checking his watch. "Nineteen racks, thirty-four minutes." He jumped off the loading platform.

The Digger looked back inside once. Then he jumped heavily from the platform. Jay got into the Vega. The Digger walked toward the fence. Magro jumped lightly to the ground. He trotted to the fence behind the Digger. They rolled the fence fabric up again but did not hook it.

Jay started the Vega. It moved forward, canted back on its rear springs. At the fence, Jay said: "You got four minutes. Set off the alarm and run like a bastard."

"No running," the Digger said. "Alarm goes soon's the movie lets out. See you in Worcester."

The Vega and the trailer went through the hole in the fence. The Digger and Magro bent the wire fabric inward at waist level. When they released it, it stood slightly away from the posts. Magro picked up the boltcutter.

The Vega and the trailer headed up the alley. The Digger and Magro saw it reach Cabot Street, hesitate and swing right.

Magro went back to the platform. He climbed up. He could see the Digger holding the corner of the wire. He could see the front of the theater on Cabot Street. He waited.

A man wearing a bright-green shirt opened the doors of the theater fully and stopped them against snubs on the sidewalk. One car went by on Cabot Street. Three women and a man emerged from the theater. The man paused and lit a cigarette. Several more people came out and lit cigarettes. A large number of people came out and the people on the sidewalk moved away. Magro could hear engines starting. He could see the Digger motionless at the fence.

Magro turned the right side of his body away from the door. He allowed the boltcutter to slip down through his left hand until he held it by one of the rubber grips. Turning his body slightly, he used a bowling motion to scale the boltcutter noisily along the floor toward

the interior door. He heard it strike, hard, and he heard the door snap open.

Magro jumped off the platform. He trotted across the pavement. The Digger went through the hole in the fence. He held it open for Magro. Together they bent the fabric back against the previous bend and tangled some of the cut ends together.

They straightened up quickly and put their hands in their pockets. At the Cabot Street end of the alley, five moviegoers turned in. The Digger and Magro turned their backs to the moviegoers, and were about 90 yards ahead of them, when they reached the post-office lot. Several people had reached the lot by different routes. The Digger and Magro got into the Mercury and Magro swung it out of the lot and into the movie traffic on Cabot Street.

Twelve minutes after the Vega had pulled out of the alley, Magro turned left on Commonwealth Avenue and proceeded at the legal limit toward the Massachusetts Turnpike. At the same time, the Newton police, hampered by the movie traffic and using no sirens, parked four prowl cars near Pavilion, two in front and two in back.

"Keep in mind, now," Sergeant Duggan said, "that's a silent alarm. There could be guys in there with guns, and they don't know we're coming. You don't get paid for getting shot."

• • •

The Greek surveyed the turquoise shag rug in Schabb's private office. Schabb sat behind a kidney-shaped birch desk; the kneehole was screened in woven cane. Torrey sat to the left in a brown Naugahyde chair set on a chromium pedestal. There was a Panasonic pop-up television set on the desk; the telephone was in a walnut box. Two prints of Degas paintings were on the wall.

"All right," the Greek said. "I see it all."

"Just what do you think, Greek?" Schabb said.

"I tell you," the Greek said, "originally, I come in here, I open the door and there's this crotch at the desk there, I was gonna say: 'Excuse me, must've got off the wrong floor.' So I take a quick look at the door, it says: 'Regent,' I gotta be inna right place, there's nothing wrong with the brain or anything. It's just, the last time I'm here, there's no tits in a see-through blouse staring me inna face when I come in."

"She's got a bra on, Greek," Torrey said.

"I know she's got a bra on," the Greek said. "I could see the fuckin' bra, don't forget. I figure we're gonna spend all this time on it, I would've read the fuckin' label. She's also got a mole on her left one, where the bra goes down, there.

"So I think to myself, Richie's gone and done it. Then I see the *rug*, and the cabinets, and I, I *don't* see you guys. So I say to Miss Tits, where are you? And she says: 'Who?' Well, them two guys, the one that eats you and the one pays you money so the first one can eat you. Them guys. Your fuckin' employers."

Torrey got up and shut the door. "Greek," he said, "you really got a mouth on you like a fuckin' sewer, you know that?"

"The worst thing I ever put in my mouth was a cigar," the Greek said. "I know some guys can't say that. Now, this is my money, too. I gotta right to know what's going on. All of a sudden this part I own part of gets turned into a fuckin' first-line whorehouse and nobody ever sent me no letter or nothing. How much does Miss Tits cost? That's for openers. Then we get to the rest of this shit you guys've got all of a sudden."

"That kid is Joanie Halb," Torrey said. "I know her brother, took himself a bad one down the track about four years ago, swapping spit boxes. She's a nice kid and I'm helping a guy out. Eighty-five a week and she can answer the phone and do typing. That's all she is and that's all she does."

"He's gonna eat her," the Greek said to Schabb. "By ten-fifteen today she'll blow him. And private offices, too, huh? How much this cost?"

"Two-eighty on paper," Schabb said. "Two-sixty, actually. It was two-eighty for this, they knocked the wall out. But for the two of them, five-twenty."

"What about all this *shit* you got in here?" the Greek said. "Them hairy rugs, this museum shit. How much am I out on this?"

"Total?" Schabb said, hesitating and looking at Torrey.

"Total," the Greek said, "and never mind waiting for him to give you the word. I think I gotta right, know how mucha my money you assholes're throwing out the window 'thout asking me."

"Around three hundred a month," Schabb said. "I'm not sure on the rugs yet. We rent the rest of the stuff."

"That's a hundred of mine," the Greek said. He looked at Torrey. "I figure, about one-eighty a month of my money this little thing of yours, you didn't even ask me. I gotta loan around a thousand and make four calls to make that. That's a nice goddamned thing to find out. You fuckin' cocksucker, I could fuckin' kill you for this."

"I didn't ask you," Torrey said, "because Miller suggested it and I thought it'd be a good idea and I really didn't

"Stop knocking yourself out. I have only one erogenous zone."

give a shit whether you liked it or not."

The Greek sat down fast. He did not say anything. He kept his face clear of expression.

"You want a cup of coffee, Greek?" Schabb said.

"If I do," the Greek said, looking at Torrey, "I suppose I got to go out for it. I'm the nigger now, is that it?"

"Hell, no," Schabb said. "We've got the pot right up here."

"I don't want no fuckin' coffee," the Greek said.

"He drinks it black, Mill," Torrey said. "Have Joanie bring him in a cup. You'll be all right, Greek. Nothing like a nice hot cup of coffee, shape a man up. OK for your diet, too, right? See how we're thinking about you?"

"I said," the Greek said, "I said I don't want no fuckin' coffee."

"Mill," Torrey said, "have her bring him in the coffee."

Schabb said into the intercom: "Joanie, please bring Mr. Almas a black coffee, no sugar."

The girl brought the coffee. She walked primly across the rug and set the cup on the desk. She walked primly back and looked inquiringly at Torrey. He shook his head. She went out and shut the door quietly.

"Why'n't you spill it on the rug, Greek?" Torrey said. "Maybe that'd make you feel better."

"You cunt lapper," the Greek said.

"Greek," Torrey said, "have your coffee. Think about what you're doing to yourself. You got a chance here, move into the big leagues to stay. You're fucking it up. You're fucking us up. I hate to see a man, don't know what his own best interests are."

The Greek hunched forward in the chair. "You listen to me," he said. "I been around longer'n you have and I know what I'm talking about. You're the one that's gonna fuck up. I seen guys like you before, didn't know which end's their ass and which end's their fuckin' tool. You're gonna attract attention to this thing. You're gonna fuck it up, and you're gonna try to drag him and me down with you. Not me, Richie, not me. This here's partly mine. You can go out inna street and wave your dick at the cabs, you want, it don't matter to me. But my money, my money matters. Every time you spend a fuckin' buck, thirty-four cents of it's mine. Don't tell me, my best interests. I get to come in once a week and a free cup of coffee, don't gimme none of that shit. I'm the guy makes this thing go, and I'm not taking no more shit like this from you."

"Have some coffee, Greek," Torrey said.

"*I don't want no fuckin' coffee*," the Greek said. "You're fucking with me, Richie, and I know a couple guys, fucked with me, they got in trouble."

"You're right, Greek," Torrey said. "I know both of them guys and you're right. I apologize. One of them steals suits down to Robert Hall's and he can't understand it, nobody wants to buy them. I forget what the other guy's doing. I think he's stealing hubcaps offa Studebakers. Them the two guys you mean?"

The Greek turned to look at Schabb. "You with him, Mill? Is that it? You and him against me?"

"Look," Schabb said, "I'm a nice guy. I came in with a guy that knows junkets and a guy that knows how to collect. I thought this was just about what I was looking for. I thought it was just business. Turns out, it isn't. I'd like somebody to tell me what kind of game we're playing. Then I'll pick sides, if I have to."

"I can kick the shit out of you, you know, Mr. Schabb," the Greek said. "It won't cost me no more, kick the shit outa you along with him. You keeping that in mind?"

"Greek," Schabb said, leaning back in the chair, "I calculate that there's about four million people who can kick the shit out of me. So far, nobody has. You know why?"

The Greek did not answer.

Schabb clasped his hands behind his head. "Nobody kicked the shit out of me," he said, "because I always look around very carefully before I do anything. And when I see a fellow, looks as though he might kick the shit out of me, I avoid him. I don't think I'd like what he might have in mind."

"Well," the Greek said, "how's your vision now?"

"Pretty good," Schabb said. "I shaved this morning and I didn't cut myself."

"Good," the Greek said. "Now, me and Richie, we've sort of got you where one of us is probably gonna kick the shit out of you. So which way you gonna flop?"

"Out," Schabb said.

"Out?" the Greek said, looking at Torrey. "Out where? Ain't no out. There's me and there's Richie. That is the line-up. There ain't no out."

"There is for me," Schabb said.

"Lemme hear about it," the Greek said. "I'm generally pretty good at seeing outs. Where is it?"

"Well," Schabb said, "you guys seem to be running a pissing contest here, right?" Neither the Greek nor Torrey answered. "Right," Schabb said, "that's what I thought. And it's over the business. Now, what's the business?"

"Junkets and sharking," the Greek said.

"Nope," Schabb said. "That's what the business was before we started all these things. Richie had the junkets, you had the, well, lending business. That's not this business. This business is the rugs and the prints and the girl and the files and the brochure. It's the investment in the Holy Name tour. *This* business is me, fronting for you guys."

"I'm still listening," the Greek said.

"You better listen pretty close," Torrey said. "That's Mill's polite way of telling you he's the business. He can do without us, mostly."

"Miller's getting a little fat for my taste," the Greek said. "Maybe I'm fighting the wrong guy." To Schabb he said: "You're saying you're gonna run it, that it?"

"Nope," Schabb said. "I'm telling you, I know how to run something that's different'n anything either one of you guys knows about. I can run it for you guys, because I need you guys, or I can run it for somebody else. Doesn't matter to me. But I can tell you one thing, Greek: I'm not fighting anybody for it. Because all I have to do is leave, and I take this business with me, and you and Richie can beat each other shitless. It won't matter a bit to me. I'm going to make this thing a genuine business. Those file cabinets, when I get them working, will give me a reliable list of guys who play hard and lose respectable amounts of money and pay up afterward. Everything."

"I keep that in my head," the Greek said.

"I keep shit in my ass," Torrey said. "Listen to the man for a change, willya? You really want to be chickenshit all your life? He knows something we don't."

"I could take you apart right here, you know," the Greek said to Richie.

"You could get shot right here, too," Richie said.

"You got a lot of cheap talk," the Greek said.

"Depends on who's getting the bill," Torrey said. "I know a couple guys, too, you know."

"Now, that's what I mean," Schabb said. I've got better things to do'n listen to you guys fight over bones. I think you're a couple of assholes. You're worse'n guys that sell stock. They spend all their time getting laid and drunk, no time for business. You guys fight all the time, no time for business. Two weeks from now, Greek, I can get by without either one of you. Six months from now, unless something happens that I sure can't see, I can run it better all by myself. Those're facts, Greek. So, you ask me who I'm with, I'm against both of you. You're just an annoyance to me. Especially you. Richie's at least creative enough to see what I can do."

"And inna meantime," the Greek said, "inna meantime, I go a third of

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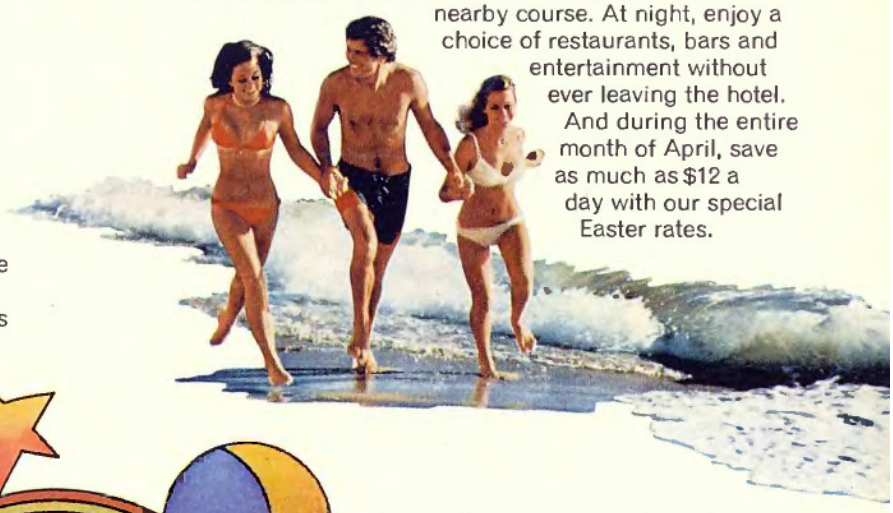

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Richie's private office cunt. And your fuckin' rugs and stuff. I'm the one that's gotta go down to Dorchester there, nobody ever asks me what I think, you fuck up my regular business, and six months from now I'm just supposed to pack out."

"No," Schabb said. "Six months from now you've got a third of a very going concern. All you got to do in the meantime is let somebody do things you're not used to seeing done. Take a few risks, Greek. You could end up a respectable businessman."

"You got any idea how you piss me off?" the Greek said.

"He doesn't give a shit, Greek," Torrey said.

The Greek looked at Schabb.

"I don't give a shit, either," Torrey said. "I told him that. He's not with me, Greek. I'm with him."

The Greek stared at each of them. "Lemme tell you something, Mr. Schabb," he said. "One of them great guys of yours, lives out to Dover, went to Vegas? Lost himself seven. I go around and see him, he said he wasn't gonna *pay*. 'Gambling debts're uncollectible in Massachusetts,' he says. I said: 'Whaddaya mean? What is this shit?' He says: 'Go ahead and sue me. I talked to my lawyer. See how far you get.'

"I look at him," the Greek said. "I said: 'Mister, I guess you probably don't know much. I'm not suing you. I don't sue nobody. *Fuck* suing. I been collecting money twenty years now. I never sued anybody in my life. That's not the way it works.'

"So he says: 'Well, I'm not paying, otherwise.' I said: 'Yes you are. You just don't know it yet. You're gonna pay. You're gonna pay every fuckin' dime.'

"He gets this little smile on his puss," the Greek said. "See, I'm in his office, just like I'm in yours now, I'm used to that, I see that little kind of grin there, I know what's going on. He's got the Dictaphone on. Tryin' to suck me in. 'Are you threatening me, sir?' he says, the asshole, thinks he can blow one by me like that. I say: 'Look, sir, my advice to you, you go right down the FBI and you tell them everything I said. Only, I advise you, don't tell them nothing I didn't say, because I got a thing on me that puts everything I said to you on a tape I got down in the trunk of my car, and you tell them I said something I didn't say, I'm gonna play that tape back and they can prosecute you for that.' He don't smile so much then. I say: 'Them fellas the experts. You ask them, am I threatening you or not. Get it all off your chest. Then get the goddamned money up, all right?' "

"So?" Torrey said.

"This morning," the Greek said. "I got a nice little check from that guy in Dover. Made out to cash, just like it's supposed to be. And it's good. I can tell by feeling it. And the next week, and the week after. I don't think I'm gonna have to sue him after all."

"Uh-huh," Schabb said.

"You oughta think about that, Mr. Schabb," the Greek said, "about just what you got here, with Richie to help you. Richie's just like the FBI. He's good now, but inna middle of the night, you can't always get to him fast when you need him. I knew a guy, more'n one, goes bellyaching to the cops when somebody comes around to collect what he owes, they give him all kinds of stuff, they'll protect him, he don't have nothing to worry about. Then they go home and have dinner, and they go on vacation and all, and the next thing you know, somebody comes around when he don't expect it and kind of runs him up against a wall a few times, breaks his nose and some teeth and stuff, and he turns up with kidney trouble. I advise you, Mr. Schabb, you think about just where you are, and then you call me. I'll give you a little time. I don't want to be unreasonable with a partner, you know?"

The Greek stood up, stared at Schabb and hitched up his pants.

"I'll give it some thought," Schabb said.

The Greek nodded. He stepped to the door and opened it. He turned to look at Torrey. "I'm not finished with you yet, either, Richie," he said. "I gotta think what I'm gonna do with you. I don't like trouble. Trouble makes heat, and heat's bad for business, and I don't like that. But I think probably, you and me got something we're probably gonna have to settle out, one way, the other."

"Your convenience," Torrey said.

The Greek left the room. He did not close the door. He walked past Joanie Halb without saying anything. He opened the outer door and went out and closed the door behind him.

Torrey leaned back when the outer door closed. "Now lemme ask you," he said, "you still think there's a way, get along with that guy?"

"No way in the world," Schabb said.

"So that leaves what I been thinking about," Torrey said. "Maybe you can guess what it is. You gonna help?"

"Yeah," Schabb said.

"It's gonna be early inna morning," Torrey said.

"Look," Schabb said, "I'd rather it was him early in the morning, me late at night."

• • •

In the afternoon, Harrington inquired about the possibility of another job.

"Jesus," the Digger said, "you're like one of them cheerleaders in high school, got a taste of the dog and now you can't leave it alone."

"I was looking at boats," Harrington said. "The two'll buy a nice one. But no dock and all, I'm gonna have to tow it. For that I need a new car. I'll rip the transmission right out of the Ford, I pull a boat with it. I was just wondering."

"My friend," the Digger said, "you get a gaff job like that once in a lifetime. Another one comes along, though, I'll tell you. Hell, I'll give this place back to Evvie Malloy and she can give it back to O'Dell, all I care. I could get one of them a month, I'd sleep till noon every day."

"Sure," Harrington said, "well, I was just wondering. See, I was reading the *Record* today and all."

"That's what I kind of thought," the Digger said. "I figured that was it."

"I didn't mean nothing, Dig," Harrington said. "I was just saying."

"You seen the reward ad," the Digger said.

"It was kind of hard not to," Harrington said. "Twenty-five thousand and all, that insurance company."

"You should've tried harder, my friend," the Digger said.

"Well," Harrington said, "thing made it hard was, I see where that stuff's worth about two hundred thousand."

"That's about double, as usual," the Digger said.

"OK," Harrington said, "but still, I got two for what I did."

"That's what you agreed to," the Digger said. "You're a fuckin' beauty about it, too, the thing was going on. You're scared shitless."

"I was," Harrington said. "Now, now I think I done what I did too cheap. You and Marty and Mikey-Mike must've got about thirty-five apiece."

The Digger leaned on the bar. "Lemme tell you something, Harrington," he said, "you take the rough with the fuckin' smooth in this life. I went out to Vegas there and I said: 'Fuck me, fuck me.' And they fucked me. Then I get that gaff job. I got *un*fucked. Mikey-Mike made some dough. Marty made some dough. I made some dough. You even made some dough, and it come right out of the sky for you, my friend. I'm OK with the wife again, everything's all right."

The Digger straightened up again. "Now, one thing I like," he said, "I like everything all right. I don't like the wife pissed off. I like going home, she's all happy because we're going San Juan. I like it, I got the Greek paid off. I feel good. Feels good to feel good. I missed it. I wouldn't like it, somebody was to get me fucked up again."

"Well," Harrington said, "I know. But I don't like it, I got taken advantage of." He drank his beer.

"Ah," the Digger said, "I took advantage. I paid you two for driving. I get a cabby any night I want, take me into deepest darkest Roxbury for that, my

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friend. Now, you take some advice: You go buy your boat. And you forget about the car. And you keep your fuckin' mouth shut, understand? You could wind up dead, you know."

Harrington finished his beer. He did not meet the Digger's eyes. Without looking up, he said: "I'm going home now." He slid off the stool.

• • •

"I should've had breakfast." Schabb said. He held the Impala with the brake at the intersection of Madison Street and the Southern Artery in Quincy. The car surged periodically. The traffic light remained red. It was 6:10 in the morning. The gas stations and the automobile dealerships were quiet in the morning light.

"You oughta get this thing looked at," Torrey said. "Fuckin' thing's lunging. Idle's too high."

"I hadda guy look at it," Schabb said. "Every time I cramp the wheels, the power steering stalls it out. When I start it, cold, she stalls. So he fixed it. Now it creeps. I dunno."

"You had an asshole look at it," Torrey said. The light changed. The Impala moved forward. "He looked at it and he didn't know what was wrong with it. So he set the idle up. You're wearing out the brakes and the fuckin' rear end. What you needed was a fuckin' tune-up, somebody knew how to do a fuckin' tune-up."

"He said something about the pollution thing," Schabb said. The car moved south on the Southern Artery.

"They're all doing that now," Torrey said. "That's the big excuse for guys, don't know what they're doing. They oughta build that guy Nader a fuckin' monument, what he did for dumb mechanics."

The clam stands and the liquor stores were dark along the Artery. "I could still use breakfast," Schabb said. "I haven't been up this early since I took the kid fishing. All I had was coffee, and only about half a cup of that."

"Look," Torrey said, "there's a Dunkin' Donuts up here at the intersection, way I remember it."

"OK," Schabb said. They passed a fuel-oil depot on the left and a Volkswagen dealership on the right.

"But you're not stopping there," Torrey said. "You're turning right there. Then we're gonna do what we came to do, and then you're going back and drop me off, and then you can go home and have a fuckin' jelly doughnut, if you want. Nobody writes down no numbers today."

"I am fuckin' *starved*," Schabb said.

"You are fuckin' *scared*," Torrey said. "I don't blame you. This's your first run. Everybody's scared on the first run. Everybody wants to stop and eat. Anything to put it off. Take a shit, anything. Just so you don't have to do it."

"Richie," Schabb said, "I'm not kidding. I really am hungry."

"I know that," Torrey said. "I didn't say you're making it up. My first time, I was convinced, I hadda take a shit. I told them, I was nineteen fuckin' years old, you should've heard all the shit I took. I said I hadda take a shit. They wouldn't let me. So I whack a guy out, practically in Scollay Square, the guy that was supposed to do it was sick and I hadda do it. I took him out nice and clean. And I shit myself.

"They started calling me 'Shitpants,'" Torrey said. "But then, I was twenty-two. I got a contract on one of the guys made a lot of fun of me. I see him coming out of the place and he sees me and I'm getting out of the car with the piece and he says: 'No, no, Richie, look, I'll straighten it out.' And I just look at him and I keep coming at him and he's got his hands up. He says, his hands're up like he's trying to give me something, he says: 'No, Richie, look, gimme a little time.' I say: 'What're you calling me Richie for? How come you're not calling me Shitpants?' Then I gutshoot him. Then I gutshot him again. He puts the hands down. Ever kick a man inna balls?"

"No," Schabb said. "I hit a guy in the teeth once, but he was grabbing my wife's ass at a party and I more or less had to."

"No," Torrey said. "Well, you gutshoot a guy and it hits him, he grabs just like a guy that's grabbing for the balls, that you kicked inna balls. Like he's worried, he's gonna lose them.

"Guy does the same thing," Torrey said, "you shoot him inna belly with a thirty-eight. It's just slow enough so he can still stand up. Forty-five'd knock him over. He gets them hands right over the holes and he holds on.

"This guy looked down," Torrey said, "sees the blood on his nice gray suit, running out his fingers. Looks up again. 'Lemme alone, Richie,' he says, 'lemme alone. I can straighten it out.'

"'Call me Shitpants,' I say, and by now I'm right on top of him, and he actually kneels down. I got the piece pointing right practically in his eye. 'Lemme alone, Richie,' he says, he's still got his hands on his belly, his head's way back on his neck.

"'Still calling me Richie,' I say. 'How come you're not calling me Shitpants, huh?' Then I say: 'Here comes the rest.' He was hurting. His mouth's going, nothing comes out. I shot him in the face."

"Jesus," Schabb said.

"You shoot a man inna face," Torrey said, "close range, it kind of comes apart, you know? All flies to pieces, bone chips and stuff."

"Cut it out," Schabb said. The car slowed at the linoleum store and stopped at the light.

"He shit himself," Torrey said. "Man dies, everything lets go. You could smell it. About two seconds after I shoot him in the face, I shoot him again, and he goes right over backward and you could hear everything letting go. Smell it, too, like I say."

"OK, Richie," Schabb said, "you did it. I'm not hungry anymore."

"Hell," Torrey said, "that wasn't why I told you. Makes me sick, too. That's the last hit I had. Guy called me in, next one come up. Them things don't pay bad, you know? Says: 'Maybe you wonder why we didn't use you.' I said: 'No.' He says: 'Well, the last time, we heard you liked it too much. That's why.' Get that? I was actually very scared. It's natural to be scared. I'm scared now. It was just, there was something personal in that one, I didn't tell them guys about. This one, there's nothing personal, so I don't have nothing else. I can feel scared. I can think about it. But, being scared, it's natural. Just like the first time you get laid. Always decide, I want a turkey dinner, soup and salad and dessert and nuts. It's just a way, putting it off, you don't have to face it so soon.

"The thing you got to understand," Torrey said, "is that you have gotta face it. Me, I'd much rather stop and have a couple doughnuts and we let the Greek get down the gym and then there's too many people around and we go home, do it tomorrow. But then you just gotta be scared all over again tomorrow. Don't do any good. Turn right."

The car took the right and proceeded 100 yards past a Dunkin' Donuts stand. There were two trailer trucks parked at the street. Inside, at the counter, slope-shouldered men bent over magenta cups filled with coffee.

"Turn right again," Torrey said. Schabb turned off Route Three-A onto Weymouth Street.

Weymouth Street was crowded with double-deckers painted brown and ivory, white and green and gray and white. Each house had a first-floor front porch and a second-floor front porch. The second-floor porches were crowded with charcoal grills and tricycles and aluminum lawn chairs with plastic webbing. The first-floor porches were empty. There were no lights on.

"Go up about six houses and pull over," Torrey said. He turned the radio on. Schabb parked under the overhanging branches of a maple tree. "Shut off the fuckin' engine," Torrey said. The Impala whispered down. It was 20 minutes past six.

"All right," Torrey said, as the radio gave the extended weather forecast, "see the green-and-white up on the left, maroon Bird with the vinyl roof inna yard?"

"Yeah," Schabb said.

"His," Torrey said. "Y's about ten, twelve minutes from here. Opens at seven, right?"

"That's what he says," Schabb said.

"Right," Torrey said. "But the Greek's careful. He'll give himself twenny minutes. He's a slow driver, too. Maybe twenny-five minutes. He'd rather get there and sit in the car and wait than be late. So I figure, next fifteen minutes, he comes out. Soon's I see him, you start up, we roll up and let him have it and that'll be the end of that. OK?"

"OK," Schabb said.

Torrey reached under his jacket with his right hand. From the area near his left kidney, he withdrew a large revolver from his belt.

"What's that?" Schabb said.

"Ruger Blackhawk," Torrey said. "I was counting onna guy to get me a shotgun, he comes up with this. Probably better, anyway. Greek won't see this so fast."

"Jesus," Schabb said, "minute he sees us roll up, he's gonna know. He's gotta gun himself, hasn't he?"

"Thirty-eight," Torrey said. He opened the cylinder lock, examined the cylinder and found all chambers loaded. He closed the cylinder with a snap.

"You should've got the shotgun," Schabb said.

"Look," Torrey said, "you do the best you can. Keep in mind, I'm gonna have this out. He's gonna have that thirty-eight in his pants. Thirty-eight's a two-incher. This's a four. I still got all the edge I need.

"*Start the fuckin' car,*" Torrey said. "Door's opening. That's his foot. See it?"

Schabb started the car and put it in gear.

"Let her creep," Torrey said.

Schabb saw the left side of a man's body emerge from the aluminum storm-and-screen door on the first-floor porch of the green-and-white house. He saw the tail of the Greek's sports coat. He saw the rest of the Greek, from the back. He saw the Greek start down the steps.

"Give her some gas," Torrey said. He had the revolver in his right hand. "Keep her onna curb, take her along."

The Impala moved down the street. It passed a brown-and-ivory double-decker, a green-and-white double-decker and a white-and-gray double-decker. The Greek was at the bottom of the stairs. He took a springy step onto the walk. He passed swiftly around the right rear of the Thunderbird sedan. The driveway was two strips of concrete in grass.

"Up a little," Torrey said, "fast."

Schabb nudged the accelerator. The Impala reached the place where the Greek's driveway met the street.

"Stop," Torrey said.

Schabb stood on the brake and the front end of the Impala dove. Schabb heard the passenger door open. He saw Torrey's left leg leaving the car. He heard Torrey say: "Greek."

Schabb turned his head around. He saw Torrey sprinting up the driveway from the street. Torrey was in a semi-crouch. His right arm was stiff in the upper arm. Schabb could not see the forearm.

Schabb saw the Greek crouch. He saw the Greek's right hand flash back toward his belt, then forward again with a revolver. He saw Torrey's right arm stiffen. Torrey's body was at a different angle, turned slightly away from the right. Schabb saw the Greek's hand kick up, then down.

Schabb saw Torrey reel slightly. Schabb saw the Blackhawk briefly as it pointed toward the sky. Schabb saw the Greek crouch at the left rear fender of the Bird. He saw the Greek's hand kick up with the revolver, then kick down again. He heard shots. He saw Torrey stagger back. He saw the Blackhawk pointing toward the sky. He saw the Greek's right hand kick upward again. He saw Torrey's body lurch in its stride. He saw the Greek straighten up. He heard the shot. He saw the Greek point

the black revolver at Torrey, as Torrey's body recovered its balance again. The Blackhawk flew out of Torrey's hand. Schabb saw the Greek's right hand kick up, then down. Schabb saw a white piece fly away from Torrey's head, in the back. Schabb heard the shot. Schabb saw Torrey reel back again. Schabb jammed the accelerator to the floor. The motor roared wildly. He jerked the transmission out of PARK. The Impala leaped forward as Torrey came down on the grass. Schabb rolled the wheel over to miss a white Plymouth Fury at the curb, one door down from the Greek's. The Impala slewed. Schabb hauled the wheel over hard. The Impala slewed to the right. He got it straightened out.

At the corner of the block, Schabb turned the Impala hard right. He looked back as the car turned. The Greek stood 200 yards back. His hands were at his side.

• • •

Sally Barca was sitting at Schabb's desk when Schabb came into The Regent Sportsmen's Club.

"Who're you?" Schabb said. "How'd you get in here?"

"My name's Barca," Sally said. "Come in through the front door, just like any other white man, two days ago. Where've you been?"

"I been out of town," Schabb said. "I had business out of town. Where's Richie?"

"Aw, come on," Barca said. "Richie's still down the Southern Mortuary, probably. I dunno where Richie is. I know how Richie is, though, and so do you. Where the fuck've you been?"

"Who wants to know?" Schabb said.

"You look awful white," Barca said. "You sick? I'm a friend of Richie's. I'm one of the guys said it was all right for him to whack out the Greek. Didn't turn out too good for Richie, huh?"

Schabb sat down. "Richie's dead?" he said.

"You get shot four or five times, close range," Barca said, "it's inclined to make you dead. Where the fuck've you been? The Greek's been practically crazy."

"Looking for me?" Schabb said.

"Looking for you to stay away from you," Barca said. "The Greek called me, same morning. Claims you put Richie up to it."

"I did like hell," Schabb said.

"I know that," Barca said. "I told Richie, he oughta have a contract. He was too fuckin' cheap. Tough shit for him. Where the fuck've you been?"

"I was with Richie," Schabb said.

"No shit," Barca said. "The Greek told me that. 'I could've killed him right then and there,' he said, 'and I should've.' I know where you were. Where the hell've you been?"

"I drove in town," Schabb said. "I put the car in the Under Common garage. I got a cab over to Cambridge Street. I stopped at a packy and I bought three quarts of Beefeaters. Then I got a room at the Holiday. I been there ever since."

"Drunk," Barca said.

"No," Schabb said. "Scared. I was only drunk when I was awake. I was scared all the time. I figured the Greek was gonna kill me."

"You and the Greek oughta start a club," Barca said. "The Greek thinks you're gonna kill *him*."

"I would've if I knew how," Schabb said.

"Since you don't know how," Barca said, "you want a new partner?"

"You gonna kill the Greek?" Schabb said. "He's hard to kill, I can tell you that much."

"Nah," Barca said, "no more need for that. The Greek says he just wants his old business back. Nobody else ever wanted it, so it's his. Me? I'm looking for a new gaff. I done this and that, just like all the other assholes, spend all their time onna phone, playing music for the FBI. Except I'm not old yet, and I'm not broken down. I got the machines and stuff, and it's all right, but shit. I want something permanent. Bobby, Bobby keeps telling me, the old man fades out, Bobby's gonna be total boss and it's the pot of gold. Bobby's just old enough, swallows all that crap. And he's a nice guy. But Bobby ain't me. So I was thinking, what's the matter, you and me run this? I know what you can do, and you know, there's certain aspects, you need a guy knows his way around. Maybe sooner or later, we get Bloom, huh?"

"And then what?" Schabb said. "What happens after that?"

"Nothing," Barca said. "We get rich is all. After a while, Bobby and them forget it's temporary, long's they get their cut. They'll leave us alone. And the Greek, he'll leave us alone. Whaddaya say?"

"Look," Schabb said, "when I came in here, I figured I had a fifty-fifty chance of being dead. I'll take anything."

Barca came out of the chair. "OK," he said, "that's out of the way. Now lemme go see the old man and hold his hand. Oh, by the way, you wouldn't send Richie no flowers, now?"

"Mr. Barca," Schabb said, "the whole idea of Regent is you look at it hard and you can't see Richie. No way."

• • •

Just before he left the Edison plant on Friday afternoon, Harrington went to the pay phone and called 742-5533. The switchboard operator said: "FBI." Harrington said he had seen an ad in the paper about a reward. The switchboard operator connected him to a man who identified himself as Special Agent Falk.

"I seen the ad in the paper," Harrington said.

"What ad, sir?" the man said.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," Harrington said, "for them fur robbers."

"The insurance company offers that, sir," the man said.

"If I tell you," Harrington said, "I get the reward?"

"The insurance company would decide that," the agent said.

"OK," Harrington said, "lemme tell you something, you talk to the insurance and I'll call you Monday. I got the box, all right? And the paper. How's that?"

"I don't understand," the man said.

"The guys that took the furs," Harrington said.

"Yeah," the agent said.

"They cut the fence, I read inna paper," Harrington said. "A boltcutter?"

"Yeah," the man said.

"The boltcutter come inna box," Harrington said.

"Um," the man said.

"There ain't no fingerprints on the boltcutter," Harrington said.

"Well," the man said.

"Look," Harrington said, "they was wearing gloves. They wasn't wearing gloves, they had the paper and the box. The gloves're inna box."

"Ah," the man said.

"I got the paper and the box," Harrington said.

"Uh-huh," the man said.

"You call the company," Harrington said. "I gotta think this all over. I'm gonna need some protection and all, I give you that box."

"Where can I reach you?" the man said.

"I'll call you Monday," Harrington said. He hung up.

• • •

The Digger got home at 2:35 in the beginning of a late September frost. His wife met him at the door. She was wearing a lavender-satin mandarin gown; it was slit above the knee on each side and it was tight across her breasts. The Digger had removed it two years before from a crate of goods stored temporarily in the cellar of The Bright Red.

"Paul's here," she whispered.

"Oh," the Digger said, "I didn't know that. I see the big car inna street and I figured probably the governor stopped by for a taste."

"He's been here since *midnight*," she said.

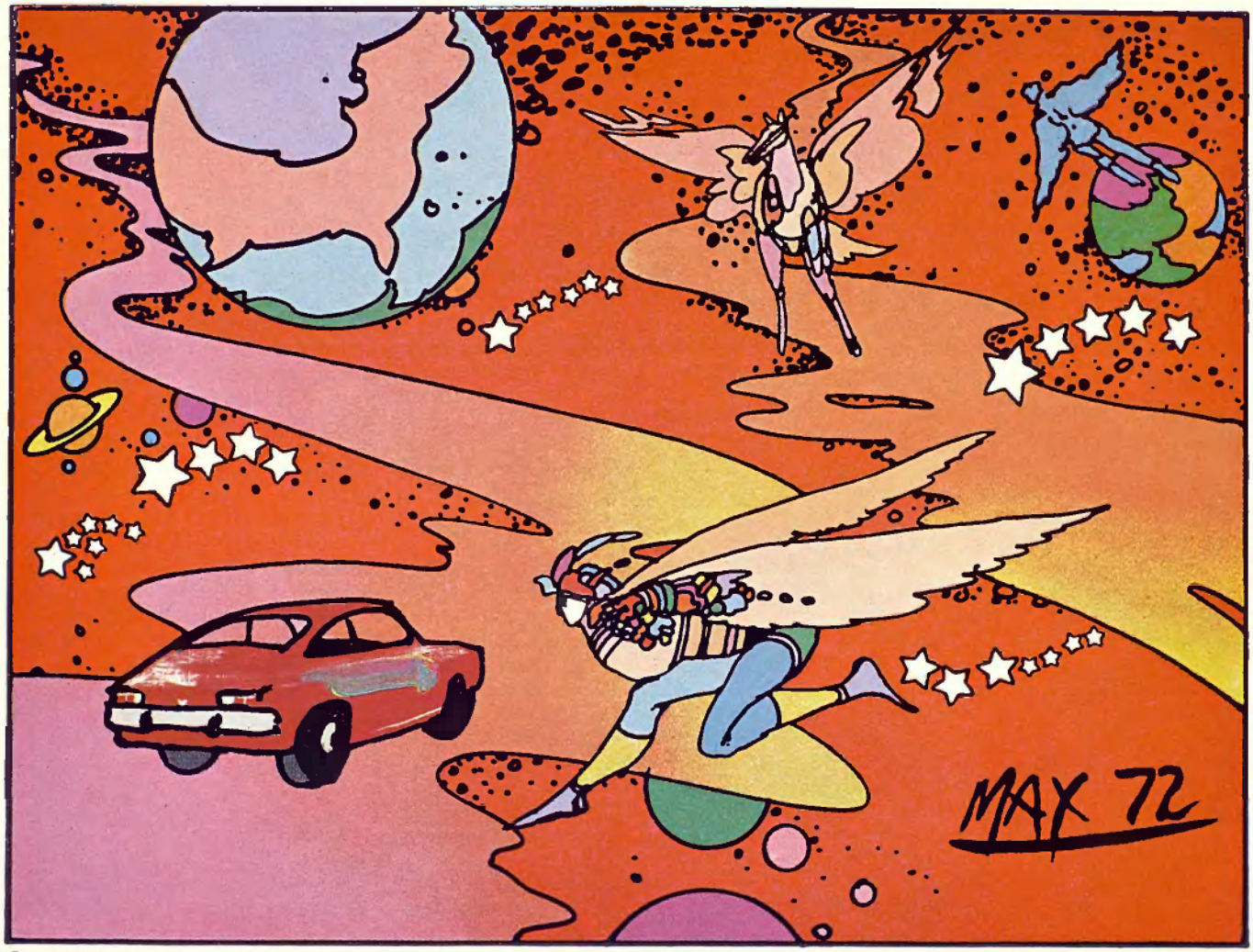
"They changed the closing hours," the Digger said. "I kept meaning to tell him."

"Jerry," she said.

"Jerry nothing," the Digger said. "I bet he enjoyed himself, looking at you in that."

"I thought you liked this," she said.

"You know goddamned right well I like that," the Digger said. "I like what



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New Datsun 1200 Sport Coupe. An original portrait by Peter Max.

The new Datsun 1200 is today's kind of car. It's an economical package of motion and fun that's nice for you... and for the world around you. So when we commissioned its portrait, we went to today's kind of artist—Peter Max—probably the best known artist of his generation, a creative genius who made colorful visions an exciting part of everyday life.

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you're wearing it over, too. I can see your goddamned nipples right through that stuff, for Christ sake. That's why the hell I bought it for you in the first place. Doesn't mean I want you wearing it to the fights with me, for Christ sake."

"I was wearing it for you," she said. "I was watching television and waiting for you to come home. I didn't know he was coming over."

"You could've changed when you found out who it was," the Digger said.

"Jerry," she said. "I would've been embarrassed. He would've known right off, it'd be like *telling* him. Besides, he's a priest."

"He's my brother, too," the Digger said. "They don't cut off your goddamned equipment when you put the collar on, you know. You give him a drink, I assume?"

"Yes," she said.

"You maybe even had a couple of pops yourself," the Digger said.

"One or two," she said.

"Good," he said, "I'll give him about, say, twenny minutes, and then I'll be up and we'll do it a few times, how'll that be?"

"Best offer I had tonight," she said.

The Digger slapped his wife on the buttocks as she started up the stairs.

Paul sat in the living room. He was wearing the Roman collar and the dickey. He had removed his coat.

"An unexpected pleasure, Big Brother," the Digger said. "I get home at two in the morning, ordinarily I don't expect I'm gonna find a priest on the couch. You guys started making house calls?"

"Jerry," Paul said, "I've got one or two things on my mind, and I'm rather concerned about them. I thought maybe you could help me out."

"Well, I tell you what," the Digger said, "you just let me get myself about three ounces of something and I'll see what I can do."

The Digger returned with a glass of Jack Daniel's and ice. He sat down. "What is it, my son?" he said.

"I'll come right to the point," Paul said. "This afternoon I called up to see why it was taking so long to get my passport renewed, and after a lot of hemming and hawing, I reached somebody who told me that it had been renewed but then it wasn't sent. So, naturally, I inquired why it wasn't sent and when they intended to send it, and I explained about the Fahey trip, and they just wouldn't tell me. So at long last, they told me to call the FBI."

"Good gracious," the Digger said, "you been burning draft cards or something, Paul, baby?"

"I called the FBI," Paul said, "and I talked to a number of very polite people, and they very courteously told me almost nothing. I began to get a little upset. I mentioned calling the bishop and I may have even said something about the Pope. I just couldn't understand why my passport was being held up. They finally told me to call somebody in the office of the United States Attorney.

"I did that," Paul said. "I asked the man quite bluntly if the Government had some reason for not wanting me to leave the country, and he was as puzzled as I was. But he said he'd look into it.

"Just before supper," Paul said, "he called me back. It seems there'd been a mistake, and he said it'd all been straightened out. I asked him, of course, what the mistake was, and he wouldn't tell me."

"But you're gonna get the passport," the Digger said.

"I expect it in the mail this week," Paul said.

"So there you are," the Digger said. "You're all set."

"Not exactly," Paul said. "I've been puzzled about that mistake all evening. Then I remembered that the old passport was issued to me at the house, because I was still moving around when I got that and I wasn't sure I'd be at Holy Sepulchre permanently. And that started me thinking. I wondered if perhaps that accounted for the mistake. Maybe there was somebody else named Doherty who used to live at 58 Pershing Street who interested the Government."

"Not Maureen," the Digger said, "she been hanging around with them Berrigans?"

"I doubt it," Paul said, "and probably not Kathy, either. Ma and Pa're both dead. That leaves you and me."

"Seems to," the Digger said.

"This evening I called some people I know," Paul said. "I didn't make an awful lot of progress. But I did find out that when the FBI or someone has an important investigation going on, they alert the State Department. Apparently they have some sort of a liaison office or something. Did you know that?"

"No," the Digger said, "it, I never really thought about it."

"No," Paul said, "well, tell me this: Is there an investigation going on?"

"I suppose so," the Digger said, "them guys're generally out scouting around for something to do."

"Yes," Paul said. "Well, that was what I came over here to talk to you about. And when I got here, Aggie told me about your trip."

"Well," the Digger said, "yeah, but you don't need, we're going San Juan and all. I got the tickets today. El San Juan. But I didn't apply for no passport. You don't need any passport to go to San Juan, Puerto Rico."

"There's something you do need, though," Paul said. "You need money."

"Right," the Digger said.

"Now, it wasn't so long ago," Paul said, "you came out to see me, and you were in very much the same kind of bewilderment then that I'm in tonight. You needed money, quite a lot of money, and you didn't know where you were going to get that money if I didn't give it to you."

"I remember that," the Digger said.

"I believed you," Paul said, "I believed you and I gave you some money."

"Three K," the Digger said. "Don't think I didn't appreciate it."

"And you gave something to me in exchange," Paul said, "you gave me your word that you wouldn't commit any crimes. Didn't you?"

"Yup," the Digger said.

"Now, the way I look at things," Paul said, "either you lied to me or you've broken your word. Either you didn't need money, and you said you did just to cheat me, or else you did need money and you got money by committing a crime, which means you've broken your word."

"I could've mortgaged the house and stuff, like you said," the Digger said.

"You could have," Paul said. "Keeping in mind that I can call Gerry Fitz at the Registry of Deeds and find out, did you?"

"No," the Digger said.

"No," Paul said. "Now, I'm not going to ask you what you did since you talked to me, that you swore to me you wouldn't do, that's got the FBI or somebody in a mood of keep all Dohertys in the country for a while. Mostly because I'm afraid you'd tell me. You didn't kill anybody, did you?"

"No," the Digger said.

"Of course, we now have a new problem," Paul said. "I don't think you lied to me when you came for the money, but I'm pretty sure you broke your word after you gave it to me, and that means you're probably willing to lie to me now, to cover what you did. So perhaps you did kill a man."

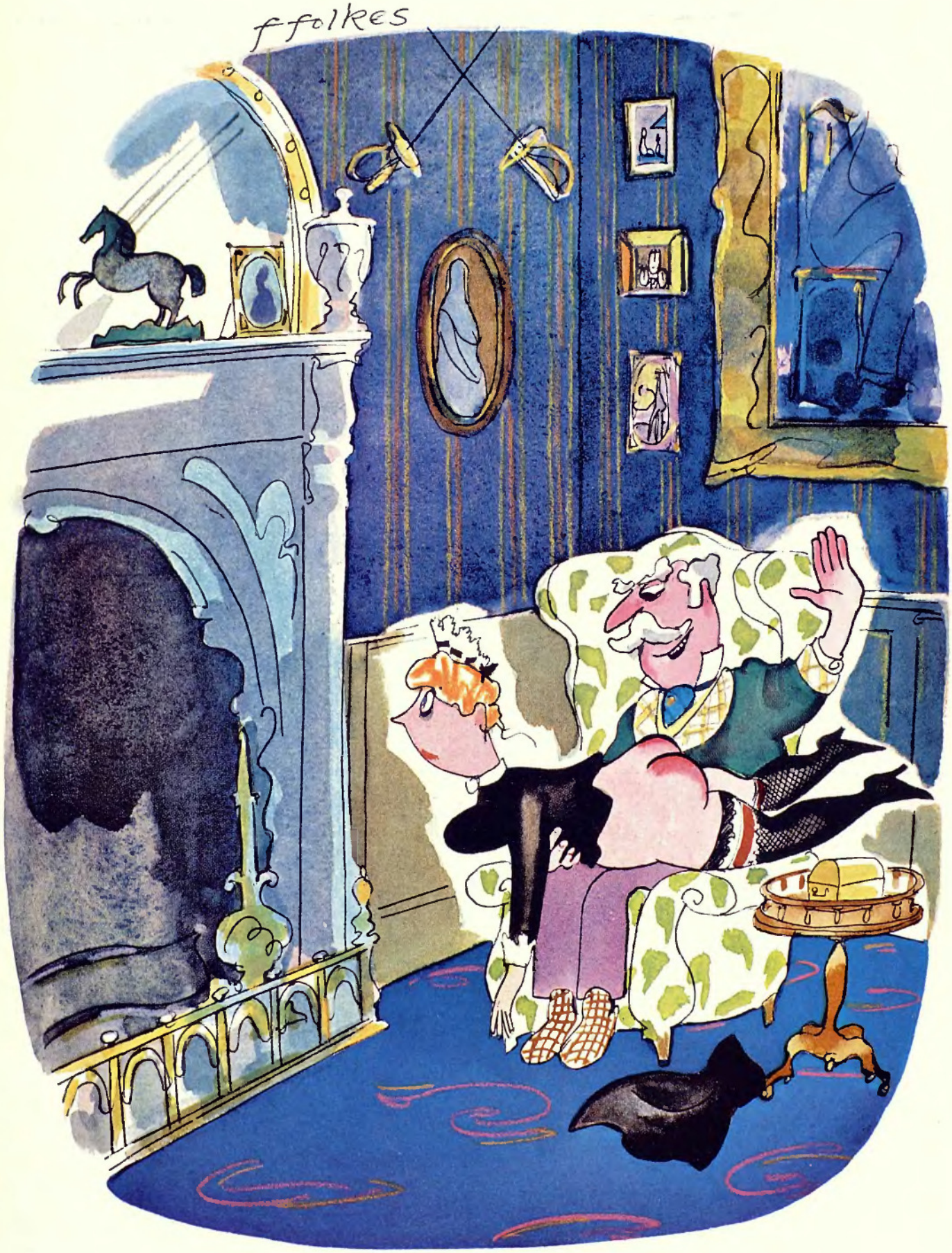
"No," the Digger said, "I didn't kill anybody."

Paul stood up. "I hope that, at least, is the truth," he said. He put on his coat. He extended his hand as the Digger got up. They shook hands. "Sit back down and finish your drink," Paul said, "I know where the door is and I can find my own way out. I just want you to know, this is the last time I'll have to do it. And you stay away from me, is that clear? You've got a good wife and a good family, and you don't know what to make of it, but there's nothing more I can do for you and there hasn't been for some time, but now I know it. And I do know it, too, is that clear?"

"Clear," the Digger said. "Good night, Paul."

Paul released his hand. "Yeah," he said, "and good night to the Digger, too."

In the bedroom, Agatha Doherty was



"And this is for not dusting the bureau,
and this is for not. . . ."

reading, her back against the headboard of the bed, her legs bent to form a rest for the magazine. When the Digger came up, she put down the magazine and got up and went into the bathroom. He could hear her brushing her teeth. When she emerged, he looked at her and said: "You took your nightgown off."

"I did?" she said.

"I can see the nipples better now," he said, "and the hair, too. You be sure and bring that kimono to Puerto Rico."

"I'm looking forward to that," she said. She was removing the gown.

"So'm I," he said. "I got the tickets today. A-number-one, first cabin all the way. It's all set with the Magros, incidentally. He said what they'd do, they'd come over here and stay with the kids, 'stead of them going over there."

"I thought you were going to ask Harrington," she said.

"I was," the Digger said, "but the Harringtons've got kids of their own, and that'd mean we'd have to take theirs. Besides, I'm never too sure what Harrington's doing." He got into bed.

"What'd Paul want?" she said, moving toward him.

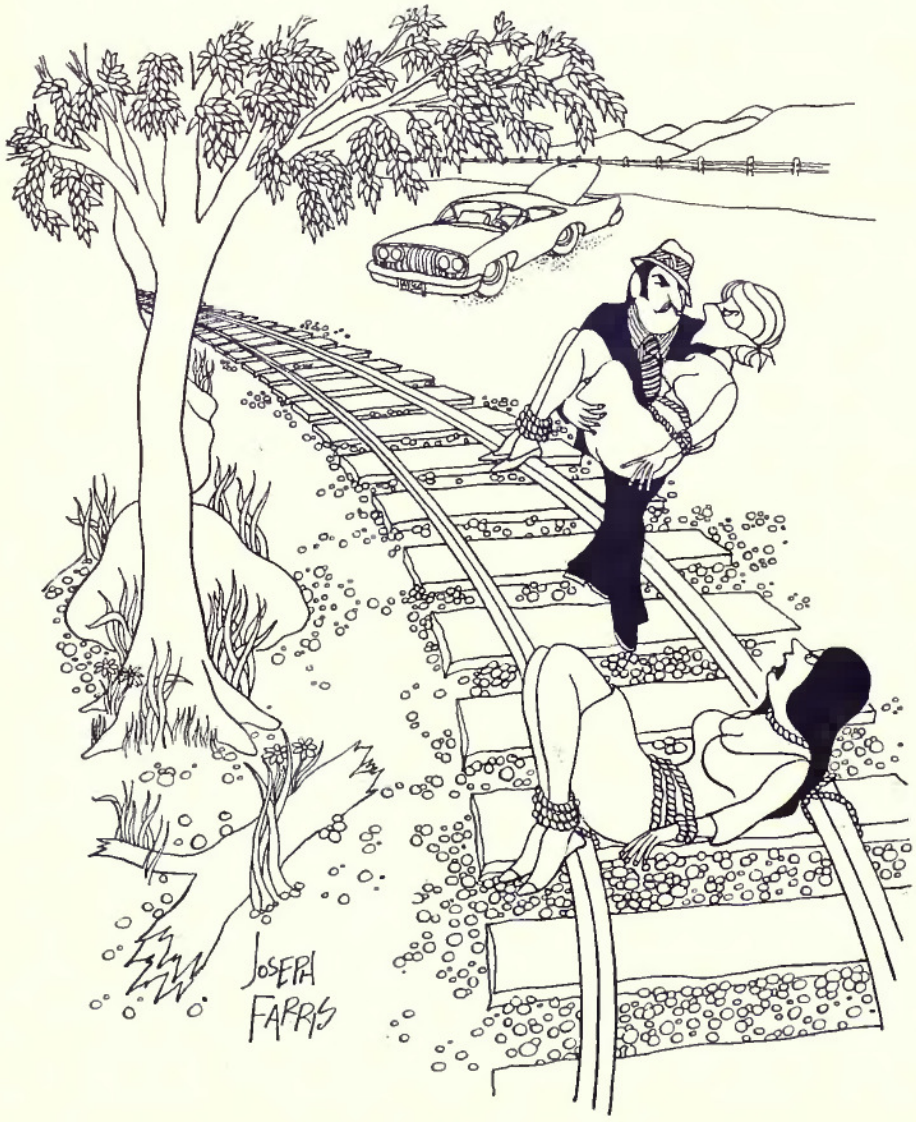
"Well," the Digger said, "it's kind of a long story. Basically, I borrowed some dough off him a long time ago, and now he finds out we're finally getting a vacation and he's pissed off."

"Can't you pay him?" she said. "Or doesn't he want that?"

"Look," the Digger said, "let's kind of forget what Paul wants for a while, all right? There's something I want."

"If it's all right with you," she said, "it's all right with me."

This is the third and concluding installment of "The Digger's Game."



"Roger! You mean I wasn't the only one?"

GOING BACK TO THE NATION

(continued from page 142)

jungle and open wilderness. The route went through Carbine, where one recent landlady of the Wolfram Hotel was said to have kept a stock whip under the counter for unruly customers, and through Mount Molloy, a dusty collection of wooden buildings set on a wide unpaved street. A few horses and cattle wandered about in the shade of gum trees, picking at brown grass. Two women stood at the door of the post office and general store, staring blankly at the nothingness and fanning themselves with magazines. I reached Laura about seven hours after setting out from Cairns.

The town consisted of a few battered houses and sheds, a post office and store and the Peninsula Hotel. There was also a railroad depot that, I was told, had been used only once, because the bridge connecting Laura to the world had been knocked down by a flood soon after the line opened and service had never been restored. I parked outside the Peninsula, a long, low wooden building with a raised sidewalk under a low veranda. Two white men in cowboy hats were slumped against the wall by the door to the bar, their bare feet propped against posts. I asked one of the men what the population was. "Dunno, never counted," he said, without looking up.

"It's about fifty, not counting the abos," said his companion.

I checked in and left my duffel bag in a small, windowless cubicle and asked one of the customers in the bar where I could find the police station. He winked at the landlady.

"Not in Laura, son. He's probably gone to Cooktown. Works there. He won't be back for weeks."

This struck me as an unusual way of running a police station, but while I was in Laura, it was obvious that the maintenance of law and order was something that more or less took care of itself. I saw only four vehicles in town, and two of them left the first day. The third driver was supposed to have left the previous week but had drunk himself into a stupor and now lay on the bar floor, snoring. The fourth car was mine. The most important event on the calendar in Laura is Race Week, in July, when cowboys from ranches all over the state pile into town for seven days of festivity, some of which is provided by contests in which two opponents get down on their hands and knees in the bar and butt each other with their heads.

I crossed the square to the police station, a big house behind a large empty lot. A very tall, white-haired aborigine came out from a rusty tin shack at the rear and introduced himself as Jerry Shepherd, one of the black trackers whose names I had obtained in Cairns. He said he was 72, but I may have mis-

understood this and everything else he said, as Jerry had no teeth and was so bombed that he could hardly stand up. We walked back to his shack, where I met four other aborigines—a man and three women—and two white men. Jerry was obviously not a solitary drinker.

He seemed to be under the impression that I had come to Laura specifically to resolve a grievance about his wages. Apparently (or so Jerry insisted), all but four dollars a month was being held back by the local policeman and Jerry said four dollars just wasn't enough to support the Shepherd family, which included Rosie, his young and diabetic wife, two daughters and a number of dependent relatives. With some difficulty, I persuaded Jerry that I had come to see him on another errand and was in the midst of explaining what this was when one of the white men, who was lying with his head in a woman's lap, interrupted.

"He's dead right, mate, that copper is a bloody robber. He uses these poor buggers to keep his house clean. You think slavery's finished? Not up here it's not." He lifted his head from the woman's lap and stood up. "Come and have a look inside their house and see how these people live. I've lived in Australia for twenty years—London, originally—and this is about the worst I've seen." We went into the dim interior of the shack. Two girls, Jerry's daughters, lay on a single bed wedged next to their parents' bed. Sheets of corrugated iron flapped in the breeze. "When it rains, they might as well be outside," the Londoner said. "The kids are in bed with colds most of the time and Christ knows what else. It's the same with all the abos around here."

Jerry asked me if I would drive him and his family to see some relatives who lived nearby, so we all packed into the car and took a track leading into the bush. Two old men sat outside the first hut we visited. One of them was shaking with what seemed to be Parkinson's disease. He complained about the taste of the local water, which, his wife said, had to be drawn from a river some 500 yards away and was the only water available. She said the household lived on a monthly food allowance of one can of meat, a can of fruit and a few pounds of flour, sugar and tea. They also received a pension of $30 a month, half of which was banked—she said—by the authorities. "The water's better in Cooktown," her husband said. "Why can't we go back to Cooktown?"

We drove away. "He won't see Cooktown again," the Londoner said. "He'll be lucky if he sees Christmas."

We went to two other huts. Crowds of children sat in the dust, their bellies swollen, their faces pitted with sores and streaked with dirt and snot. Hunks of salted meat covered with flies hung on racks. A listless old woman dragged herself to her feet and approached the car, pushing an adolescent girl in front of her. "You can help yourself," the Londoner said. "Cheapest fuck in the world next to getting it for nothing." I remembered a government booklet, "Australia in Brief," which I had picked up in the Immigration Department in Sydney. On page 24, it says: "Few Australians are so rich that they need not work, but none is so poor that he cannot afford a reasonable living standard." It would appear that the book was in need of revision.

We drove back to Jerry Shepherd's shack and I returned to the hotel.

About two hours later, Jerry's wife, Rosie, came running across the square, screaming at the top of her voice and closely followed by Jerry with a crowbar. They disappeared into the trees.

"Noisy sods," said a man at the bar.

• • •

Dinner was served in the hotel kitchen at a table that accommodated the owner's family and two other guests, one of them a teacher at the local school. We ate beef stew, cooked on an old wood-burning stove and served with huge loaves of home-baked bread. When I returned to the bar, the man who had been asleep on the floor was gradually coming around. He had a friend with him, a young Hungarian who identified himself as Walter. Walter said that the two of them were on a crocodile expedition. They had been trying to leave Laura for the past two weeks, but the older man kept drinking. "I don't think he's very interested in crocodiles," said Walter. Later that night, when I was trying to sleep, I heard them stamping up and down the corridor. Walter was telling his companion to shut up, but the older man wasn't having any of that. "I'm going to fuck some living thing in this place," he shouted. "I don't care if it's got two legs or four, I want to fuck."

In the morning, the truck belonging to Walter and his friend was gone. I went over to the police station to ask Jerry Shepherd about his work as a tracker and to see if Rosie showed any sign of battle fatigue. The two of them were lying out in the morning sunshine, cuddling. There was no sign of Jerry's guests from the night before.

"Black tracker," the old man said when I brought up the subject. "That's me. Black tracker. Damn good black tracker, the best. Black tracker."

He repeated the phrase several more times and then asked if I'd buy some beer for him and a few sugar-free soft drinks for Rosie. When I returned from the hotel, they had gone into their shack. I left the bottles outside and went back to the hotel to pay the bill for food and lodging. It came to about three dollars.

• • •

I hadn't driven far from Laura when I saw an elderly white man trudging along the side of the road. His khaki shirt was black with flies. As I drew level, I slowed down and asked him if he wanted a lift. With some difficulty, he shook the blanket roll off his back, unhooked two smoke-stained mess cans and emptied them of water, removed a shabby old wide-brimmed hat, climbed into the car and stretched his legs under the dashboard. His sneakers had hardly any uppers, exposing a fine crop of

"Wait'll you see the flip side."

mature bunions on his bare toes. When he had driven the last of the flies through the open window, the old man thanked me for stopping and said he was heading for Daintree, near the coast, where he hoped to meet some friends—"old-timers like me"—to go prospecting in the mountains south of Cooktown.

He introduced himself as Jim Mullane and said he had been on the road since the Depression of the Thirties. "I'm looking for alluvial tin, gold, mica, or anything else I can find in rivers. Bit dry now, but after the wet finishes, she should be all right." He said he had lost most of his equipment when he got a lift two years earlier. It had rolled off the back of a truck.

"All I've got now is these," he said, holding up both hands. "What I'd like to find is a nice big quantity of tantalite. That's what they use in jet engines. Takes a lot of heat. That's where the money is, mister."

We drove on along the empty road, leaving a plume of red dust behind us. Jim looked out the window, sometimes craning his neck when we passed boulders or large rock formations. When we rattled over a bridge on the McLeod River, the only one of about 20 we had passed with any water, we stopped and dug in the sandy river bed. Jim found a few tiny particles of mica. "You'd have to follow this a long way up," he said. "Mica's no good except in sheets. It's all broken down by the time it gets here." We drove on.

Apart from the clothing he was wearing and two spare shirts and another pair of pants, Jim's personal estate amounted to one blanket, a knife, fork and spoon (which he also used for digging), shaving gear, mess cans, a can opener and 14 cents. "I don't need much," he said. "Getting a bit ancient these days—sixty-five next birthday. You can always find something to eat out here. Sometimes I get a bit of wallaby that something has killed, and maybe a bit of pork, if I'm lucky. Most of the time, it comes out of a tin."

I asked him if he had ever been bitten by poisonous snakes or spiders, which abound in the Queensland jungle. "Never. You go for weeks without seeing a snake, and then you might see half a dozen in one day, but they don't bother me. Flies and mosquitoes, that's all. They never stop biting you, but you don't notice it after a time. I've seen a few crocodiles nearer the coast, up along the Gulf of Carpentaria, but they won't trouble you if you leave them alone."

When I asked Jim if he missed company, he said he had never spent a lonely hour in his life. "I haven't got enough time, that's the problem. I've got a mental timetable. It's sort of fixed in my mind every day, like an agenda of things that have to be done. Wherever I am, I just consult the timetable to see what's next. Poetry readings, concerts, lessons. Everything I've ever learned is up here"—pointing to his head—"and I'm always learning more. If I go into a town, I might spend two weeks in the library reading room, or I'll find someone who's got a radio, so that I can listen to music and see what's going on. I like to think about things I know about, especially technical problems, so that I can work out theories. I spent two months working out how the astronauts to the moon would keep their oxygen pure and what sort of difficulties they might have with their electronics and instrumentation." He laughed to himself. "I don't place much importance on working out *correct* theories. I just like to use my mind. It's good for you."

He said that his current project concerned waste—how to reuse cars and appliances by scrapping them on arbitrary dates and manufacturing new ones. No mention of words like recycling, ecology, environment and pollution. Jim was also interested in the notion of local governments' establishing central trust funds, using the profits from mineral sales to start the funds. Small communities would be able to draw on them to build hospitals, roads, bridges and schools. They would provide loans for farmers and subsidize low-cost housing for young people in rural areas. "It sounds like socialism or communism," he said, "but it's not. We don't want that here, anyway. We want common sense. It's not right when you've got wealthy ones flaunting it in front of poor unfortunates."

He sounded angry only once, and that was on the subject of the law against vagrancy. "I don't know how freethinking men can tolerate it," he said, his voice shaking with rage. "Three months' liberty lost. You don't hear of it in civilized countries like India and China. Disgraceful. I've got a terrible hatred for that law, mister. The cops in this country pick you up and you've got no say in it. Bastards." For a time we drove in silence, with Jim staring at the monotonous dust-coated foliage along the road.

"I don't like this part of the country too much," he said. "Colors are depressing—all that gray boxwood. I like timber country and jungle, a long way off the road. That's where you find colors. I do my best thinking in there. Get out my Shakespeare or Emerson from the upstairs library and settle down for a couple of hours."

He said that he had read nothing new for the past year because he had lost his glasses, which was a nuisance because he had been reading a story about the Donner family and was unable to finish the magazine, which he had also lost. "You wouldn't happen to know about the Donners, would you?" he said. I told him that I knew only the vaguest details, that the Donners (a historic American pioneer family) had died while

"I'm sorry, Miss Ashley, but I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks."

crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and that some of the last survivors had been obliged to eat the flesh of previous victims. Jim took the news as though I had told him of the death of a close relative. "What a cruel and terrible thing to happen," he said. "I always thought they'd make it."

Later on, he said he had always wanted to go to America when he was younger and had visited San Francisco when he was a stoker on the Matson Line. "My real ambition was to get a job with Douglas or Boeing or one of those big aircraft companies," he said wistfully. "Aviation design—anything to do with aeronautics—was my biggest passion. I wanted to study stress conditions in planes operating at high speed, but I just couldn't meet the sort of people who could help me. It's a shame, the things that don't happen."

We reached the town of Mossman about seven that evening and Jim, noticing the green riverbank on the north side of town, said he would get out and camp there for the night. As this was some miles short of his destination, I said I didn't mind taking him on, but he had made up his mind. "That's a nice river," he said. "I can bathe in her tonight and get on the road first thing." I offered to send him some back issues of *National Geographic*, which he had said was his favorite magazine, but he seemed doubtful. "If you sent them to one place, I might be gone when they got there," he said. "A man wouldn't know when he'd be that way again. But they would certainly come in handy; they're fine people, those *Geographics*. I'd like to read their stories about the moon landings and lunar geology. Been giving those subjects a lot of thought. Oh, yes."

The old man unrolled his blanket on thick grass in a grove of tall trees on the riverbank. Fat black fish hovered in the clear, rippling current and darted between the green stems of swaying reeds. The only sounds were the movement of the river and the soft, fluting music of a butcherbird in the trees. I gave Jim a plastic water container that he had admired, and some needles and thread. When I offered him money to replace his lost glasses, he refused it, politely but firmly. We shook hands and I got back into the car. For a moment I was tempted to take my duffel bag out of the trunk and abandon the car. The rental agency would get it back eventually, and even if it didn't, it'd have a job finding me. I'd be lost and anonymous in the wildest corners of this strange continent, sleeping under an open sky in the Cape York jungles, trekking across the empty desert of Western Australia or waiting for the snow to thaw in the mountains of New South Wales. The old man might have been reading my thoughts. "The only thing I've got against cities is that you get too many people doing your thinking for you," he said. "People start to forget who they are when that happens. You end up working for someone else and you spend your entire life helping to keep a bank open. That's not the kind of responsibility I like, mister."

• • •

Karumba is a shrimping port on the southwest coast of the Cape York Peninsula. It stands in a landscape of salt flats, open scrub and jungle, and occupies very little space on the banks of an oily brown river that flows sullenly past mangrove swamps and empties into the Gulf of Carpentaria. Occasionally, man-eating crocodiles have been shot from the lawn of the Karumba Lodge, a hunting-and-fishing resort that is virtually the only public building in town. But Karumba isn't really a town; it's a dusty group of trailers and woebegone houses inhabited mainly by people employed in the shrimp-processing factories along the river front. The main street is a wide avenue of dirt with a thin, soft layer of fine powder that stings the eyes.

"Karumba means soul or spirit of an old man," an employee of the lodge told me soon after I arrived. "The abos don't like to come near the place. Most of them reckon it's bad luck. We've had a dozen deaths in the last fifteen months, none of them natural, if you know what I mean. There was a receptionist at the lodge who poisoned herself, and we had a man who drove out to the airstrip and ran a hose from the exhaust into his car. Some other bloke just wandered off into the bush and an engineer jumped into the river. People get very lonely here."

I wanted to interview some professional crocodile hunters in Karumba, one of whom was a girl who was reputed to be as good as any of the men, but she had moved to a mining town to work in a restaurant. Somebody suggested I talk to Billy Durban, who lived with his wife and son in a trailer a few hundred yards from the lodge. Durban said he would prefer that his real name not be used, because salt-water crocodile hunting, though it was still permitted in Queensland, was attracting attention from state conservationists, and he didn't want to be identified with a profession that might soon be declared illegal.

He was a small, dark man in his early 40s, with the lithe and sinewy build of a veteran jockey. He looked as though he didn't laugh very often, and when we sat at the kitchen table in the trailer, he kept his hat on. He talked steadily, sipping at a can of beer, while his wife, a very attractive young blonde, leaned against the doorframe, rarely taking her eyes off him.

He began by saying that he had stopped shooting for the time being, because the price of skins had dropped too low to make it worth while. "When I'm working, I'll hunt a croc for three or

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four days," he said. "I get to know his habits and wait. He might stay down in a cold-water hole for days on end and I'll sit on top in the dinghy. We live like dogs when we're out—on the go for weeks, sometimes. Camping on cow shit when we go ashore. You can never get clean. Then you get fed up with it and go home. Get a job, laboring—anything that's going. For a while you're happy. But after a couple of weeks, you're busting to get back to all the trouble and excitement, stalking up that bloody river. They call that croc fever around here."

Durban said that in the beginning he had enjoyed hunting. "I used to get a kick out of it. You think you're going to miss and you get all excited when you hit one. Then you think—poor old bugger, he never really stood a chance, and you start wondering about it, feeling guilty. I've killed hundreds of the poor damned things. Sometimes I think maybe one will get me one of these days or I'll get punished somehow. I don't mean the police, but some sort of trouble." He gestured to his wife for two more beers. When he began talking again, he kept his eyes on a small, stuffed crocodile on the table between us.

"Just over a year or so ago, I was out hunting," he said. "Me and the family. It was supposed to be their last trip, because it was too much for them, all that time on the river. I had seen this big male crocodile and I waited four days for him to come to the top. On the last day, he surfaced and I shot him, right in the ear. He was a nineteen-footer, an old one. When I got back to our boat, she"—indicating his wife—"told me that our four-year-old boy had fallen into the river. We found his body two days later. That was about eighteen months ago, wasn't it, love?" His wife nodded. Durban drained his beer. "I haven't been hunting since," he said. "The prices they're paying for skins these days, it's not worth the trouble."

It was getting late. Durban said he didn't want to talk anymore, so I went back to the lodge, where I had taken a room. About a dozen grimy, barefoot men sat around the bar arguing loudly and jeering a foursome at the pool table. A matronly barmaid pushed a can of beer across the counter and said it was on the house.

"You won't get any story out of this lot up here," she said. "Everyone who comes to Karumba, well, nearly everyone, is riffraff—deadbeats and no-hopers, the bloody lot. If the police want anyone, this is where they look, not that they'll ever find you if you don't want to be found."

One of the pool players, a tattooed youth with no teeth in his upper jaw and who looked as though he had just crawled through nine miles of oil pipe, invited me to join his four mates at the other end of the bar. He said they all crewed on the same shrimp boat. Their skipper introduced himself as Walkie-Talkie. "It's because I can't sit still and won't shut up," he explained.

"How about Noel?" he said, suddenly turning to his friends. "Got the pox after making it with six girls in a week."

"Lucky bastard."

"Jesus wept, look at that!"

A young woman with a child crossed the patio. The men stared at the mother. "It'll take you a week to get your feathers straight if I get to you, missus," said one of them, raising his beer can in a toast. The woman shrugged helplessly at the bartender, a thickset Irishman who was glaring at the man responsible for the last remark. Walkie-Talkie stood up and announced that he was going to siphon the python.

"On your way there," said one of his crew mates, fixing the bartender with a steady gaze, "why don't you leap over the bar and piss on that Irish bastard? He could do with a wash."

I went to bed.

• • •

It's about 1000 miles in a northwesterly direction from Karumba to Darwin, in the Northern Territory. No direct air service was available and no passenger flights were scheduled out of Karumba for three days, so I chartered a bush pilot's Cessna and flew 250 miles south to Mount Isa to make the Darwin connection. We left in the early evening and maintained a height of 2000 feet, weaving and bucking between huge anvil-shaped storm clouds that formed a cavernous black tunnel illuminated by an occasional shaft of sun and stabs of lightning. "It's a great day for walking," the pilot shouted after a particularly abrupt drop of several hundred feet. He seemed as relieved as I was when we finally broke through the clouds and saw the smoke from Mount Isa's smelters and slag heaps.

The Mount Isa Mines are Australia's biggest copper producer and are on the way to becoming the world's leading supplier of silver, lead and zinc. Mount Isa itself—or the Isa, as it's known—has a population of more than 20,000, and it's the only city of this size in the northern interior of Queensland—an area bigger than Italy, France and Britain. Like other boom centers in Australia, the Isa claims to be the fastest-growing city in the country. It has several men's clubs, including the Rotary and the Lions, a theatrical society, sports facilities, a race track, a man-made lake and a library. Television came in 1969. For a change of scenery, the miners and their families sometimes drive to Townsville, 500 miles to the east, or to the Gold Coast beaches, 1000 miles southeast. At home, the milk they drink is shipped in from dairy country more than 800 miles away.

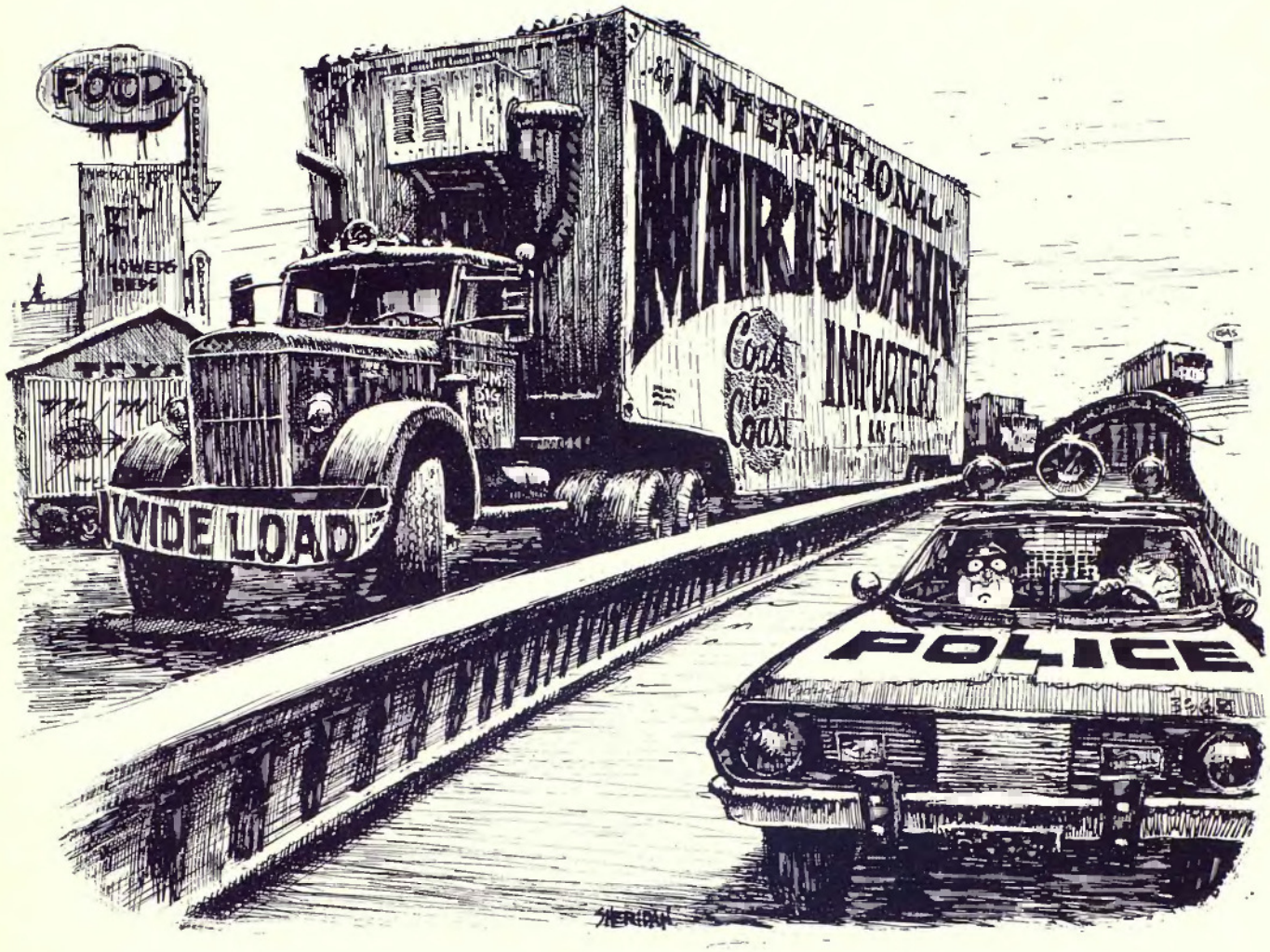
I acquired this information from a brochure in the lobby of the Barkly Hotel, where I took a room for the night to await the next day's jet service to Darwin. There was a night club in the hotel and a couple of hundred miners were sprawled at long tables around the stage, ignoring the entertainers while occasionally bursting into song in a variety of European languages. The only time they paid attention was when a comedian minced onstage in drag and announced with a heavy lisp that the band would play a selection from the classical repertoire of Bityerkokoff. Afterward, I went into the hotel restaurant to order dinner and was told to go away and put on a necktie.

• • •

A couple of days later, I was in the Northern Territory, driving along the highway out of Darwin to Alice Springs, in the center of the continent, 1000 miles south, and the only town of substance—other than Darwin—in all the Territory's half-million square miles. Darwin and Alice between them contain most of the Territory's 85,000 inhabitants. A handful of the rest live in a place called Humpty Doo, which is where I was headed when I stopped the car to pick up an aborigine woman and a white man who were walking along the side of the road. They were both barefoot and carried grubby, bulging pillowcases over their shoulders. The man was unshaven and wore a torn bandanna around his head. As soon as they were seated in the back, he told me that his name was Paddy and that he had come out from Liverpool ten years ago and was now mining for tin at Hayes Creek. The woman, Lizzie, was his wife, a title that in certain parts of Australia can mean anything from legal to common-law status between whites and blacks, though it's usually the latter. Paddy said he was about to make a big strike at his diggings, but meanwhile was strapped for ready cash.

"Just been to see the quack in Darwin," he explained. "Something wrong with me pisser—hurts all the time." He leaned over the front seat. "You couldn't spare some change, could you, mate, just to tide us over?" I gave him two dollars and drove on until I reached the turnoff to Humpty Doo, where I stopped to let them out. Paddy whispered something to his wife and then said, "Listen, mate, if you'd like to borrow the missus for a few minutes, she's game if you feel like a jump-up. Up with the skirt, in with a squirt. You can have it for a dollar."

Lizzie sat directly behind me, giggling. It was the first time I had taken a close look at her. She had only two teeth visible in the uppers and none in the lower gums. Her rheumy eyes swiveled madly in deep-set sockets; a thin trickle of saliva ran down her chin, and she was



eating the remains of a fat red moth, cramming the pulpy abdomen into her mouth, wings and all.

"I know it's not looking its best today," Paddy apologized, "but it's a fair old banger, cheap and clean, and it knows how to do it, don't you love?" Lizzie wriggled her enormous bottom, releasing a powerful odor that filled the car's interior.

Trying not to sound ungrateful, I said that I didn't have the time.

"Sure you won't change your mind? Half a dollar?"

"No, thanks."

They clambered out with their pillowcases and Paddy extended a thumbless hand for a shake. "Suit yourself," he said. "You can always change your mind if you see us on the way back."

As I made the turn off the highway, I watched them in the rearview mirror. They had squatted by the road, staring along its deserted length, and Paddy's arm was draped over his wife's shoulders.

• • •

By the time I got back to Darwin, I had been in Australia six weeks and had spent nearly all of it outside the cities and towns where approximately eight out of ten Australians live. This meant I hadn't seen much of the "real" Australia, the urban/suburban world of nine-to-five, credit cards, steak dinners and skyscrapers. But I had already spent most of my life in the original models for this world, and since I found nothing remarkably dissimilar in the down-under version, there seemed little point in experiencing it all over again. On the Darwin peninsula, however, you can taste a life that modern civilizations discarded thousands of years ago. There, as in many northern parts of Australia, you can find out what it was like at the very roots of mankind, in the days when men hunted in packs, carried no food except that which they killed with spears or dug up with sticks, and slept by open fires inside a circle of half-wild dogs.

• • •

There were seven in our party, five of them of pure aborigine blood: men with prehistoric faces, whose splayed nostrils sniffed the air constantly for food or a change in the weather or an unexpected and possibly hazardous scent. The sixth man was part aborigine, and he had invited me along because in a rash moment I had expressed an interest in going walkabout, which is what outback aborigines do when they get fed up with cattle-station life in the white man's Australia.

It rained every afternoon around 4:30. We could see it coming from 20 miles away, rolling across the treeless plain in a black mass of billowing cloud that spanned the horizon and blotted out the sky. Jagged streaks of lightning flickered across the underside. Families of buffalo, alerted by the distant growl of thunder, pulled themselves from their water holes and lumbered across the grassland toward the tree line at its edge. Great flocks of birds—magpies, geese, egrets and parrots—rose in shrieking swarms and fled from the storm's approach. Once, some wild horses crashed through the bushes near us, led by a stallion with a scarred head who broke into the clearing where we sat, screamed a warning and veered off into the brush.

We were on foot and, except for a bag of black tea, carried no food, bedding or other supplies. For weapons, the six others had spears and throwing sticks and one of them carried a crude ax with an edge like a razor. I had nothing and consequently spent a good deal of the time in the trees, worrying, and wondering when the aroused buffalo or pig or snake or whatever had forced me into

the branches would go away so that I could climb down.

Our main armament and defense were three mad dogs that looked as though they had been bred from wild dingoes crossed with Dobermans and German shepherds. All three were lacerated from earlier encounters in the jungle. One of them, a bitch that had been wounded by an enraged sow on the first day out, kept her distance from us, licking the bleeding hole behind her shoulder and snarling if anyone moved too close.

The men were scarred, too, though not from this expedition. Three of them had been gored by pigs and one walked on deformed legs that had been crushed by a bull buffalo. Tom, the part aboriginine leader of the group, had suffered four fractured ribs and had had an arm, ankle and collarbone broken by a buffalo during the previous wet season. One of his mates, who was supposed to have joined us, was in a Darwin jail on a drinking charge. His left leg had been amputated from the knee after he had been gored by a boar and the wound had become gangrenous.

We sat under the darkening sky. Gusts of wind tugged at the smoke from the fire and the first heavy drops of rain sizzled in the embers. Tom, who had been rolling the shaft of his spear in the ashes to smooth the knots and bumps in the wood, threw the remains of a haunch of wallaby to the dogs, but they weren't interested. We had all filled our bellies and, even if we hadn't, it would have been difficult to concentrate on eating in the remaining minutes before the storm reached us.

It arrived in a crackle of thunder that rippled across the sky and burst over our heads, simultaneous with a stab of lightning that was so bright it burned its image on the cloud face. The first rain fell in a blinding, almost suffocating sheet that drowned the fire. The air temperature, which had been in the mid-90s only a few minutes earlier, felt as though it had dropped 20 degrees. As we were almost naked, we ran from the clearing and jumped into a pond, men and dogs together, submerging ourselves in the hot water and waiting for the worst of the storm to pass.

We moved through the trees and brush abreast of one another, keeping a space of about 50 yards between us. The dogs stayed in the lead. They were always the first to pick up the scent or to warn us of danger. There was no shouting and nobody called another man's name when we were on the move, in case it was overheard and stolen by the malignant entities that live in the jungle. Tom's mixed ancestry gave him an ambivalent perspective on tribal beliefs; he didn't share the fears of the other men and sometimes he joked about it—but he never pushed it too far.

"Munga Mala woman get you this night, eh, George?" he said one evening. "She jump you and suck your milk."

The other men sniggered and glanced uneasily beyond the light of the fire, enjoying the joke at George's expense but worried about the sacrilege.

"No Munga Mala suck my milk," George muttered, moving closer to the flames.

During the early part of the day, we walked for as long as the heat permitted. The rest of the time, we slept, ate or hunted. If we heard the dogs howl, we ran toward the sound, usually to find a large hairy black pig surrounded by snarling muzzles. If we weren't hungry, we drove the dogs off and let the animal escape, but if we needed food, the first man on the scene would spear the pig, aiming for an artery in the neck. Then we skinned it with spears, examined one of the glands for signs of disease and, if the animal was clean, cut away the edible meat, fed the dogs and cooked the remainder on the spot.

When there was no game, we dug up roots or ate the local equivalents of grapes and apples, which were small, pithy fruits that left an acrid taste. The rain that fell every day was quickly absorbed into the soil or evaporated in the heat of the surface. Sometimes we walked for many miles without finding water. Some of the water holes had been fouled by animals and the murky contents were fetid and repulsive. But if there were hoofprints around the edges, they would sometimes hold unpolluted water and, after we had skimmed the frog spawn off the top, it tasted as good as anything out of a tap.

We also got water from the paperbark tree, making a gash with the ax and drinking the bacon-flavored liquid that spurted from the trunk. The bark of the same tree supplied us with mattresses and blankets, cigarette papers, bandages, towels, fuel and clothing. We made hats from it and capes to protect us from the rain, as well as fans to get the fire going; and if we were starving, we chewed the wood and sucked the nourishment out of the fibers.

We saw hundreds of wallabies but seldom got close enough for a kill. They could run at about twice the speed of the dogs, covering the open ground in long gliding hops and sometimes leaping over the dogs, who ran around in crazy circles, snapping at thin air. When we caught one, we made an oven out of an anthill, slicing off its conical top and breaking it into large chunks that were placed around the meat after we singed off the fur. The meat tasted like a mixture of veal and lamb.

At night we slept around three fires that we kept burning until daylight. We went to sleep to the chorus of several million frogs after shaking our paperbark bedding to dislodge the green ants whose bites felt like red-hot needles being plunged into the flesh. Sometimes a couple of buffaloes would wander around the camp perimeter, but at night the dogs, who never left the glow of the fire, contented themselves by growling. At dawn we awoke in a barrage of farts and belches and split up into parties to fetch water and wood. Everyone knew what he had to do without being told. Nobody gave any orders.

Through Tom, who spoke their language (some of the men were fluent in several tribal dialects), they would repeatedly ask me the same questions: Was the wallaby hunting good in my country? Was there plentiful water? Buffalo meat? Forests of paperbark and sharp spears? I don't think they believed the answers, and I got the impression that they regarded a people who had no wallabies as an underprivileged race that ought to have had a better break in life. None of the men had any curiosity about America, because, apart from Tom, none of them knew what it was. It was enough to know that America was a land without wallabies.

• • •

If it can be said that there is such a thing as a real anywhere, perhaps the real Australia is to be found in that remarkable land that lies a long way from the urban gloss of Sydney: in the desert, jungle and plains—the outback—where the survivors of the earliest Australians still cast their shadow, clinging to the vestiges of a memory and a civilization that was doomed before they were born. In the Darwin peninsula and in other parts of the northern interior, when black men go on walkabout, they sometimes say they are "going back to the country," where the bird can see you but you can't see the bird. Or they say they are "going back to the nation."

It was once all their nation. Now they live on the outside of a society that grew rich from its buried wealth. They share none of this prosperity—or almost none—and they are losing the means and forgetting the knowledge by which they might survive in traditional ways. The old life dies, and the new one was not built for them. Were they to apply for admission as immigrants to this alien, barely accessible nation, they would almost certainly be rejected because they were the wrong color. At the end of 1972, the leader of the newly elected Australian government promised to restore certain areas of tribal land to the original owners, an action he said was "demanded by the conscience of the Australian people." Whether this conscience can be aroused after lying dormant for nearly two centuries remains to be seen. Other governments in other countries have made similar pledges. Some of the beneficiaries of these promises are still living on reservations, where they weave carpets and dance for tourists.

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MAN WHO WROTE MY NOVEL

(continued from page 105)

second-rate publishing houses. I had in mind instead the classic American dream: a good secure job with a large corporation where I would climb to a fat salary and a big house in an important suburb.

I assumed that my parents would be delighted by my plan to spend my days with General Motors or IBM, that the thought of somebody in the family having a little money would fill them with a sense of well-being. I should have known better. When I approached them with my idea, my mother burst into tears and my father set his jaw and wouldn't speak to me for a week. Literary relatives began busing in from Woodstock and Cape Cod and over lunch made ringing speeches about family tradition and one's duty to higher things. I usually ended up paying for the lunch, which did nothing to improve my view of the life of the mind. But in the end, the pressure was too much for me. I gave in, knuckled under and sold out. Doomed by family tradition, I took a tiny roach-ridden flat in Greenwich Village and began to write the novel that duty required.

It didn't occur to anybody, especially me, that I didn't know how to write a novel. I suppose we all assumed that this particular skill was in my blood, carried through the centuries in our genes. This was no doubt why, as the pages piled up, I began to believe I was writing the Great American Novel. It would be hailed by the critics as an instant classic and sold to the movies for a sum that would allow me to spend the rest of my life drifting around the French Riviera in the company of nubile ladies. I bought a pipe and began smoking it in the cafés I frequented and adopted a posture of benign self-assurance, which I hoped would convince girls that an affair with "James Lincoln Collier when he was working on his first novel" would make an impressive memory.

Because it has bearing on what happened later, I should say that my book was about an adolescent boy living alone with his widowed father—their ties and their conflicts. I rather fancied this particular plot, and could see the critics remarking smartly on "Collier's deft handling of the Oedipal theme."

It didn't, however, work out quite that way. The first editor I approached was a man high in a famous publishing house who had known various members of the family back in some good old day or other and might, therefore, be sympathetic. The editor really was terribly important, and he kept me waiting for a full 45 minutes. I realized later that it was not his importance that drew out the time but his effort to figure out what to do with me. When I was finally ushered into his presence, which was heightened by carpeting that came up to the calf, he was leaning back in his chair, staring gloomily off at a corner of the ceiling.

"Won't you people ever learn?" he said.

"How do you do, sir," I said.

"Sit down, James. How's your father?"

"Fine, sir."

"And your uncle?"

"OK, I guess, sir," I said. I didn't much like the direction the conversation was taking.

"And your aunt and your other uncle and your cousin what's-his-name?"

"They're all fine, sir."

"I'm glad to hear it," he said solemnly. He swung around straight in his chair and, shielding his eyes with his hand, slowly allowed his gaze to fall on the cardboard box that held my manuscript. "How long is it?" he said. Before I could answer, he added, "You might as well tell the truth, I'll find out anyway."

"Three hundred and seventy-four pages."

That seemed to cheer him. "It could be worse, couldn't it? I remember that Civil War book your uncle wrote. He modeled it after *War and Peace*. Well, let me have it. I'll try to read it tonight. I might as well get it over with."

I left with a sunken heart and a week later got the inevitable note saying that while the book had considerable merit, perhaps some smaller house. . . .

I toss that off lightly, but anyone who has been through this particular mill knows how you grind in bed at night when a year's dreams of riches and compliant women are blown away. Nonetheless, I gathered my courage and tried a "smaller house." Its deliberations went on at a stately pace, while I opened the mailbox day after day like a man defusing a bomb. Finally, there was a small white note explaining that "while the book showed obvious talent, perhaps some other. . . ." I froze with despair and buried my artifact at the back of a closet shelf underneath my father's old Army uniform, which he once had suggested I might like to have.

But I was young, and eventually youthful optimism returned. Someday I would write another novel, and then they'd be sorry. Meanwhile, however, I inadvertently got married and became a father. My talents, if not sweeping enough to create another *Oedipus Rex*, proved sufficient for hammering out war stories for the men's adventure magazines. So I became what I had never wished to be—a professional writer. That would have been that, except that about five years later, as I was still struggling to escape hot-dog stews, I happened to run into an editor who had just gone to work for an extremely marginal paperback house and was in need of books that, to put it bluntly, he could get on the cheap.

Having gained broader experience

with editors, I tilted my head sideways and eyed him cautiously, as a deer might survey a hunter. "Well, I *do* have a novel," I said. "How much are you—ah—paying?"

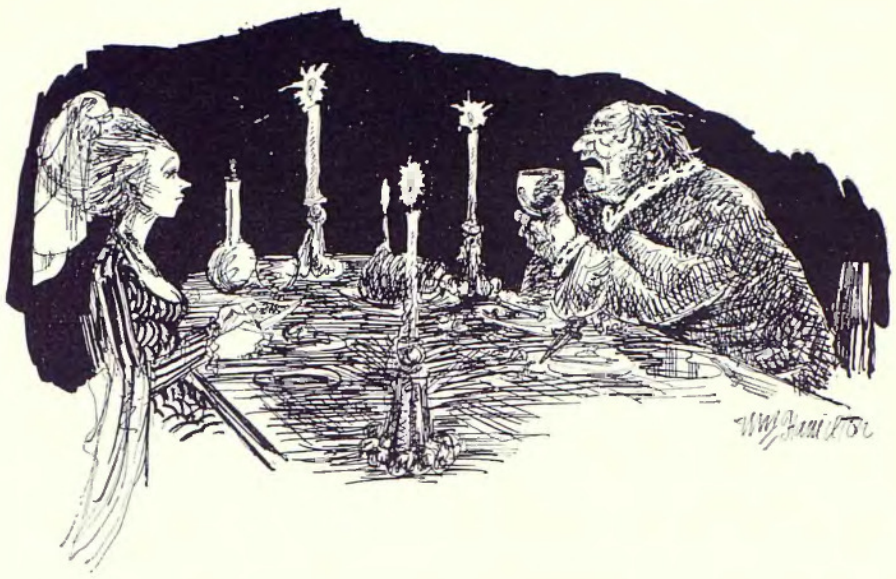
"Six hundred and fifty dollars," he said, sliding over the words as rapidly as he could. "We're growing, Collier. Go along with us on the price and we'll make it up to you on the next one."

He was lying and we both knew it, but the argument that something is better than nothing proved irrefutable. As a matter of fact, when the check actually arrived and it appeared that I was going to be a published author, my spirits were rather buoyed. It was cheering to think that somebody, after all, wanted to issue my opus, and I began telling friends things like, "Well, they're finally bringing my novel out in paper." I figured that if anyone wanted to assume it had been out in hardcover at some previous date, that was his problem.

I should have known better. When advance copies of the book arrived, I was once again on the downhill slide. My original title for the book had been taken from T. S. Eliot—something to do with time, as I remember. For fairly obvious reasons, the editor had retitled it *Fires of Youth*. This title, however, was only ordinarily offensive and didn't bother me particularly. What hurt was that he had chosen to give me a pseudonym, Charles Williams. Hastily I called the editor to find out what the hell that was all about. His explanation was macerated by a stutter I had not noticed before, but beneath the hemming and stammering, I got the gist: They assumed no writer would want his name associated with their firm.

It wasn't an explanation I chose to give my friends, however, so I tossed the copies I had been sent into a cardboard box where I kept that sort of thing and wrote the whole thing off as another of life's little disappointments. Once again that would have been that, except that around five years later, I came upon the following item in the book section of the Sunday *New York Times*:

> Over in London, there's just been a literary happening with script sounding for all the world like W. S. Gilbert. It concerns last year's winner of the Arthur Koestler literary award for the best work done by prisoners. The award, the first ever given, went with accompanying $70 check to the author of a novel called *A Father's Pride* [not the actual title]. This was written by a Dartmoor prisoner—since released—named Harold Richards [not his real name]. In announcing the award a year ago September, the trustees—J. B. Priestley, Henry Green, V. S. Pritchett, Philip Toynbee and A. D. Peters (Koestler's literary agent)—said, "We believe that it will be recognized as a work of outstanding merit in its own right, independent of the special circumstances in which it was written." So far so good.
>
> A few weeks ago, however, it was discovered that instead of being the product of true talent behind bars, *A Father's Pride* was a briskly plagiarized version of an American paperback novel, *Fires of Youth*, by Charles Williams. This one's so obscure that the trustees and Hutchinson's, publishers of *A Father's Pride*, have been unable to isolate the correct Charles Williams from several who write under that name. They wish to say they're sorry. The finale was written when trustees and publisher apologized for what had happened, noted the prize money had been returned, said that all unsold copies of the book had been withdrawn (3000 copies had been sold) and concluded that plans for future editions, including a Penguin, had been abandoned. The critics had liked it, too.



"Get this through your head, Gwendolyn—not all princes are charming."

The plain truth is that, so thoroughly had I erased it all from my mind, at first I made no connection. But as I read the piece over again, I began to get a funny feeling that *Fires of Youth*, by Charles Williams, was familiar. So familiar, in fact—— But no, that was too absurd. Things like that don't happen in real life, only in books. Nonetheless, the funny feeling wouldn't go away; there *was* a familiar ring to that title. I carried the article out to the kitchen, where my wife was stretching a meat loaf with a couple of stale English muffins. "I don't really believe it," I explained.

"It wouldn't hurt to check, though, would it?" she said. "You must have some copies around someplace."

Firmly smothering any rising hopes, I went up to the attic—I had got out of the cold-water-flat stage by this time—and rummaged around in that cardboard carton. Seconds later, I realized that I was the winner of the Arthur Koestler Prize for the best novel by a British prisoner for 1963.

I stood there amid broken chairs and retired lawn furniture with the book in my hand, my heart pounding and my knees growing weak. I felt oddly lightheaded, as you do after drinking a whiskey sour at breakfast. The whole thing was absurd; but absurd or not, the event was freighted with the most electrifying possibilities. Try as I might to remain skeptical, hope insisted on bubbling up through my chest. After all these years, the fame and riches that had eluded me were perhaps at last to be mine. The book had won a *prize*. It had been *chosen* by famous people such as J. B. Priestley and V. S. Pritchett. The critics had *liked* it. Finally, I pulled myself together enough to call my agent. The first problem was getting hold of a copy of Harold Richards' edition of the book. Hutchinson's, the English publisher, duly sent one along. The title *A Father's Pride* was as obnoxious as *Fires of Youth*, but there were more important resemblances. The writer had changed the setting of the book from Vermont to Wales, had converted dollars to pounds and had fixed up things like making sure that trucks were lorries and bartenders

barmen. Aside from such small matters and minor editing, the two books were identical.

Along with the book was a set of its reviews. They were, to put it mildly, enthusiastic. One reviewer compared the author to the young Hemingway, another to the young Sherwood Anderson. *The Times Literary Supplement* said that the author had "a striking ability to create a scene." According to the *British Book News*, he was "plainly an author of exceptional gifts." Irving Wardle, the former critic for the *Observer*, said, even after the plagiarism had been discovered, that it "still survives as one of the best novels about adolescence to have appeared in the last few years." *Vogue* called it "one of the best, most poignantly written novels for years." Reading the reviews left me in a trance. Phrases like "exceptional gifts" and "the young Hemingway" swung endlessly through my head. That was *me* they were talking about; and I was going to be famous.

Making the whole thing even more exciting was the news that, up until the plagiarism had been discovered, negotiations had been under way for French and German publication, a Penguin paperback edition and, best of all, a movie sale.

I pressed into action a troop of lawyers, agents, accountants and copyright authorities. "First find out when Hutchinson's can republish," I told the horde gathered at my agent's office one afternoon. "That'll give us leverage with Penguin and the French and German publishers. Once the movie people see it's an international best seller, the sky's the limit." Everybody nodded sagely and in a welter of cheerful good will, we all went out to the Mansfield for drinks, which I paid for—certain things *are* expected of an important novelist, after all.

The cheer continued unabated for about three weeks, during which I entertained my idle hours—which were considerable, as I was beginning to feel that writing for the men's adventure magazines was beneath me—with visions of transcontinental air trips, elaborate luncheons in Rule's with V. S. Pritchett, pink gins with J. B. Priestley at the Savoy Bar, quiet dinners with Arthur Koestler at his country place in Kent or whatever it was that he had. I even began to wonder vaguely whether I oughtn't to take out English citizenship. After all, with their innate good taste, the English had recognized my talents while my own countrymen had not.

Then I got a phone call from my agent. "I've got some bad news, James," he said in that querulous tone agents adopt when they are about to make it seem your fault. "The French guys don't want the book, after all."

Panic flicked a finger under my ribs. "For Chrissake, why not?"

"Wait, let me finish. The Germans don't want it, either."

"Come on, what's it all about?"

He paused fractionally. "Well, naturally, when Hutchinson's decided not to republish. . . . I mean, you can see their point."

I stood in silence with the receiver to my ear, listening to the sound of the ocean roaring. The sound went on and on.

"What's the matter, James, are you there?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I'm here. I'm listening to the sound of the waves."

"What? What waves? Hey, didn't you get my letter?"

I shook my head, oblivious of the fact that he couldn't see me. "It'll probably be in the box today," I said in a toneless voice. "But I don't guess it matters very much anymore." As an afterthought, I said, "I don't suppose the movie——"

It was his turn to observe a moment of silence. Finally, he said, "I wasn't going to tell you about that right away."

I couldn't talk anymore then, but a couple of days later I trekked out to lunch with him to get the full story. "It's kind of hard to tell," he said. "You know how these limeys are, they talk without moving their mouths even when they write letters. But the way I get it, they don't want the whole thing raked up again."

That, indeed, was the story. The whole affair had been a noisome scandal in the London book world. Some of England's most eminent literary lions had heaped unstinting praise on a book that turned out—apparently—to have been a potboiler churned out by a hack—an American hack, at that. In a way, this view of the book was understandable. The pseudonym, the cheap paper, the obscure imprint, the bosomy cover all suggested the aging hack more than a literary genius burning with the fires of youth.

But it wasn't especially understandable to me. I felt that somebody—Hutchinson's, Penguin, the movie people, Parliament—ought to do me justice. But I know what happened. In England, when the old-boy league decides that one of the chaps has been embarrassed, there is a drawing in and a closing together—like a pack of rhesus monkeys when threatened by a lion—and the outsider be damned.

Some time later, when scar tissue had begun to form, I suggested to Hutchinson's that perhaps I was owed some

"I'll be the laughingstock of the whole town when they find out my wife is a tramp!"

royalties on the 3000 or so copies of the book they had sold. Hutchinson's turned to a firm called A. D. Peters for advice. In a letter, Peters commiserated with Hutchinson's for "having further problems over this sorry affair," and went on to assure Hutchinson's that legally they owed me nothing. All of which might have been reasonable had Mr. A. D. Peters been Hutchinson's legal advisor. In fact, Mr. Peters had been one of the contest judges who had praised my book so highly. He was also my own English agent in the deal.

Despite the closing of ranks by the old-boy league, my agent—my American one, that is—was able to persuade the movie people to take an option on the book. The option quietly ran out six months later, but it had been worth $750. It was a good thing. When I finished paying off the lawyers and the agents, I had exactly $14 of the money left for myself. That I had made less out of the book than anybody—lawyers, agents, Hutchinson's and the original thief—shouldn't have surprised me. The creative part of the literary game is not in the writing. The real work goes on in those carpeted offices where the transatlantic phone calls are made. As one of the people who took part in the action said, "I see the book as the grain of sand in the oyster, the necessary irritant around which I can build the pearl of subsidiary rights."

So for the third time, that was that. I used the tale to advantage on female English majors at two or three cocktail parties, and then I filed and forgot the whole dreary affair.

But the thing seemed to have a life of its own. About two years later, my agent (the American one again) happened to be in London and mentioned the book to Penguin. "Oh, quite," the editor said. "I believe we published the book, didn't we? Did rather well, as I recall."

"I don't think you ever brought it out," my agent said gently.

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes."

"Oversight, actually. Most careless of somebody. Speak to them about it. More wine, dear boy?"

That, anyway, is the way my agent reported the conversation, possibly to make me feel good. Probably the whole thing was a good deal more mundane. It was no longer an issue, and if some money could be made, why not? I don't really know.

In any case, there I was once again, not exactly tremulous with excitement anymore, but pleased. I went around to my agent's office to discuss the thing. "Are they going to put my name on the book?"

"Yes."

"And they're going to use my version?"

"I'll arrange about that. Ah—however, there's just one thing. Hutchinson's insists on getting half of the paperback money."

"What? Why, for Chrissake, they not only *stole* the book from me, they refused to pay me any royalties on it."

"Yes, I pointed that out to them," he said, putting the tips of his fingers together judiciously. "They explained that if they hadn't stolen the book, it would never have been worth anything."

"Well, you can tell Hutchinson's they're not——"

"I'm afraid they are," he said.

So I got from Penguin $206.54, and I assume that Hutchinson's got $206.54, and I settled in to wait for the Penguin edition, secure in the knowledge that a world-wide paper shortage would prevent publication, that Penguin would go out of business the day the copy editor got the book ready for the presses or that England would slip its moorings and drift out into the North Sea on publication day. At the very least, if the book actually appeared, it would surely have somebody else's name on it.

I was therefore more astonished than anything when, six months later, the mailman arrived with a package containing a dozen Penguins called *Fires of Youth* by James Lincoln Collier. "They even spelled my name right," I exclaimed to my wife. Then I opened the book to the first page and discovered that they had not used my version, they had used the plagiarized one.

It wasn't that I cried; I don't often allow myself to show weakness in the face of hostiles like wives and children. I felt like crying, though, and it was only four martinis later that I began to find the bright side, which was that, after all, the books were virtually identical except that one was set in Wales instead of Vermont.

That was in May of 1968, and it was just by chance that I was in London that July when the actual publication date came around. Two or three papers sent men to interview me, there was a tiny flurry in the press and, as I reflected once more on the whole episode, I began to get curious about the mysterious Harold Richards who, by stealing my book, had so entwined his life with mine. I made a few phone calls and discovered that the former car thief had gone straight and, like everybody else, didn't want the matter raked over again. However, I was able through some of the many lawyers who had been involved in the case to send him a brief note, asking him to call. Nothing happened. Then two days before my scheduled departure for the U. S., the phone rang and Harold Richards announced himself in a hesitant voice.

"We prayed over your letter, my wife

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and I," he said. "In the end, we decided we would have to be honest about it."

This puzzled me, but I made a date to see him and the next day I took a train for the industrial town in Lincolnshire where he worked. He met me at the train—a short, dark man wearing a cardigan sweater and corduroy trousers. We were both feeling nervous and shy. "Where can we go to talk?" I asked him.

He ran his hands nervously through his hair. "I don't want to tyke you home. I don't want anyone to know where I live. My boss is a roight bahstad, if he finds out I've been inside, I'll get the sack."

"All right," I said, "let's go to a pub." I needed a drink.

But it was after three o'clock and the pubs were closed. We stood uncertainly under a gloomy sky in the middle of a gloomier industrial town. I was beginning to feel very spooky. I remembered stories I had seen in the paper about meetings between brothers who had never seen each other before. It seemed our situation was similar—strangers who had shared the very private experience that writing fiction is. "There must be someplace we can sit down," I said a little desperately.

"There's a Chinese restaurant along here," he said.

I blinked. I had had lunch and it was too early for dinner. But we couldn't go on standing on the narrow sidewalk like a pair of lost sheep, so at 3:30 on a dismal English afternoon, I found myself surrounded by chop suey, egg rolls and cups of Lapsang souchong. The meal only compounded my sense of displacement. To find a corner of reality to hang onto, I asked him for his story.

"You see," he said, spooning the chop suey, "the book was very like me own situation. Me mum left us when I was a little kid and me brother went into the army, so I grew up with me dad, just like the bloke in the book. Then I had rheumatic fever when I was young and had to stay in bed a lot for six years. Me and Dad was close sometimes, sometimes we wasn't so close. It was just like in the book. But me brother died of lung cancer, and then Dad died when I was in me twenties. That's when I started stealing cars. There was three of us—I was the middleman. We stole three Rolls-Royces and then we got pinched and I was given five years. You know, they have lots of these competitions inside and I thought I'd try for one. First I did a portrait of Churchill. They said it was very good but it wasn't original. Then I built some things out of matchsticks, but I didn't get anything for that, either. The next thing I tried was the book.

"You notice," he said with a trace of professional pride, "I changed the ending around a good deal." He hadn't changed it much, actually; but the change he made is interesting. In my ending, the father and son quietly reconcile their basic differences during a breakfast scene. What Richards added was this:

> He smiled at me. "Forget it, Son," he said. Then he came across and patted me on the shoulder. "I'll forget it, too."
>
> "All right, Pop," I said. Then the tears started. I tried to stop, but I couldn't. They poured out, and suddenly I didn't want to stop.

I am willing to bet a pretty good lunch that when Richards had come to the ending, he had burst into tears himself.

In any case, a week after Richards was released from Dartmoor, after serving three of five years, he was informed that he had won the prize. The book was published under his title *A Father's Pride* to a great press. He was wonderful copy—a born literary genius in the guise of a car thief. He was interviewed on television, written up regularly and squired around to fancy restaurants. And he got engaged to the social worker responsible for rehabilitating him after his stay in prison. He even, God help us, started writing another book. Harold Richards had not lived much of a life up to that point; but now the world was suddenly his oyster.

And then a fellow prisoner, probably motivated by spite and envy, blew the whistle. He sent Sir Robert Lusty, Hutchinson's chief, a letter saying that *A Father's Pride* had been copied from an American book. Reported Lusty later, "Hardly daring to breathe, I requested the loan of this paperback. It came and an examination proved at once disconcerting in the extreme. Apart from trifling changes, the novel *Fires of Youth* was identical to *A Father's Pride*."

For Richards, the balloon came down as quickly as it had gone up. He gave up on the second book—"After they kicked me down, I hadn't any heart for it anymore." But if his new-found literary friends disappeared like the snows of yesteryear, his girl at least stuck with him. They got married and went off to this industrial town, where they wouldn't be known, to start afresh. By the time my letter reached him, it was all four years in the past. He was a father, his wife was not well, he was buying a little house and the last thing he needed was for word to get around town that he was a former con. "I'd lose my job for sure," he told me, sucking up the last of the Lapsang souchong.

By the time he finished this narrative, I was barely able to keep back the tears. In a choked voice I said, "For God's sake, don't worry, I won't tell a soul. Your secret is safe with me."

He thanked me with as much emotion as an Englishman allows, and then it was time for my train back to London, so I paid the bill and he drove me to the station. I had a few minutes to wait and he stayed to wait with me. There was something between us now: We had written the same book, a rare enough kind of bond between men. I wanted to put my arm around his shoulders and assure him that I was his friend, but you don't do that sort of thing with Englishmen. Instead, I asked whether he had ever been to Wales, where he'd set the book.

He nodded. "I couldn't write anything I hadn't experienced for myself," he said.

Suddenly it dawned on me that he still thought he was the author of the novel. Somewhere in some corner of his head he realized that he hadn't written it, that he'd plagiarized it, but in his gut he *knew* that it was his book. He must have seen me as a friendly editor or advisor of some sort—but as far as he was concerned, he was the one who had written it.

As the train appeared in the distance, he shook his head ruefully. "That's just the way it is, innit?" he said in a tone of sadness tinged with resignation. "You get a bit o' something for yerself and they knock you down again." Then the train crunched to a halt and I boarded it. I haven't seen him since.

But every story deserves a happy ending. Fortunately, there's one here—for me, at least, if not for Richards, although I expect that he'll be pleased when he finds out about it. By chance, a copy of the Penguin edition of *Fires of Youth* fell into the hands of a young Englishman who wanted to make movies. In the fullness of time, the book came to the attention of an independent American producer-director named Jules Bricken. Julie, whom I currently love like a brother, bought the book, hired some actors and made a movie out of it. It's called *Danny Jones* and it's a pretty good movie, but I may only think that because it's very faithful to the novel. It should be playing in theaters in your neighborhood about now—just 20 years from the moment I caved in under family pressure and took that apartment in Greenwich Village. In the interim, it has appeared as *Fires of Youth*, by Charles Williams; *A Father's Pride*, by Harold Richards; *Fires of Youth*, by James Lincoln Collier; and *Danny Jones*, by James Lincoln Collier. But when you come from a literary family like mine, you learn to take anything in stride.

"Remember the old days, when we used to get together with the neighbors of an evening and play twenty questions?"

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DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")

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JUDY JOYE

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Underseas Consultant.
Director of the Oceanographic News Service.

HOBBIES: Designing jewelry from marine artifacts.

LAST BOOK READ: "Cybernetic Problems in Bionics."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Organized a major underseas expedition to collect marine life for a pharmaceutical firm seeking new drugs from the sea.

QUOTE: "The world's oceans can provide us with new sources of drugs, food, vast supplies of oil, gas, minerals, and metals, but unless these resources are efficiently exploited by all nations of the world, society as we know it today cannot hope to endure."

PROFILE: A strong will. An inquisitive intellect. A sensitivity to problems that is often concealed by a logical approach to finding solutions.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides. ***Dewar's never varies.***

Get a taste of what it's all about.

Get the full taste of Viceroy.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Long Size, 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.